THE BOOKMAN

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The Editors of THE BOOKMAN *cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts, whether stamps are enclosed or not; and to this rule no exception will be made.*

The Lorryit

This queer little Animal has got himself smotherd in with lorrels and he dosnt hardly ever show - there has been too much rime outside for him I expeckt. He is allways hearing voices what nobodsy else can Once it was like wimmen and children screming out for help. Now it sounds like Ammerican. It says it wants to have done with its worn-out tail the tail of a anshent wrong (It doesnt seem to mean much - does it) When there is Royel babies going on he has to sepply the Royel familly with nice fresh odes and potery of a joyfull carecter - That is what he is for - it must be a dredfull life

The Thrums

This dellightful little Creature is very retiring and knows a intervure direckly by his stelthy tredd. When he hears one he runs like litening and gets under the sofer cushions or inside the peyanno or crawls in under the slates till it is all over. He use to live in a old licht-house once He is a marvelus mixture of the most commical humour and the most beutiful paythoss He is a reggular Ramsgitsingey at cricket He was to have gone to Orstralia with Mr Stodert but they thought it was better for the Empire that he should not. You should see him snick them among the slippers (I hope that is right) When he goes in to bat the fielders all come close up to him just to take hints in batting.

Mr. J. M. Barrie and Mr. Alfred Austin are the latest victims of Mr. E. T. Reed, the clever artist and nonsense writer who has been enlivening the pages of *Punch* by his funny contributions to "Mr. Punch's 'Animal Land.'" We reproduce them with acknowledgments to *Punch* and apologies to the "animals."

Mr. Barrie has written his introduction to the English edition of Mr. Cable's novel, *The Grandissimes*, which will be published shortly by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. Mr. Barrie visited New Orleans while on his American trip, in the autumn of 1896, and the introduction contains an amusing account of his experiences in that city. He has also written an introduction for a forthcoming book by the late Mrs. Oliphant. It will be remembered by some that Mrs. Oliphant from the first exempted Mr. Barrie from her almost wholesale contempt of the new school of writers, and recognised his genius with unwonted warmth. One of her latest and most appreciative criticisms was contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine* on *Margaret Ogilvy*.

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A gentleman in Washington has sent us a clipping from the Paris *Figaro*, giving an account of a recent trial that has considerable interest for contributors to newspapers and magazines. It appears that the plaintiff had sent some manuscript to the editor of the *Correspondance;* and after waiting for two years, and asking several times for its return, he brought suit against the editor for its recovery. The editor's case was conducted by M. Zola's now celebrated advocate, M. Labori, who showed that the *Correspondance* regularly announced that it never returned rejected manuscripts, and that the particular manuscript in question had not been solicited, but was sent by the author at his own risk. The point was made by the other side, however, that the editor had written and formally acknowledged the receipt of the manuscript, and that in consequence he had assumed a sort of liability for its safe keeping and return. The court sustained this view, and, as a matter of fact, the manuscript was then and there handed over to the author.

❀

We always view with interest any efforts on the part of modern men and women to keep classical Latin in its place among the living languages. Therefore, we always gladly read the periodical published by a gentleman of Hungarian extraction who issues it in Philadelphia under the title *Præco Latinus*. It contains news items, editorials, book reviews, and now and then a story, all of very excellent Latinity, and it is very well worth reading. The editor is not averse, perhaps, to getting a little notice by pitching into his American contemporaries, and into some of our classical scholars, though in doing so his zeal sometimes leads him a little astray, as when a year or two ago he spoke rather severely of a book which we had written, letting his remarks appear in print several weeks before the volume in question was off the press, and therefore before the *Præco* could by any possibility have seen it. He has also said some pretty unpleasant things about us in various ways, and has applied to us a formidable string of adjectives, all ending in *-issimus;* but to tell the truth, we never minded this; for it made us feel as though we were Catiline or some other ancient reprobate, and so tickled our archæological fancy as to be rather pleasant than otherwise. To show that we bear no malice, we mention here that the *Præco Latinus* will be sent to any one for the very reasonable sum of one dollar per annum.

❀

Interesting in quite a different way is an alleged Latin poem which has just been sent us. It is entitled *Novum Eboracum Maius Consolidatum*, and is a rhapsody on the birth of Greater New York. The author, who lives in Brooklyn, has divided his *carmen* into three parts, each part being composed in a different metre, and carefully labelled, so that the reader will know just which is which. This is a wise and rather necessary precaution, as there is a wild Williamsburg flavour both to the Latin and to the prosody, that might perplex the ordinary student of the classics if left to the sole guidance of his wonted manuals. The poet is evidently too anxious. When he is looking after his quantities he forgets his elisions, and when he is busy eliding, the bottom drops out of his quantities. Here is a small chunk from his dactylic hexameters:

Trans fluvium cives portant laresque penates,
Exoritur burgum nitidissimum Brooklyniense.
Paullatim coloni montesque vallesque colebant
Quos comitatum Queens, burgum spatiosum
vocabant.

Here is seen his conception of trochaic verse:

Virgo Brooklyn gemuit
Multa mala timuit

* * * *

Virgo Brooklyn, desine
Hunc vagitum. Accipe
Fidum Knickerbockerum.

We should like to print some of his iambics, but the lines are too long to go into this column unbroken, and they are (in their way) too beautiful to break. Greater New York has been grumbling a good deal ever since it came into existence; but after this Latin poem has been widely circulated, we think that one of its prophetic lines will come true—as translated by a non-classical friend of ours:

Urbs nova cursus dabit novos.
"The new city will utter new curses."

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We note that the author of this preposterous "poem" inscribes after his name the letters that show him to be a Doctor of Philosophy. Now this is the one degree that is supposed to be given for serious work and to competent scholars. What we want to know is what institution is responsible for giving it to this person, and in what department it was given. A pamphlet like this usually gets into the hands of some Englishman or German, and then American scholarship generally has to suffer.

❀

Mr. Sidney Colvin's biography of Stevenson in the *Dictionary of National Biography* will be read with great interest, both for its own sake and because it indicates the lines upon which the great work that Mr. Colvin is engaged will proceed. Everybody who knows anything about Stevenson knows that there were passages in his life which will be difficult for his biographer. We gather that Mr. Colvin will not shrink from facing them. Referring to Stevenson's youth, he says significantly: "Amid the biting winds and rigid social conventions of Edinburgh he craved for Bohemian freedom and the joy of life, and for a while seemed in danger of a fate like that of the boy poet, Robert Fergusson, with whom he always owned a sense of spiritual affinity." Dealing with Stevenson's marriage, he says: "The year 1879 was a critical one in Stevenson's life. In France he had met an American lady, Mrs. Osbourne, whose domestic circumstances were not fortunate, and who was living with her daughter and her young son in the art student circles of Paris and Fontainebleau. In the beginning of 1879 she returned to California. In June Stevenson determined to follow, and in the spring of 1880 he was married to Mrs. Osbourne, who had obtained some months before a divorce from her husband." He brought his wife home in August, 1880. "She was to him a perfect companion, taking part keenly and critically in his work, sharing all his gipsy tastes and love of primitive and natural modes of life, and being, in spite of her own precarious health, the most devoted and efficient of nurses in the anxious times which now ensued."

Mr. Andrew Lang is collaborating with Mr A. E. W. Mason, the author of *The Courtship of Morrice Buckler* and *Lawrence Clavering*, in a new romance which is to be ready for serial publication in the autumn. Mr. Lang has some reputation as a collaborator, among his joint efforts being *He*, which he wrote, we believe, with Mr. W. H. Pollock; *Pictures at Play* with Mr. W. E. Henley, and *The World's Desire* with Mr. Rider Haggard, not to go beyond fiction. Mr. Lang's versatility was once very cleverly parodied in the *Oxford Magazine* of February 7th, 1883. The following is a copy of the ballad as it subsequently appeared in *Echoes from the Oxford Magazine*, published in 1890:

BALLADE OF ANDREW LANG.

ANSWER, IN FORM OF BALLADE, TO A FRESHMAN OF MERTON COLLEGE.

You ask me, Fresher, who it is
  Who rhymes, researches, and reviews,
Who sometimes writes like Genesis,
  And sometimes for the Daily News.
Who jests in words that angels use,
  And is most solemn with most slang;
Who's who—who's which—and which is whose?
  Who can it be but Andrew Lang?

Quips, Quirks are his, and Quiddities,
  The epic and the teacup Muse,
Bookbindings, Aborigines,
  Ballades that banish all the Blues,
Young Married Life among Yahoos,
  An Iliad, an Orang-outang,
Triolets, Totems, and Tattoos—
  Who can it be but Andrew Lang?

Ah, Ballade makers! tell me this,
  When did the hardest rhymes refuse
The guile that filled that book of his
  With multiplying X's and II's?
You see me shuffle in his shoes,
  You hear me stammer where he sang,
Who cannot charm you as I choose,
  Who cannot be an Andrew Lang.

ENVOY.

Fresher! he dwelt with Torpid Crews,
  And once, like you, he knew the pang
Of Mods, of Greats, of Weekly Dues,
  And yet he is an Andrew Lang!

❀

A few weeks ago alarming stories were being circulated in London about Mr. H. G. Wells, the author of *The War of the Worlds*. It was reported that he was dying of consumption. If so, he is a very untrustworthy person, for only recently he wrote from Naples saying that he never felt better in his life. Rumour has evidently been very busy

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also with Mr. Jerome K. Jerome. The following letter was received by him, dated Budapest, April 19th :

"DEAR SIR : I must ask your pardon for thus addressing you, but it has been commonly reported in Budapest that you are dead, which report has been lately contradicted, and we all hope the latter news to be true. We Hungarians are very interested in reading your charming books in English, all of which have an enormous circulation. May I ask that you will accede to my request and kindly send a reply to this shortly, which I can then insert in my paper? Again apologising for taking up your valuable time, etc."

Mr. Jerome replied to his correspondent that he was not dead, and never had been, though what might be his intention as regarded the future he was not at this period prepared to state. It is a curious coincidence that only last month we reported an incident of the same kind as happening in Hungary to Mr. Rider Haggard, who was also believed to be dead.

❀

Mr. Jerome has a new book in preparation on the lines of his most successful work, *The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*, which will be published in October by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. It will bear the title *The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*, being "a book of essays on things in general." The bulk of the volume will consist of hitherto unpublished work, and what little is taken from matter already published has been altered or elaborated. The chapter headings are suggestive of Mr. Jerome's peculiar humour, for example, "On the Art of Making Up One's Mind," "On the Motherliness of Man," "On the Time Wasted in Looking Before One Leaps," and "On the Care and Management of Women."

❀

The same firm will publish in the autumn a new novel by Mr. J. A. Steuart, a writer whose work has already elicited high praise from the English reviewers, and which has not altogether lacked appreciation in this country. It is claimed for him that this new novel, *The Minister of State*, puts him in line with the foremost writers of the younger school. Published recently by Mr. William Heinemann in England, it has been most cordially received and generally accepted as a great advance on anything he has previously done. Mr. Steuart has the knack of clever dialogue, and his style is vigorous and characteristic. His descriptive faculty is striking, and the pictures of Highland scenery, as well as of London political and legal life in this book are well defined and convincing. Mr. Steuart has received many congratulations from brother authors upon his latest achievement, but perhaps the compliment he values most came from Mr. George Meredith. Several reviewers have especially remarked the well-drawn portrait of Dominie Proudfoot; Mr. Meredith calls the Dominie "the best of his kind I know." Mr. W. E. Henley, also writing of *The Minister of State*, says : "Mr. Steuart writes the English tongue with real distinction. He has temperament, brains, style, an ideal, a strong sense of his duty to the public and to art. His characters, too—his Dominie, his Fiddler, his Highland Uncle, his Highland Aunt, his Hero—all these are observed (or created) and presented with a really admirable felicity. And their environment is so well done as to be convincing as themselves. You read him, and read him eagerly, right to his last page." Without doubt, therefore, it would seem that *The Minister of State* is one of the noteworthy novels to be looked forward to with expectation among the forthcoming books of the year.

❀

On April 23d, the publication of *Penelope's Progress* by Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs. Riggs) was quietly celebrated at the home of the author in this city in a manner that brought to mind the traditions of old, when publisher and author commingled and toasted each other in behalf of the literary offspring given anew to the world through their combined efforts. It was a Gaelic dinner, and the tartan was everywhere, in honour of Penelope's latest divagation. There were tartan buttons, tartan bows, tartan ribbons, tartan lamp-shades, and autographed copies of *Penelope's Progress* for Mrs. Riggs's guests and friends uniquely bound in tartan gingham, especially made for the binding in Scotland. The atmosphere was charged with Scott and Burns and Auld Reekie, and the few Scots present at the festive board rose in their native supremacy and made the Americans sorry they were not born with a burr on their tongue. The toast of the evening was

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that made by Mrs. Riggs to her publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, to which Mr. Mifflin replied in what he declared was his maiden speech. Mrs. Riggs must be congratulated on Mr. Mifflin's *début*. We have asked Mrs. Riggs's permission to print the toast. It should be said that some of the authors present were on the lists of the Messrs. Harper, Scribner, and Dodd, Mead and Company.

"Publication dinners now are somewhat out of style;
The publishers themselves believe it's hardly worth the while
To feed a man whose books don't sell with food he cannot earn,
And as for the successful man, they plausibly affirm
That when they've paid a fortune, down, they really do not feel
As though an author, gorged with gold, deserved an extra meal!
And so the jubilant young scribe who loves his latest book
And longs to celebrate its birth by some means, hook or crook,
Invites his friends, leaves out his foes, and spreads the festal board
With flowers fair and viands rare, (the which he can't afford!)
And nothing does he grudge of this expenditure of wealth,
Because it titillates his pride to have you drink his health.
But it is not my health to-night that I would have you drink,—
Though 'twould be sweetest flattery to hear your glasses clink;—
I toast the best of publishers an author ever had!
Their royalties are always good, when sales are not too bad;
They never grow too rich themselves, nor fail, and sell your plates,
They always settle with you at the highest (author's) rates!
Their manner is as cordial when your last book fell below
The fifty-thousand-copy-mark as if it were not so;
And if perchance a hundred thousand volumes have been sold,
They never gush; are not surprised; your triumph they'd foretold.
So fill your glasses, raise them high, 'tis not a usual toast;
Poor publishers! the dish *they* get is commonly a 'roast'!
Be true to Harper's, Scribner's too, to Dodd and Mead also,
But for the moment pledge with me the Houghton, Mifflin Co.!"

❀

It will be difficult, perhaps, for the numerous admirers of Mrs. Riggs's earlier work to grant our claim that in her latest book she has done the best bit of writing that has come from her pen, but it is so, nevertheless. Her keen observation, her innate tact and sympathy, her ready wit and contagious fun, the sparkle and charm of her narrative, have reached a maturity of power and expression unattained as a whole in any of her previous books. Penelope, Francesca, and Salemina, whose English experiences gave us so much delight, have gathered a richer store at Mrs. Riggs's hands, while on a similar tour of peregrinations, as Carlyle would say, in Scotland. Mrs. Riggs spent a large part of last year in the land of brown heath and shaggy wood, and the amount of information that she has insinuated into her story is remarkable. The sub-title speaks of "extracts from the commonplace book of Penelope," but she is never commonplace; her imagination is too sunny and her sense of humour too keen to be crushed even when "shrouded in the heart of that opaque, mysterious grayness," which so frequently hid the beauty of Auld Scotia from her eyes. *Penelope's Progress* will be followed with delight by numerous readers on steamboat and rail, on hill and beach, and under the trees during the coming summer months, but best of all when we resume with chill November our fireside travels. The initials "G. C. R." on the dedicatory page belong to Mrs. Riggs's husband.

❀

The admirers of Mr. Howells's excellent novel *The Rise of Silas Lapham* may have an opportunity to view it on the stage next season. Mr. Paul Kester is now at work with Mr. Howells on a dramatisation of this novel, to be presented by a well-known and popular actor.

❀

Many rumours and reports come to us of projected dramatisations of novels by popular authors, but two of them stand out as of especial interest. Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske having refused Mr. Lorimer Stoddard's stage version of Thackeray's masterpiece, has, we understand, accepted one made by Mr. Langdon E. Mitchell, the son of Dr. Weir Mitchell. The play is called *Becky Sharp*, and the title rôle will, of course, be enacted by Mrs. Fiske. The other interesting announcement must have presented an equally difficult task to the dramatist. Mr. George Meredith's

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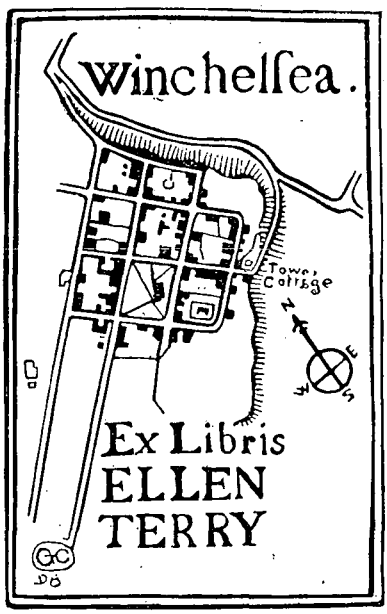
novel *The Egoist* has been dramatised, and Mr. Forbes Robertson is to produce it in London. Mr. Meredith intends personally to supervise the rehearsal.

❀

We reproduce Miss Ellen Terry's book-plate from the *Sketch*. The quaint design was drawn for her by her son, Mr. Gordon Craig. Miss Ellen Terry has a



charming cottage at Winchelsea, and when she is at home this book-plate will readily enable visitors to find her.

❀

This is a time when theatres appeal to the patriotism of their audiences by introducing numerous features that relate to the war with Spain. The orchestra usually renders a selection of national airs during the waits between the acts, and these never fail to receive applause, often of a most enthusiastic character. We are glad to note that *The Star Spangled Banner* is always selected as the *pièce de resistance*, and that it is always accepted as such by the audience, who rise and sing it. We are still more glad that the hybrid fake known as *America* is distinctly *not* accepted as national, many of the listeners remaining seated, as they ought to do. If it were frankly played as *God Save the Queen*, then we might well rise and sing its real words and applaud it, in recognition of the sympathy which England is freely giving us in the present crisis; but there is no reason on earth for stealing the English anthem and calling it our own just because a certain Mr. Smith once wrote some mushy balderdash to its sonorous music, and called the incongruous compound *America*.

❀

A parallel to the Dutch novelist, Maarten Maartens, who writes in English, is presented in the case of a young Italian, Miss Kassandra Vivaria, who has mastered the same language as a medium for her first novel, *Via Lucis*, about to be published by Messrs. George H. Richmond and Son. To carry the similarity still further, it may be added that both writers assume a *nom de plume*, in order to disguise their identity among their own people. The following extract from a letter which accompanied her manuscript might serve as a preface to the book; it will, at least, introduce her very pleasantly to her American readers:

"I can, of course, have nothing to say of the literary merits of my tale, but I have this one advantage over many writers who have put Italian personages in motion. Though peculiar circumstances and personal taste have led me to choose English for the clothing of what ideas I may possess, I am by birth an Italian, having lived and worked all my life among the elements I describe. Up till now many hands have dealt with our nobility and our costumed country folk; but however acclimated, they have been foreign hands always. Up till now only two classes have been studied—the highest, which is everywhere the most featureless, and the lowest, which in this country is still merely picturesque. Of the far-extending, fluctuating, heterogeneous bourgeoisie, in which the real differences of a nation lie—not a word. This I have often thought might give the particular Italian story I have written some little interest of its own, and perhaps make it worthy of being taken into consideration by a foreign public."

The publication of this book has been brought about under peculiar circumstances. Some months ago Gabriele d'Annunzio wrote to Mr. Richmond, his authorised publisher in America, soliciting his interest in a young Italian writer, "with whose excellent poems and criticisms I am already familiar." "She has just finished a novel," he went on to say, "which, it seems to me, is destined to have great success with the Anglo-American public. In it there are pages of surprising beauty when the youth of the writer is considered. . . . In my opinion, Miss Vivaria has a mag-

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nificent future before her, and I am sure you will never regret having opened the way for her." Shortly afterward the manuscript of *Via Lucis* came into Mr. Richmond's hands with D'Annunzio's "most sincere recommendation," and a perusal of it satisfied him that he had secured a work of unusual merit and unmistakable power, and a reading of the advance sheets leads us to the same conclusion. The author's command of English is remarkable, her style is wonderfully lucid, and gains in piquancy by occasional idiomatic traces of her origin. The book is, as it purports to be, a study of the life and manners of the Italian bourgeoisie of the present day. Aside from the main movement of the story, there is given, we believe, the most searching analysis of the convent system that is likely to be met with, along with a constructive portrayal of what might be accomplished by united and persistent efforts toward high ideals. And it may be said at once that *Via Lucis*, although it might be called a realistic romance, and has won the admiration of D'Annunzio, lies far from the school and influences of the eminent Italian realist. We do not wish to be understood as comparing it with *Middlemarch* when we say that it reminds us of that novel more than of any other; but the impression left on the mind is very similar. We are, indeed, inclined to share Gabriele d'Annunzio's presaged conviction regarding its future.

"KASSANDRA VIVARIA."

There is a certain air of mystery about the author of *Via Lucis* which surrounds her with romance. Kassandra Vivaria, as this beautiful young writer chooses to call herself, is not yet twenty-one, and belongs to a family which ranks high among the nobility of her land. She has had to make severe sacrifices in order to follow her literary passion. Her family furnishes her with a bare support for existence so long as she fulfils the condition of writing only under a pseudonym. She lives by herself in "a tumble-down place in Umbria," and is hard put to it sometimes to make both ends meet, for she does not seem to have the money-making talent for turning journalistic and magazine articles into bread. "All I can do," she says naïvely, "is to think out a bit of a soul's life and unfold it." We hope to commend her first work, which is certainly a remarkable literary achievement for so young a writer, more fully in a future number.

Mr. Norman Hapgood, whose *Literary Statesmen and Others* is reviewed on another page, is a recent graduate of Harvard University (in the class of '90), who has already made himself felt in several departments of literary effort. He is the dramatic critic of the *Commercial Advertiser*, and his work there embodies the most serious and intelligent criticism that can be found in the dramatic columns of any New York journal, being frank, outspoken, and honest in its

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NORMAN HAPGOOD.

castigation of the flimsy stuff that goes to the making of most of our modern plays. As a literary critic, pure and simple, he has been exceptionally fortunate in having already won a hearing from the British public, which usually turns a deaf ear to Americans, especially if they be still young. The *Contemporary Review* is the English periodical in which Mr. Hapgood's foreign contributions appear, and several of the chapters in this book were originally published in the pages of that magazine. Mr. Hapgood was very much averse to publishing his work in book-form so soon, but the enterprise of his publishers, Messrs. H. S. Stone and Company, is justified by the contents of this volume. Mr. Hapgood has no need to be ashamed of his first book. We hope that he will follow it up some day soon with a volume of essays on the drama, a task for which he has shown unusual critical ability and imaginative insight.

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We present our readers with a portrait of Mr. Egerton Castle, who in collaboration with his wife is the author of one of the most delightful love stories of the season. We should be inclined to say, indeed, that *The Pride of Jennico* is the best of its kind since *The Prisoner of Zenda*. When you have read the book through at a breathless pace, you will turn back to the chapter in which Basil Jennico introduces himself to the princess to enjoy that delicious scene at leisure. The princess is a charming creation, one of the most picturesque and attractive figures we have met for a long time in fiction or out of it. In fact, *The Pride of Jennico*, which is reviewed on another page, stands quite apart from the ordinary run of novels as a book which no one in search of a few hours' entertaining reading should neglect. The authors are to be congratulated on a most successful piece of work, which is sure of a wide popularity. It is published by the Macmillan Company. Mrs. Egerton Castle, by the way, is a sister of Mrs. Francis Blundell (M. E. Francis), whose novels, *The Story of Dan* and *A Daughter of the Soil*, and her delightful Lancashire sketches, *In a North Country Village*, have made her familiar to the reading world. Messrs. Little, Brown and Company have just published a new story by her, entitled *The Duenna of a Genius*, which relates the career of a young Hungarian violinist, and is graced by that sympathetic touch which is the charm of all her writing.

EGERTON CASTLE.

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Yours sincerely.
Robert Herrick

Mr. Robert Herrick, whose new book, *The Gospel of Freedom*, is reviewed on another page, was born in Massachusetts about thirty years ago. He was graduated at Harvard, and became an instructor in the English Department at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology under Professor George R. Carpenter in 1890. In 1893 he entered on his present appointment in the University of Chicago as Assistant Professor of Rhetoric and English Composition. His work has become well known, and his criticisms in class are said to be severe, but original, keen, and witty. In 1894 he married his cousin, then resident in Chicago, and since that time has spent eighteen months in Europe. He has published two books in the Messrs. Scribner's Ivory Series, *The Man Who Wins* and *Literary Love Letters and Other Stories*. His new book is published by the Macmillan Company.

❀

Mr. Grover Flint, whose record of actual service with the Cuban insurgents, published by Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company under the title *Marching With Gomez*, has met with notable and deserved success, is to-day swinging a sabre in the regular army of the United States, and by the time this paragraph is printed may be invading Cuba again. He has every reason to be a follower of arms. His father was General Cuvier Grover of the United States Army, the boy changing his name from Flint Grover to its present form after the death of his father and his adoption by his maternal grandfather, the late Austin Flint, of New York. Born in an ambulance on the Western plains, a graduate of the class of '88 at Harvard, an attaché for a time of the United States legation at Madrid, a war correspondent for the New York *Journal*, and a major on the staff of Gomez, young Flint has filled his few days full of action. He had every opportunity to return to the Cuban service with a high rank, but he preferred to fight for Free Cuba under the Stars and Stripes, and enlisted again as a private in the United States cavalry, a post he had held once before.

GROVER FLINT.

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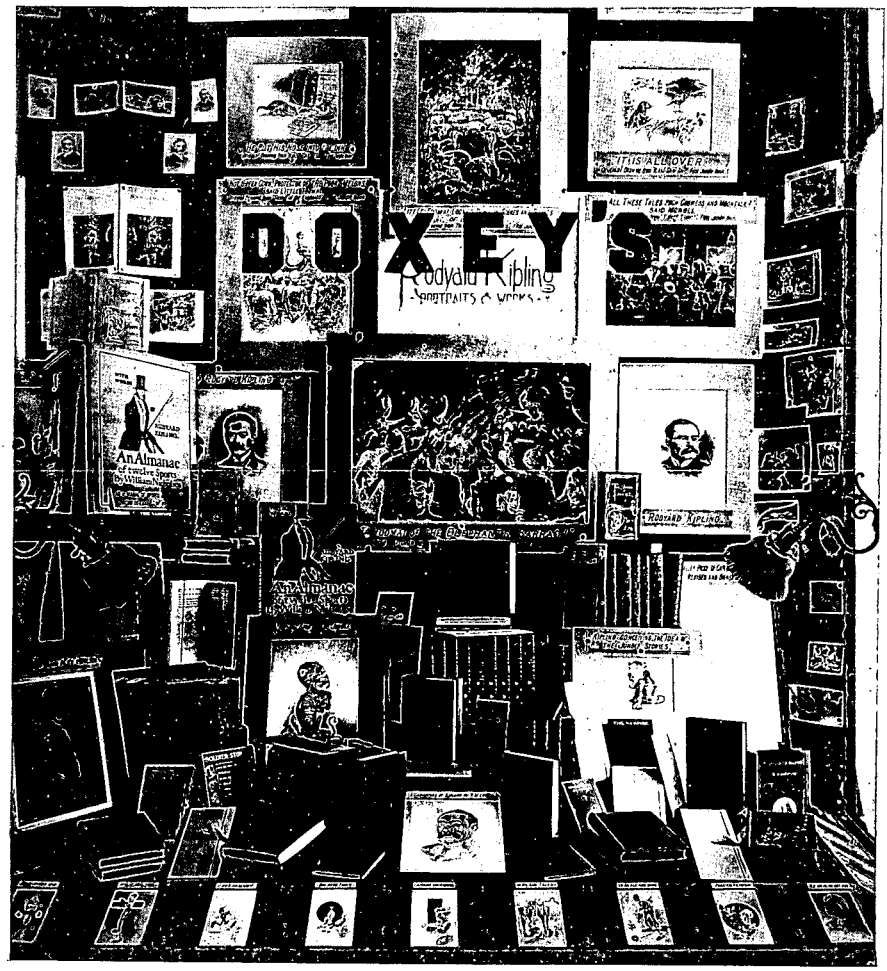

A KIPLING WINDOW EXHIBIT IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Though of proved courage, Mr. Flint has the gentlest demeanour imaginable. He is a son-in-law of Professor John Fiske of Cambridge.

❀

Sir Walter Besant's papers on South London, now running in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, will probably be completed in time to be published in book-form during the autumn season. They will make a companion volume to his *London* and *Westminster*. Sir Walter's new novel, *The Changeling*, will be published in the autumn by the Frederick A. Stokes Company.

❀

Mr. William Doxey, of San Francisco, has added a Kipling window to his famous window exhibitions. The window was composed of all the editions of Kipling, together with the original drawings for the first Jungle Book, which form the background of the exhibit. The pictures seen at the base of the window illustrating Kipling's books were drawn by a local artist for this occasion. There are also two large caricatures in the shape of a tiger with Kipling's head, labelled "King of the Jungle," and the other, "Kipling conceiving the Jungle stories." These drawings and caricatures, we understand, have created a great deal of talk in San Francisco.

❀

Mr. Henry Seton Merriman, whose successful novel *In Kedar's Tents* ran serially through these pages last year, is now travelling in Russia with a view to writing another novel of Russian life in the vein of *The Sowers*. The strange fascina-

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tion of Muscovy for the novelist is apparently as strong as ever. We hear that Mr. Steevens, the brilliant correspondent of the London *Daily Mail*, may possibly go to Russia soon. He has only recently returned from his travels in Egypt, out of which he has found material for two books; one dealing with Cairo and Egypt proper, the other with the Soudan and the English campaign there. He has already contributed two books of keen observation and travel to this field of literature—namely, *The Land of the Dollar* and *With the Conquering Turk*, both published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. This firm will also control Mr. Merriman's new Russian novel.

❀

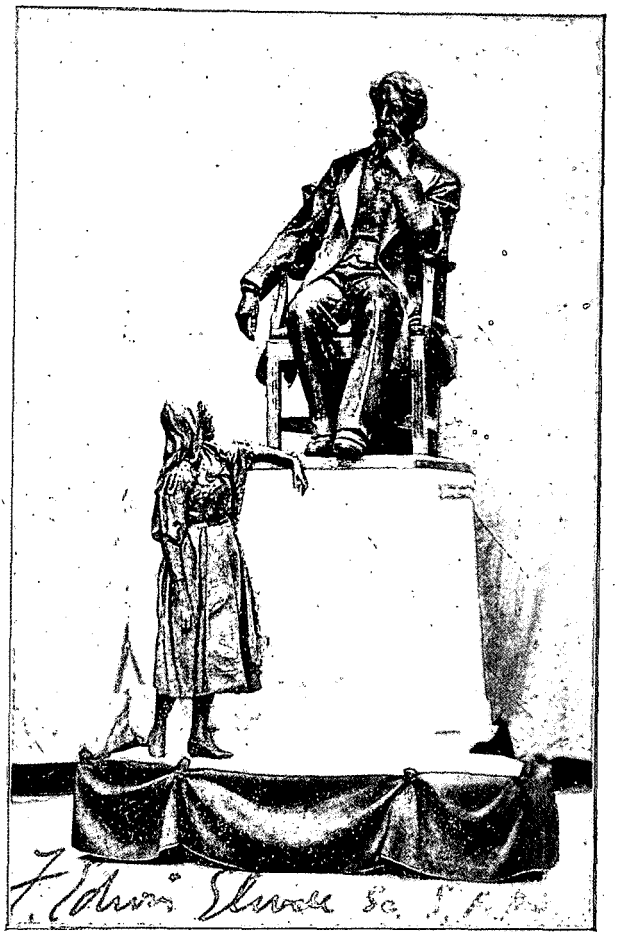
Mr. Merriman's *In Kedar's Tents* has a timely interest for those who have an eye on Spain's internal movements. Not only are the scenes of the story laid in Spain, but the hero himself is involved in the court intrigues and in the uprising of the Carlists, which took place there some fifty years ago. Mrs. Craigie's *School for Saints*, published by the F. A. Stokes Company, is of especial interest just now for the same reason.

❀

The second volume of *A History of the Royal Navy*, edited by Mr. W. L. Clowes, Captain Mahan, Theodore Roosevelt, and others, has just made its timely appearance. The work will be completed in five volumes, and is being issued on a grand scale by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company. This firm has also brought out a new edition (the fifth) of *Ironclads in Action*, which, by the way, contains the only complete description by a naval expert of the naval actions at the Yalu and Wei-Hai-Wei, where for the first time modern ironclads were tested in actual warfare.

❀

The illustration herewith given of Charles Dickens and Little Nell is taken from the frontispiece of a catalogue of Dickens literature in the library of Mr. E. S. Williamson, of Toronto. Under the title *Glimpses of Charles Dickens* Mr. Williamson has gathered a number of interesting facts, fac-similes, and illustrations, together with a catalogue of his library. Not the least interesting illustration by any means is the one which we have reproduced, the original photograph having been furnished by Mr. Elwell, the sculptor. This sculptured memorial to Charles Dickens figured prominently among the Art exhibits of America at the World's Fair. It has also been exhibited in England, where the family of Dickens pronounced it an excellent portrait of the great novelist. Mr. Williamson's Dickensiana is the result of five or six years' collecting. A catalogue which he issued two years ago, of which one hundred copies were printed for private circulation, is the



CHARLES DICKENS AND LITTLE NELL.

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A WINDOW EXHIBIT IN A NEW YORK BOOK SHOP OF MR. F. HOPKINSON SMITH'S WORKS.

basis of the present amplified edition, which is expanded and made more interesting in every way. Only 250 copies have been printed, and half of this number was subscribed for in advance of publication. The price for the remainder is $1.00 per copy.

❀

Mr. Hopkinson Smith's new novel, *Caleb West—Master Diver*, which was published about the end of April, is undeniably an excellent story, and promises to outsell its predecessor, *Tom Grogan*. A first edition of ten thousand was exhausted on the day of publication, and a second edition, which was immediately printed, has been rapidly taken up. The story appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* during the winter, but it has been thoroughly revised and rewritten, some five thousand words having been taken out and about ten thousand added, and a new introduction given to the opening chapter.

❀

It must have been over six years ago that we read the story of "Captain Joe" in the pages of the *Century*, for the volume which contains it was published, we notice, in 1892. The memory of the story always recalls one of those supreme moments in one's life when a deed of heroism burns its impression into the soul, and is never forgotten. When, therefore, about two years ago, the author communicated to the writer his intention of developing this character, and making him the central figure in a longer story of sustained action, it was with mingled feelings of curious wonder and anticipated delight that we awaited the materialisation of the scheme. Nor have we been disappointed. Whoever has read the short story in *A Day at Laguerre's and other Days* must have wanted to know more of Captain Joe—tough, sturdy, tender-eyed, fearless—the man who "one memorable winter's day saved the lives of the passengers on the sinking ferry-boat, near Hoboken, by calking with his own body the gash left in her side by a colliding tug." And our interest in the character is intensified by learning that his portrait has been drawn life-size from one who stands as his prototype, and who actu-

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ally lived and worked among the surroundings thinly disguised by fiction. "Captain Joe," a New London paper tells us, "is no less a personage than Captain T. A. Scott of this city, for whom Mr. Hopkinson Smith has the highest regard, and whose experiences need no exaggeration to read like a romance." New London is identified by the same authority with Keyport in the book, and the description of the harbour, the proximity of Noank, Stonington, and Norwich to the Keyport of the story at once verify its location. We have been successful in securing a photograph of Captain T. A. Scott, the alleged original of "Captain Joe," which, it seems to us, is strikingly characteristic of the man throughout as he is portrayed in *Caleb West*.

F. Hopkinson Smith

❀

It will be surmised at a glance that Captain Joe is the real hero of the book, and that his ought to have been the name that gave it its title. The difficulty lay in the fact that a story with that name already existed. "The Building of the Light" was, we believe, for some time contemplated as a probable title, but that had an unfortunate technical sound that scarcely fitted a work of fiction. There is no need to cavil; the present title is peculiarly happy and classifies the book, conveying the sort of life you expect to meet with in its pages, and that, after all, is the main thing. Mr. Smith's method of searching for names that shall fit his characters to a nicety reminds one of Dickens, who, however, allowed his method to become bizarre and to run into caricature. Caleb West is a composite—the Christian name was taken from a tailor's sign somewhere in New York, after some months' research, and the surname was purloined after the same fashion. But "The Building of the Light" would have described the main action of the story, which is concerned with the erection of Shark's Ledge Light-house. It is not straining fact to say that this can be no other than Race Rock Light-house, erected by the author in his capacity of marine engineer and architect in 1871–77, and

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"CAPTAIN JOE."

situated about eight miles out from New London, right in the jaws of the Atlantic. There is a strong coincidence in Mr. Smith's own work besides the likeness in description which confirms this. In the short story already alluded to, Captain Joe secures a position as submarine engineer on "a light-house to be built in the 'Race' off Fisher's Island—the foundation of rough stone protected by granite blocks weighing ten tons each. These blocks were to be laid by a diver, as an enrockment, their edges touching. The current in the Race ran six miles an hour." Moreover, the accompanying designs of Race Rock Light, taken from an official report made to the government by Mr. Smith at the time, correspond with the description of the building of Shark's Ledge. We reproduce them on the following page, in the belief that they will not only prove interesting, but will illustrate very effectively many of the pages in *Caleb West—Master Diver*.

❀

There is a certain fascination in tracing fiction to fact, and yet in *Caleb West* the building of the Light would in itself be merely a narrative of daring incident, were it not for other qualities that enter into its telling and make it live as an intensely human book. It is a stirring tale, wherein the buffeting of strong spirits with wind and waves is wonderfully realised; but that which pierces the imagination to the very heart of life is the buffeting of human spirits with the tempest of evil. This is what will give the book its wide appeal—this and its concomitant factor that the consequences of evil-doing are not dodged and the reality of suffering is recognised. The note of compassion, of a wise, patient charity, is its strongest characteristic. "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more"—that was Captain Joe's creed, we are told. The following letter, written by a prominent bishop in the Episcopal Church, which we are permitted to quote, demonstrates the true significance of Mr. Smith's latest work:

"It is a strong, clean, wholesome story. So far as it is nature, it is the best nature. And so far as it is creation and character painting, it is a noble creation. And Captain Joe is 'in the image and likeness of God.' The mystery of the origin of evil is impenetrable. But the problem of the purpose is plain enough that we may resist temptation and forgive sin, and the book is built on this purpose.

"Details are minor matters in a book like Caleb West, but I am not unmindful of the humour and the pathos; of the ingenuity of the situations and the vividness of the scenes; of the restraint of what is left to be imagined, and the richness of what is 'writ large.'

"He is a 'master diver' who can go so deep into human experience and bring up, bring back, such life."

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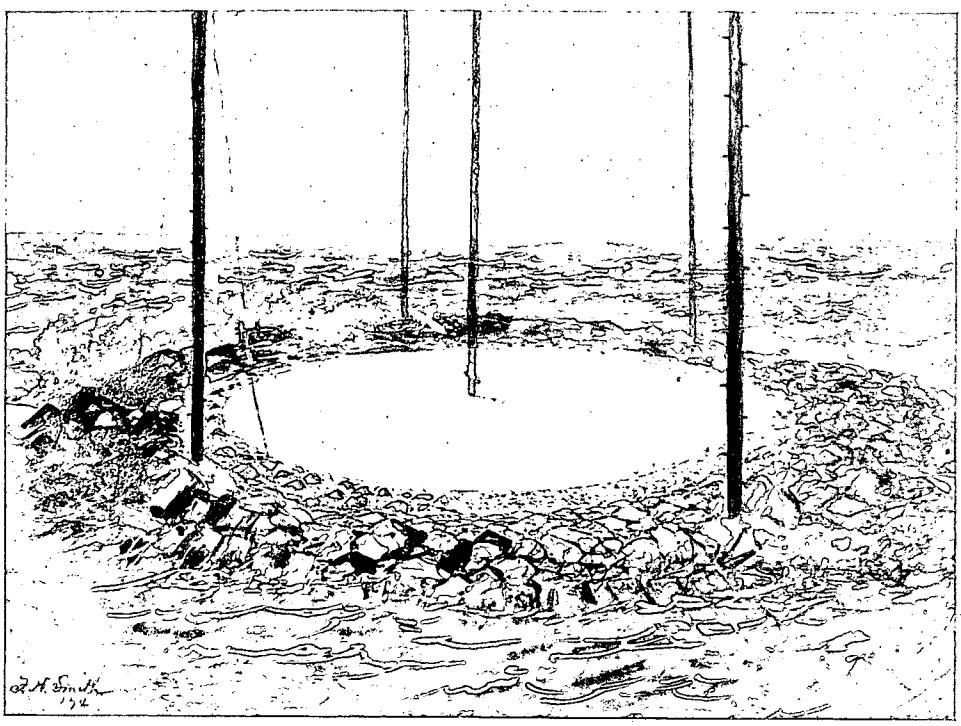

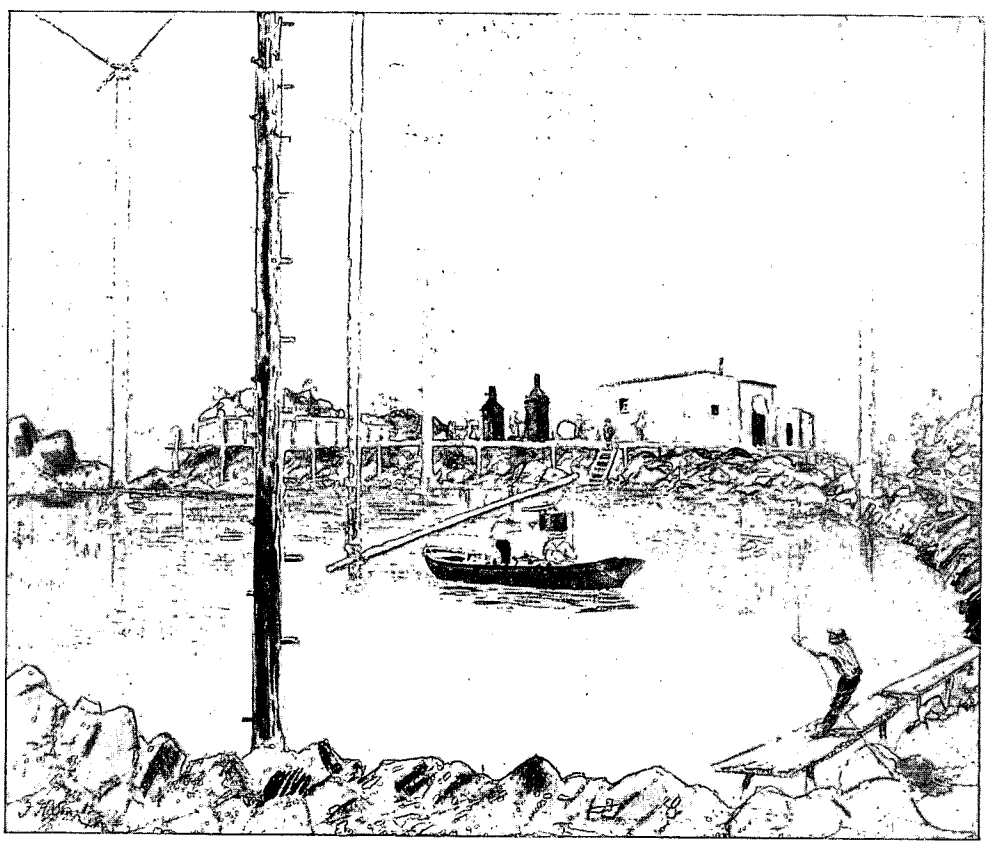

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THOMAS SERGEANT PERRY.

Mr. Thomas Sergeant Perry, the author of *Eighteenth Century Literature*, *History of Greek Literature*, *From Opitz to Lessing*, *The Evolution of a Snob*, and half a dozen other books, original and translated, has been appointed Professor of

Yours very truly, T. S. Perry.

English Language and Literature in the College Keiogijuku, in Tokio, and has gone to Japan, where he will be joined in the autumn by his family, now in Boston. Mrs. Perry is the portrait painter, Lilla Cabot Perry, whose second volume of poetry, *Impressions: A Book of Verse*, is one of the spring publications of Messrs. Copeland and Day.

Mr. Perry is a grandnephew of the Commodore Perry whose expedition to Japan, in 1853, resulted in the opening of that kingdom to the world, and a grandson of Commodore Perry of Lake Erie fame. By the maternal side he is a great-great-grandson of Benjamin Franklin. This distinctively American critic has enjoyed the culture of four residences in Europe since his graduation at Harvard in the Class of 1866. He has spent nine years at two differing periods in the service of Harvard University, as tutor in German, instructor in English, and in a year's lectureship, which resulted in the standard volume on *Eighteenth Century Literature*. Of this book and of the *History of Greek Literature* it may well be said that they are "good reading," in the sense of entertainment and pleasure, as well as for the immense reserve fund of scholarship which they show. Readers of the *Life of John Addington Symonds*, by Horatio Brown, have come upon this, in a letter of Symonds to Edmund Gosse: "When you go to Boston you will see Perry, one of the brightest-souled students of literature, the biggest *heluo librorum* in America. Salute him from me." Mr. Perry's own private library in his Boston house numbers about three thousand volumes, but he knows the Public Library of Boston and the Harvard Library as few men have ever known them, while the *bibliothèques* of Paris, Madrid, Florence, Rome, and Berlin are familiar places. As an author his characteristics are profound scholarship, the expression of a lively conviction of the organic relation of literature to life, a clear, simple, pellucid style, with strong and forcible diction, often an incisive, sympathetic humour and keen wit. These latter qualities made careless readers misunderstand *The Evolution of a Snob* when that book first appeared. It was supposed by the unthinking to be a satire, while it is really a serious scientific study of a social condition, and the being who represents that condition in our modern world. When a new edition makes this notable little book again accessible, it will doubtless be found that the years have raised up lovers of literature and of life who will care for it as it deserves. It has had so far the fate of being cared for very much by "the few who know," even as Robert Louis Stevenson's early essays were cherished for years until the publication of his stories called popular attention to his work. There is no doubt that in Thomas Sergeant Perry this country has an essayist, a critic of life and of literature of exceptional and original power, and one destined to increasing popular appreciation. This "bookman," friend of Lowell and Holmes and Symonds, among those who are gone,

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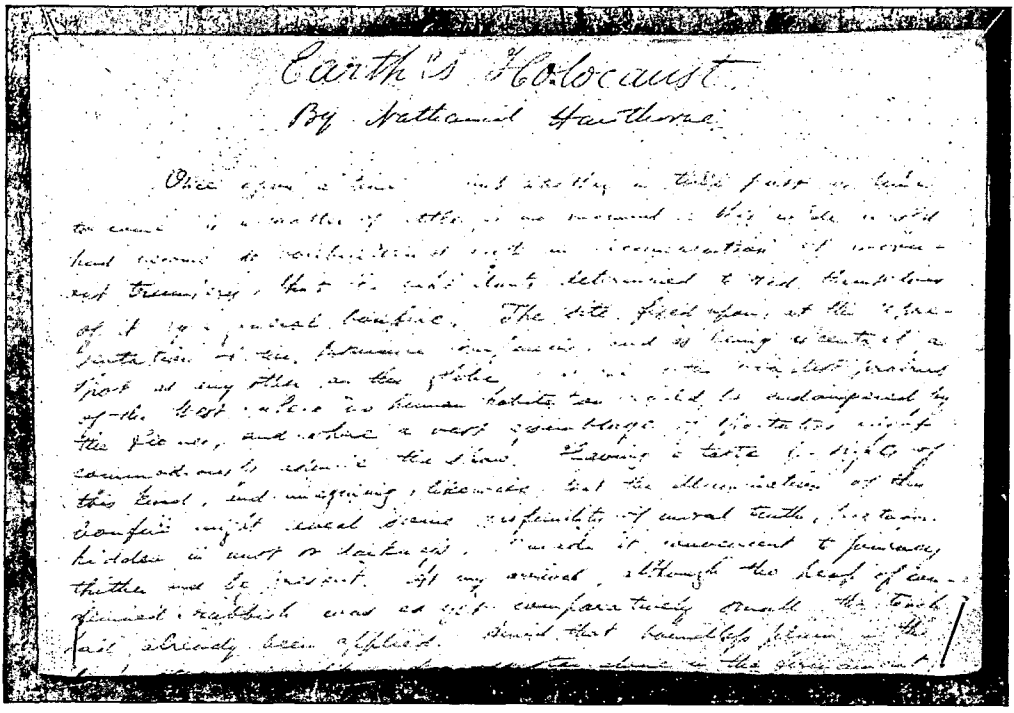
of John Fiske and Dr. Holmes's biographer, John T. Morse, and of many another of those at home and abroad who care for the best in books, is now not in the United States; otherwise, so strong is his inherent native disbelief in being "written up," that it would scarcely be safe for one who is indebted to him for instruction and for illumination in the love of literature to let this manuscript venture forth. As Mark Twain—a favourite with this scholar and critic—said of his eulogy of his wife, had that lady seen it in advance of its publication, it would have been "edited into the stove."

M. C. S.

AN INTERESTING MANUSCRIPT FIND:

WITH FAC-SIMILES OF SOME OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS.


Earth's Holocaust.
By Nathaniel Hawthorne.

The literary world will be interested in the disclosure of a collection of old manuscripts—now in the possession of Mr. Robert C. McKelly, of Upper Sandusky, O.—which, I am informed, the Ohio Historical Society is anxious to secure in order that the manuscripts may be preserved intact. It is doubtful whether a similar collection of manuscripts exists elsewhere in America. This valuable collection is the more remarkable because of its peculiar existence in an obscure corner of the country, and because the manuscripts mark in a way the beginning of our literary era, and represent the keystones of our literary Arcadia.

There are upwards of one hundred manuscripts in the collection. All of them are over fifty years old, many of them were written by authors who have won distinction in the world of letters; indeed, there is scarcely an American author of contemporary interest during the forties who is not represented by one or more manuscripts.

Fifty years ago *Graham's Magazine* was the foremost literary journal of America, and it made Philadelphia, the place of its publication, the Mecca for literary contributions of all degrees of excellence, merit, and ambition. It was the avenue through which the literary product of American authors reached the eyes of the public at that time, and it goes without saying that *Graham's*

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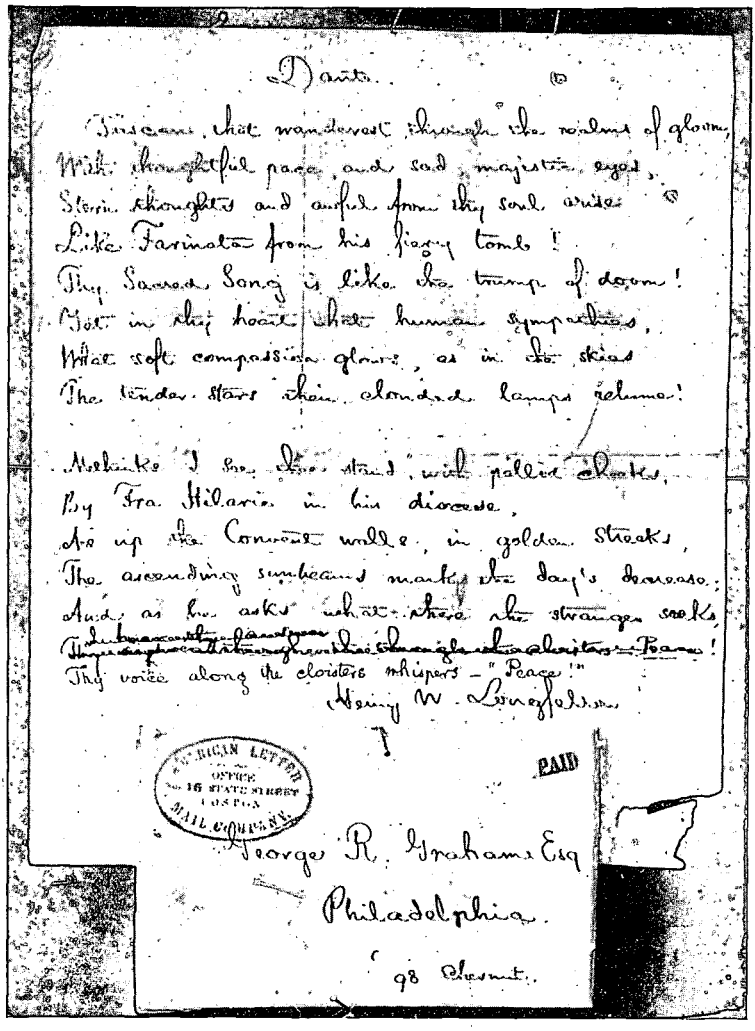

Dante.

Tuscan, that wanderest through the realms of gloom,
With thoughtful pace, and sad, majestic eyes,
Stern thoughts and awful from thy soul arise
Like Farinata from his fiery tomb!
Thy Sacred Song is like the trump of doom!
Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,
What soft compassion glows, as in the skies
The tender stars their clouded lamps relume!

Methinks I see thee stand, with pallid cheeks,
By Fra Hilario in his diocese,
As up the Convent walls, in golden streaks,
The ascending sunbeams marks the day's decrease;
And as he asks what there the stranger seeks,
~~[illegible]~~
Thy voice along the cloisters whispers — "Peace!"

Henry W. Longfellow

AMERICAN LETTER OFFICE No. 16 STATE STREET BOSTON MAIL COMPANY

PAID

George R. Graham Esq
Philadelphia.
98 Chestnut.

Magazine as, in point of literary excellence, the equal of almost any magazine published to-day. This marked excellence was due, in a great measure, to the fact that it was the only journal of its kind then in existence, and naturally had the field to itself, and thus secured the cream of literary creations. And it was from the office of this magazine that virtually all of these rare manuscripts came. The story is interesting.

The publisher of *Graham's Magazine* was Mr. George R. Graham, and for sixteen years his foreman was a Mr. Alexander McKelly, known as "Uncle Alex." Uncle Alex was a journeyman printer, a compositor of considerable skill, also a proof-reader. He was a jovial, take-the-world-easy sort of fellow, with a peculiar knack of making himself popular with the "boys." His engagement with Mr. Graham was the longest in his career. Before attaching himself to *Graham's Magazine* he had worked in New York for a while on the *American Review*, where he made the acquaintance of Edgar Allan Poe. They became fast friends, and it was through Poe's instrumentality that Uncle Alex was transferred to *Graham's Magazine* in Philadelphia. This was early in the forties, about the time that Poe himself became associated with the magazine.

The intimacy between Poe and Uncle Alex increased. Many an evening they passed together, and in after years Uncle Alex used to tell tale after tale reminiscent of his friend "Eddie," as he invariably called Poe. Nothing so incensed him as to hear Poe alluded to as a drunkard; he always insisted that Poe was far from deserving the epithet. He would admit that the worst he ever did was to get on an occasional spree, more for fun than anything else.

Uncle Alex was working on the *American Review* at the time "The Raven" was first published, and it fell to his lot to set up the poem in type. Perceiving its merit and that it was destined to become famous, he secured possession of the manuscript—how, no one knows—and under similar circumstances he secured, one after another, the manuscripts of which I write—for it was through him that they came to be deposited at Upper Sandusky.

Severing his connection with *Graham's*

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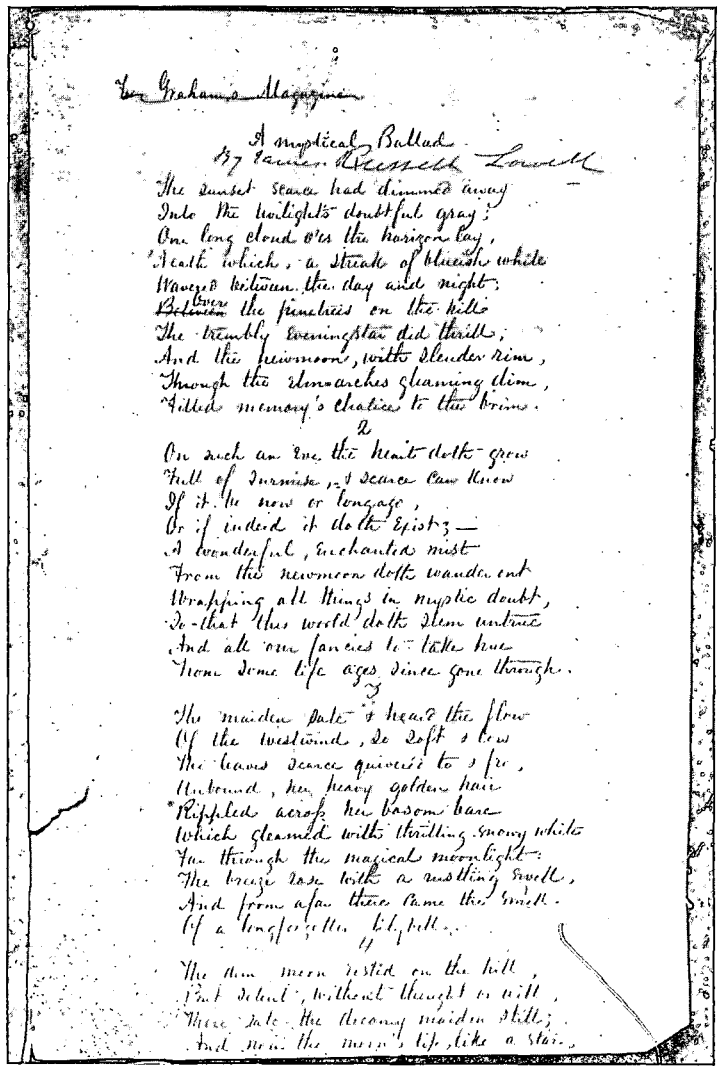
Magazine, Uncle Alex came to Upper Sandusky and spent his remaining days with his brother, the Honourable Robert McKelly, a State senator. One day, some thirty years ago, he remarked to the editor of one of the local papers that he had "quite a collection of manuscripts," and later brought them in a basket to the editor's office and told him to "look them over." The editor was amazed at the importance of the collection, and when Uncle Alex granted him the privilege of taking one of the manuscripts, his choice fell on "The Raven." Uncle Alex, however, manifested a reluctance to part with "The Raven," and the editor took instead Poe's "Imp of the Perverse." Besides these two the manuscript of "The System of Doctor Tarr and Professor Fether," by Poe, was in the collection, and the editor says that Uncle Alex told him that he had had several other manuscripts of Poe, but had given them away.



To Graham's Magazine

A mystical Ballad
By James Russell Lowell

The sunset scarce had dimmed away
Into the twilight's doubtful gray;
One long cloud o'er the horizon lay,
Neath which, a streak of bluish white
Wavered between the day and night;
~~Between~~ Over the pinetrees on the hill
The trembly Evening star did thrill;
And the newmoon, with slender rim,
Through the elm-arches gleaming dim,
Filled memory's chalice to the brim.

2

On such an eve the heart doth grow
Full of surmise, & scarce can know
If it be now or long ago,
Or if indeed it doth exist;—
A wonderful, enchanted mist
From the newmoon doth wander out
Wrapping all things in mystic doubt,
So that this world doth seem untrue
And all our fancies to take hue
From some life ages since gone through.

3

The maiden sate & heard the flow
Of the westwind, so soft & low
The leaves scarce quivered to & fro,
Unbound, her heavy golden hair
Rippled across her bosom bare
Which gleamed with thrilling snowy white
Far through the magical moonlight:
The breeze rose with a rustling swell,
And from afar there came the smell
Of a longforgotten lily bell.

4

The dim moon rested on the hill,
But silent, without thought or will
There sate the dreamy maiden still;
And now the moon's lip, like a star,

"The System of Doctor Tarr and Professor Fether" is still in the collection, but "The Raven" is missing. Uncle Alex but once vaguely revealed how he disposed of it. Mr. John Henderson, superintendent of the Upper Sandusky water-works, says that he vividly recalls how Uncle Alex came to his place of business clad in a new suit of clothes, and rather near the brink of a spree. Mr. Henderson asked him if he had come by some money; and Uncle Alex replied, "Yes," that he had sold "The Raven." To whom he sold it or whether he had really sold it at all was never learned.

Uncle Alex seldom permitted any one to see the manuscripts, and after discovering once that some one had cut an autograph out of one of the manuscripts he refused to show them to any one. When he died—about twenty years ago—his brother's wife took charge of them and treasured them secretly, keeping them constantly guarded. One day a few years since a reporter on a local paper conceived a desire to look them over for a descriptive "write up," and obtained Mr. McKelly's permission to do so. Mr. McKelly took the reporter to his home, and introducing him to his wife, said: "Hannah, here is a young man who would like to see those old papers." With fire in her eye and in an excited manner she replied: "No,

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Biographical Sketch of ~~Com. John Barry~~
written for Graham's Magazine, by J. Fenimore Cooper.
Sketches of Naval Men, by J. Fenimore Cooper.
John Barry.
(Commodore)

The subject of this sketch was one of the Fathers of the American marine, having been among the first of its sea captains in the struggle of the revolution, and dying at the head of the service a year or two after the termination of the quasi war with France. No man in the profession ever enjoyed more of the confidence of the country, or of the government; a confidence that his conduct on all occasions, appears fully to have justified.

John Barry was born near the City of Wexford, in the memorable year 1745. His parents were farmers of a humble class, and young Barry must have been sent quite early to sea, for he arrived in Philadelphia, as second mate of an Irish vessel, when only in his seventeenth year. This must have been about the year 1762; a period when England and the American colonies still formed a common country. Barry was induced to quit his vessel, and casting his fortunes on this continent. From that time, to the hour of his death, he became American in feelings, fortunes and residence, Philadelphia becoming his home. A brother of the name of Patrick, joined him at a later day, but died at sea, before he had made any material advance in his profession. A nephew, sister's son, the present Patrick Hayes Esquire, master warden of the port of Philadelphia, was sent to him more than sixty years since, and still survives [illegible]

sir! I know what he wants; he wants to steal them." Her husband endeavoured to convince her that no harm would come to the manuscripts, but without avail, and the reporter reluctantly gave up the attempt.

Recently, however, to the surprise of all those aware of her peculiar position regarding the manuscripts, she presented the entire collection to her grandson, Mr. Robert C. McKelly, and for the first time for over a quarter of a century they were unrolled and subjected to a thorough examination. They are still

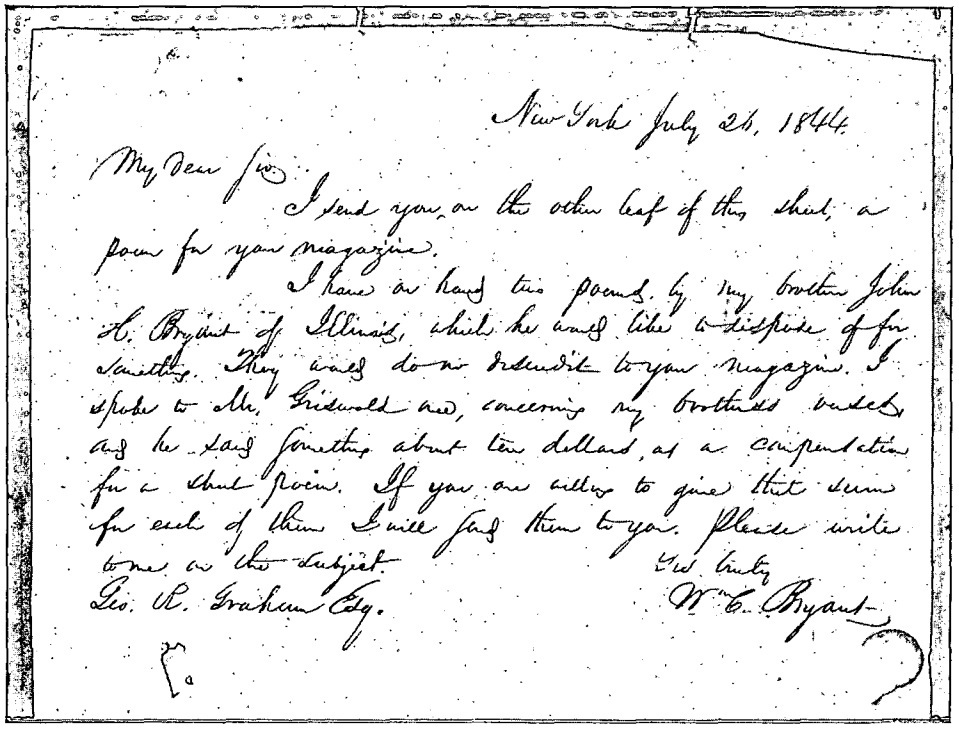
Terpsichore.
~~Read at the Annual Dinner of the~~ Φ B K [illegible]
June 24th 1869
By Oliver Wendell Holmes.

In narrowest girdle, O reluctant Muse,
In closest frock and Cinderella shoes
Bound to the footlights for thy brief display,
One zephyr step, and then dissolve away!

(A blank line [illegible])

Short is the space that gods and men can spare
To Song's twin brother when she is not there.
Let others water every lowly line
As Homer's heroes did their purple wine;
[illegible] like these
The native juice, the real honest squeeze,
Strains that diluted to the [illegible]
In your genteel tumbler might have passed an hour:
[illegible]

in good condition. Indeed, only in mouldy colour and mouldy odour do they show age. The fact that they have seldom been unrolled accounts, no doubt, for the splendid preservation of the writing. Almost every manuscript or the last sheet of those manuscripts of more than one sheet are addressed on the reverse side to Mr. George R. Graham, personally, or to the *Graham Magazine*. The manuscripts were sent by private postal companies, and with the address is the postmark of the private postal company, as shown in facsimile. The manuscripts in those days



New York July 26, 1844

My Dear Sir

I send you, on the other leaf of this sheet, a poem for your magazine.

I have on hand two poems by my brother John H. Bryant of Illinois, which he would like to dispose of for something. They would do no discredit to your magazine. I spoke to Mr. Griswold and, concerning my brother's verses, he said something about ten dollars as a compensation for a short poem. If you are willing to give that sum for each of them I will send them to you. Please write to me on the subject.

Yrs truly

W. C. Bryant

Geo. R. Graham Esq.

were folded and wax-sealed, then addressed on outside fold and mailed without envelopes.

Most of the manuscripts are written on foolscap paper, old-style linen, and with few exceptions the chirography is small, extremely so—in one instance there are over fifteen hundred words to a page. This small writing, it is natural to perceive, was prompted by a desire to economise on paper and postage.

The manuscript of "The System of Doctor Tarr and Professor Fether" is, like all of Poe's manuscripts, written in a small, steel-plate hand, without erasure or correction, and on slips about five inches wide pasted together in one continuous roll.

Perhaps the most valuable manuscripts besides Poe's are the following: "The Occultation of the Orient" and "Dante," by Longfellow; "Song" and "Paradise of Tears," by Bryant; "Biographical Sketch of John Barry," by Fenimore Cooper; "Earth's Holocaust," by Hawthorne; "Terpsichore," by Oliver Wendell Holmes; "The Icy Veil," by N. P. Willis; "Mystical Ballad," by James Russell Lowell; "Talk with Time at the Closing of the Year," by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney; "Mrs. Watt's Dream," by Hon. John A. Dix; "Flora" and "Half a Loaf Worse than No Bread," by Hon. J. Kirk Paulding; "Washington Allston," by Richard H. Dana; "A Eulogy on the Great Unknown, Mr. John Frost," by Elizur Wright; a translation, "Lappe's Sonnet on the Portrait of Raffaelle," by George W. Bethune; "My Binchow Barque," "Ho-To-Ma; or, the Horse Tamer," and "Waller to Sacharissa," by C. F. Hoffman; "The Minstrel's Curse" and "The Waterman," by C. P. Cranch; "Hucknall Torkard," by W. H. E. Hosmer; "The Chieftain of the Lake," "The Revenge," "An

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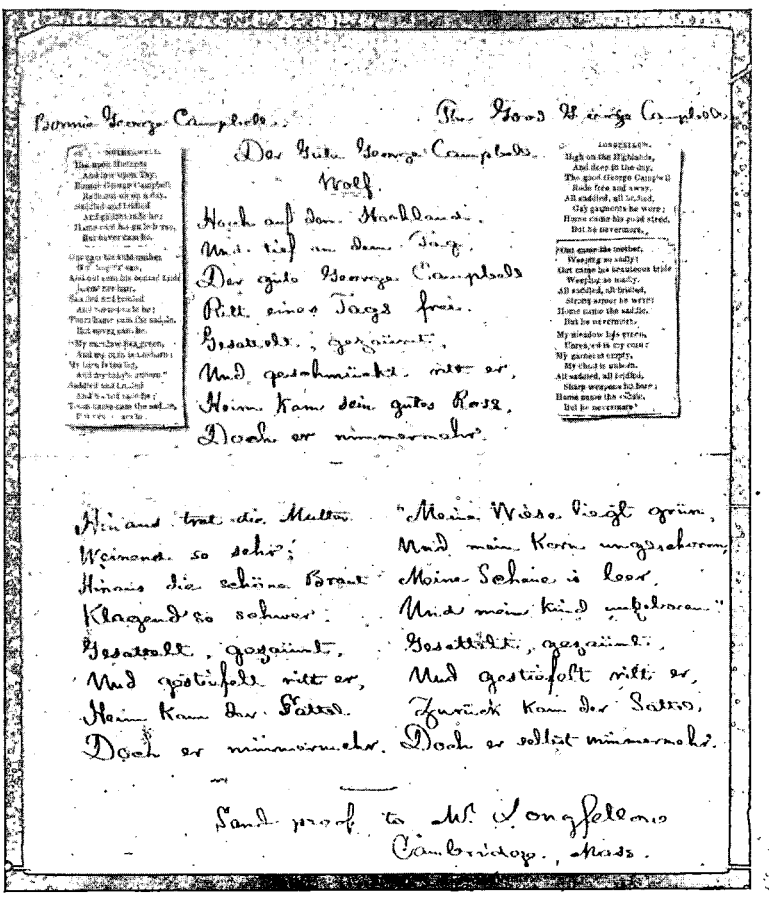


Bonnie George Campbell. The Good George Campbell.

Der Gute George Campbell.
Wolf.

Hoch auf dem Hochland,
Und tief an dem Tag,
Der gute George Campbell
Ritt eines Tags frei.
Gesattelt, gezäumt,
Und geschmückt ritt er,
Heim kam sein gutes Rose,
Doch er nimmermehr.

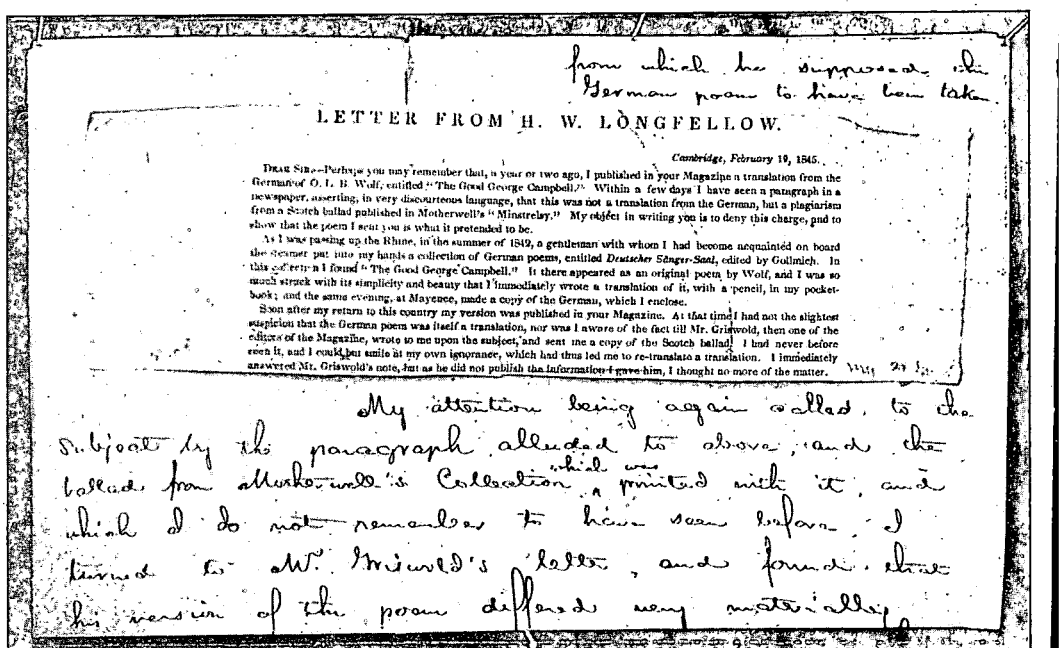
Hinaus trat die Mutter
Weinend so sehr;
Hinaus die schöne Braut
Klagend so schwer.
Gesattelt, gezäumt,
Und gestiefelt ritt er,
Heim kam der Sattel
Doch er nimmermehr.

"Meine Wiese liegt grün,
Und mein Korn ungeschorn,
Meine Scheune is leer,
Und mein Kind unbeboren."
Gesattelt, gezäumt,
Und gestiefelt ritt er,
Zurück kam der Sattel,
Doch er selbst nimmermehr.

Send proof to Mr. Longfellow
Cambridge, Mass.

Autumn Landscape," and "The Indian Summer," by Alfred B. Street; "A Sketch of Italian History," by Mary E. Lee; "Cromwell at the Coffin of Charles I." and "There is No God!" by Charlotte Cushman; "Lulu" and "Caprice," by Frances S. Osgood; "Wayfarers" and "Some Fell by the Wayside," by Elizabeth Oakes Smith; and "The Judge's Charge," by Ann S. Stephens.

Other manuscripts bear contributions by J. Bayard Taylor, Amelia B. Welby, W. W. Story, William Motherwell, Mrs. A. M. F. Annan, William Pitt Palmer, Epes Sargent, Judge Robert T. Conrad, H. T.



from which he supposed the German poem to have been taken.

LETTER FROM H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Cambridge, February 19, 1845.

DEAR SIR:—Perhaps you may remember that, a year or two ago, I published in your Magazine a translation from the German of O. L. B. Wolf, entitled "The Good George Campbell." Within a few days I have seen a paragraph in a newspaper, asserting, in very discourteous language, that this was not a translation from the German, but a plagiarism from a Scotch ballad published in Motherwell's "Minstrelsy." My object in writing you is to deny this charge, and to show that the poem I sent you is what it pretended to be.

As I was passing up the Rhine, in the summer of 1842, a gentleman with whom I had become acquainted on board the steamer put into my hands a collection of German poems, entitled *Deutscher Sänger-Saal*, edited by Gollmich. In this collection I found "The Good George Campbell." It there appeared as an original poem by Wolf, and I was so much struck with its simplicity and beauty that I immediately wrote a translation of it, with a pencil, in my pocket-book; and the same evening, at Mayence, made a copy of the German, which I enclose.

Soon after my return to this country my version was published in your Magazine. At that time I had not the slightest suspicion that the German poem was itself a translation, nor was I aware of the fact till Mr. Griswold, then one of the editors of the Magazine, wrote to me upon the subject, and sent me a copy of the Scotch ballad. I had never before seen it, and I could but smile at my own ignorance, which had thus led me to re-translate a translation. I immediately answered Mr. Griswold's note, but as he did not publish the information I gave him, I thought no more of the matter.

My attention being again called to the subject by the paragraph alluded to above, and the ballad from Motherwell's Collection which was printed with it, and which I do not remember to have seen before, I turned to Mr. Griswold's letter, and found that his version of the poem differed very materially

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Tuckerman, M. Y. C. Mitchell, G. Hill, Ernest Helfenstein, Alice Hervey, E. J. Eames, P. Benson De Lang, A. F. Huston, Henry W. Rockwell, R. Penn Smith, Jane Taylor Worthington, Harry Franco, Fanny Forrester, A. N. C. Edmond, Alice S. Lee, Mrs. R. S. Nichols, Helen Berkley, Mrs. M. N. McDonald, Mary L. Lowson, Cora Holden, M. Toppan Evans, Edward F. Weld, Mrs. E. C. Kinney, Mrs. C. H. Butler, and S. D. Patterson.

Among the manuscripts and as footnotes to some are several private letters addressed to Mr. Graham. All such letters are autograph save one. This exception is a letter by Longfellow. It is written in a lady's hand on blue-tinted folding paper, and is signed in autograph by Longfellow. The letter is self-explanatory, and is sufficiently interesting to bear reproduction complete :

CAMBRIDGE, February 19, 1845.

DEAR SIR : Perhaps you may remember that a year or two ago I published in your magazine a translation from the German of V. L. B. Wolf entitled " The Good George Campbell." Within a few days I have seen a paragraph in a newspaper asserting, in very discourteous language, that this was not a translation from the German, but a plagiarism from a Scotch ballad published in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*. My object in writing you is to deny this charge, and to show that the poem I sent you is what it pretended to be.

As I was passing up the Rhine in the summer of 1842 a gentleman with whom I had become acquainted on board the steamer put into my hands a collection of German poems entitled *Deutscher Sanger-Saal*, edited by Gollmich. In this collection I found " The Good George Campbell." It there appeared as an original poem by Wolf, and I was so much struck with its simplicity and beauty that I immediately wrote a translation of it with a pencil in my pocketbook, and the same evening at Mayence made a copy of the German, which I enclose.

Soon after my return to this country my version was published in your magazine. At that time I had not the slightest suspicion that the German poem was itself a translation, nor was I aware of the fact till Mr. Griswold, then one of the editors of the magazine, wrote me upon the subject, and sent me a copy of the Scotch ballad. I had never before seen it, and I could but smile at my own ignorance, which had thus led me to retranslate a translation. I immediately answered Mr. Griswold's note, but as he did not publish the information I gave him I thought no more of the matter.

Since I have seen the Scotch ballad I have detected, by means of it, a misprint in the German poem. The last word of the second line is " Tag" (day) instead of " Fag," the name of the river. I translated the word as it stood, and thus the accidental misprint of a single letter has become an unimpeachable witness of the falsity of the charge brought against me.

Will you have the goodness to publish this letter and the three versions of the poems enclosed ?

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

A sheet accompanying the above letter has the printed copy of the Motherwell poem pasted to the left, a similar copy of Longfellow's version to the right, and between the two and below, the German version written in Longfellow's own hand ; there is also a proof sheet of the above letter, with pencil correction and lengthy pen additions thereto by Longfellow, as shown in the fac-similes on the preceding page.

Accompanying Frances S. Osgood's poem, " Caprice," is a note by her, in which she asks Mr. Graham not to publish a certain sketch she had previously contributed—" something about a literary soirée in New York." " If possible, dear Mr. Graham," she insists, " do prevent its publication, for there is something in it which, it has just struck me, might be misinterpreted." The note was written from Providence, R. I., but not dated.

At the bottom of Alfred B. Street's poem, " An Autumn Landscape," is a note by him acknowledging receipt of " money for my two former pieces." The note is dated " Albany, October 9th, 1843."

Accompanying Bryant's poem, " A Paradise of Tears," is a note by him, dated New York, July 26th, 1844, in which he informs Mr. Graham that his brother, John H. Bryant, has two poems " which he would like to dispose of for something," and that if Mr. Graham would give $10 each for them, he would send them to him. (See fac-simile on page 293.)

On the reverse side of one of the sheets of Fenimore Cooper's sketch of Mr. Barry is the following, written in Mr. Cooper's own hand : " Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1839, by J. Fenimore Cooper, in the clerk's office, of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Northern District of New York." An autograph note by Cooper, in connection, says : " Mr. Cooper will thank Mr. Graham to put this in print and give a proof sheet, if possible, to-morrow. The rest will be sent as soon as possible. We will save much trouble by so doing. Mr. C. will leave P. Wednesday."

Besides four poems by Bayard Taylor

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there is one of his foreign letters to *Graham's Magazine*, containing about five thousand words, and a private letter to Mr. Graham, offering the above mentioned poems, stating that he is obliged to depend in a great measure on his pen for means to enable him to study at Heidelberg, where the letter was written. He requests that the money for the poems be paid to his brother, Joseph Taylor, Kennet Square, Philadelphia.

A letter from George D. Prentice, dated Louisville, March 20th, 1844, is among the collection, and carries a request to Mr. Graham to publish a poem written by his "favourite correspondent, 'Amelia.'" "Her contributions," he says, "will materially promote the success of your periodical here in the West."

There are also private notes from W. H. C. Hosmer, Mrs. A. M. F. Annan, and others, and some of the manuscripts bear evidence of having originally had private footnotes, which are now missing, having been cut or torn off.

Whether any of these manuscripts ever escaped publication the writer cannot say, but inasmuch as Uncle Alex could not very well have come by them until after they were sent to the composing-room or proof-reader, it is very probable that all were printed in *Graham's Magazine*.

Sherman A. Cuneo.

THE FICKLE LOVER.

"Abide with me! Abide! Abide!"
The sea-beach called to the ebbing tide;
But the tide—an arrant, faithless knave—
Stole away into ripple and wave,
Wandered away and laughed and was free,
Lost in the lovelier leagues of sea—
With never a thought for the barren strand,
With never a moan for the lonely land!

"Abide with me! Abide! Abide!"
The mid-sea called to the rising tide;
But the tide—alas! that it turned so soon—
Wandered away with the magnet moon—
Drew from out of the bed of the deep
When winds and waves awoke from sleep—
Crept again to the barren strand,
Kissed and caressed the lonely land—
With never a thought for the middle sea,
With never a moan for the slighted sea!

And what think you that this false tide swore
To sea and land and to wave and shore?
"Think well ere you fix the blame too soon—
'Twas all the fault of the magnet moon!"

Edwin D. Lambright.

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JOHN SPLENDID.

THE TALE OF A POOR GENTLEMAN, AND THE LITTLE WARS OF LORN.*

By Neil Munro, the Author of "The Lost Pibroch."

CHAPTER XV.

In a few hours, as it were, the news that the enemy had left the country was put about the shire, and people returned to pick up the loose ends of the threads of family and affairs. Next day my lord the Marquis came round Lochlong and Glencroe in a huge chariot with four wheels, the first we had ever seen in these parts, a manner of travel incumbent upon him because of a raxed shoulder he had met with at Dunbarton. He came back to a poor reception: the vestiges of his country's most bitter extremity were on every hand, and, what was bound to be embarrassing to any nobleman of spirit, there was that in the looks and comportment of his clansmen that must have given MacCailein some unpleasant thought.

Behind his lordship came eleven hundred Lowland levies that had been with Baillie in England, and to command them came his cousin, Sir Duncan Campbell of Auchinbreac, luckily new over from Ireland, and in the spirit for campaigning. A fiery cross was sent round the clan, that in better times should easily have mustered five thousand of the prettiest lads ever trod heather; but it brought only a remnant of a thousand, and the very best that would have been welcome under the galley flag were too far afield for the summons to reach them in time. But every well-affected branch of Clan Campbell sent its gentlemen to officer our brigade.

A parley of war held in the castle determined on immediate pursuit of Montrose to Lochaber, keeping within easy distance, but without attacking till he was checked in front by troops that had gone up to flank him by way of Stirling. I was at the council, but had little to do with its decision, though the word of M'Iver and myself (as was due to cavaliers of experience) was invited with respect.

We were to march in two days; and as I had neither house nor ha' to shelter me, seeing the old place up the glen was even more of a ruin than in Donald Gorm's troubles, when the very roof-tree was thrown in Dhuloch, I shared quarters with M'Iver in the castle, where every available corner was occupied by his lordship's guests.

When these other guests were bedded, and the house in all our wing of it was still, my comrade and I sat down to a tasse of brandy in our chamber, almost blythe, as you would say, at the prospect of coming to blows with our country's spoilers. We were in the midst of a most genial crack when came a faint rap at the door, and in steps the goodman, as solemn as a thunder-cloud, in spite of the wan smile he fixed upon his countenance. He bore his arm out of his sleeve in a sling, and his hair was untrim, and for once a most fastidious nobleman was anything but perjink.

"I cry pardon, gentlemen!" he said in Gaelic, "for breaking in on my guests' privacy; but I'm in no humour for sleeping, and I thought you might have a spare glass for a friend."

"It's your welcome, Argile," said I, putting a wand chair to the front for him. He sat himself down in it with a sigh of utter weariness, and nervously poking the logs on the fire with a purring-iron, looked sadly about the chamber.

It was his wife's tiring-room, or closet, or something of that nature, fitted up hastily for our accommodation, and there were signs of a woman's dainty hand and occupation about it. The floor was carpeted, the wall was hung with arras; a varnish 'scrutoire, some sweet-wood boxes, two little statues of marble, two raised silver candlesticks with snuffers conform, broidery-work unfinished, and my lord's picture, in a little gilded frame hanging over a dressing-table, were among its womanly plenishing.

"Well, coz," said his lordship, breaking an awkward silence, "we have an enormous and dastardly deed here to avenge."

"We have that!" said M'Iver. "It's

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a consolation that we are in the mood and in the position to set about paying the debt. Before the glad news came of your return, I was half afraid that our quarry would be too far gone ere we set loose the dogs on him. Luckily he can be little farther than Glenurchy now. Elrigmore and I had the honour to see the visitors make their departure. They carried so much stolen gear, and drove so big a prize of cattle, that I would not give them more than a twenty miles' march to the day."

"Will they hang together, do you think?" asked his lordship, fingering a crystal bottle for essence that lay on the 'scrutoire.

"I misdoubt it," said M'Iver. "You know the stuff, MacCailein? He may have his Irish still; but I'll wager the MacDonalds, the Stewarts, and all the rest of that reiving crowd are off to their holds, like the banditti they are, with their booty. A company of pikes on the rear of him, as like as not, would settle his business."

The Marquis, besides his dishevelment, was looking very lean and pale. I am wrong if I had not before me a man who had not slept a sound night's sleep in his naked bed since the point of war beat under his castle window.

"Your arm, my lord," I said in a pause of his conversation with M'Iver, "is it a fashious injury? You look off your ordinary."

"I do," he said. "I daresay I do, and I wish to God it was only this raxed arm that was the worst of my ailment."

His face burned up red in the candlelight, his nostrils swelled, and he rose in his chair. A small table was between us. He put his uninjured hand on it to steady himself, and leaned over to me to make his words more weighty for my ear.

"Do you know," he added, "I'm Archibald, Marquis of Argile, and under the cope and canopy of heaven this January night there's not a creature of God's making more down in the heart and degraded than I? If the humblest servant in my house pointed a scornful finger at me and cried *Gioltar!* (coward) I would bow my head. Ay, ay! it's good of you, sir, to shake a dissenting head; but I'm a chief discredited. I know it, man. I see it in the faces about me. I saw it at Roseneath, when my very gardener fumbled, and refused to touch his bonnet when I left. I saw it to-night at my own table, when the company talked of what they should do, and what my men should do, and said never a word of what was to be expected of MacCailein Mor."

"I think, my lord," I cried, "that you're exaggerating a very small affair."

"Small affair!" he said (and he wetted his lips with his tongue before the words came). "Small affair! Hell's flame! is there anything smaller than the self-esteem of a man who by some infernal quirk of his nature turns his back on his most manifest duty—leaves the blood of his blood and the skin of his skin to perish for want of his guidance and encouragement, and wakens at morning to find it no black nightmare but the horrible fact? Answer me that, Elrigmore!"

"Tut, tut," said M'Iver, pouring his cousin a glass; "you're in the vapours, and need a good night's sleep. There's no one in Argile dare question your spirit, whatever they may think of your policy."

Argile relapsed into his chair, and looked with a pitiful eye at his kinsman.

"My good Iain," he said, "do you ken the old Lochow wife's story of the two daws? 'Thou didst well,' said the one, 'though thy wings *are* cut; thou didst well to do as I told thee.' I'm not blaming you; you are a brave man of your own hands, and a middling honest man too, as honesty goes among mercenaries; but your tongue's plausible, plausible, and you are the devil's counsellor to any other man who slackens his will by so much as a finger-length."

M'Iver took on a set stern jaw, and looked his chief very dourly in the face.

"My Lord of Argile," he said, "you're my cousin-german, and you're in a despondent key, and small blame to you with your lands smoking about you from Cruachan to Kilmartin; but if you were King Tearlach himself, I would take no insult from you. Do you charge me with any of your misfortunes?"

"I charge you with nothing, John," said Argile, wearily. "I'm only saying that at a time of stress, when there's a conflict in a man's mind between ease and exertion, you're not the best of consciences. Are we two going to quarrel about a phrase while our clansmen's blood is crying from the sod? Sit down, sir; sit down, if it please you," he said more sternly, the scowl that gave him the *gruamach* reputation com-

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ing on his face; "sit down, if it please you, and instead of ruffling up like the bubbly-jock over words, tell me if you can how to save a reputation from the gutter. If it was not that I know I have your love, do you think I should be laying my heart bare here and now? You have known me some time now, M'Iver—did you ever find me without some reserve in my most intimate speech? Did you ever hear me say two words that I had not a third in the background to bring forward if the policy of the moment called for it?"

M'Iver laughed slyly, and hesitated to make any answer.

"It's a simple question," said the Marquis; "am I to think it needs too straightforward an answer for John Splendid to give it?"

"I'm as frank as my neighbours," said M'Iver.

"Well, sir, do not check the current of my candour by any picking and choosing of words. I ask if you have ever found me with the babbling and unbridled tongue of a fool in my mouth, giving my bottom-most thought to the wind and the street?"

"You were no Gael if you did, my lord. That's the sin of the shallow wit. I aye kept a bit thought of my own in the corner of my vest."

MacCailein sighed, and the stem of the beaker he was fingering broke in his nervous fingers. He threw the fragments with an impatient cry into the fireplace.

"It's the only weakness of our religion (God pardon the sin of hinting at any want in that same!) that we have no chance of laying the heart bare to mortal man. Many a time I could wish for the salving influence of the confessional, even without the absolution to follow."

"I think," said John Splendid, "it would be a strange day when MacCailein Mor, Marquis of Argile, would ask or need shriving from anything or any one. There was never a priest or vicar in the shire you couldn't twist the neck of."

The Marquis turned to me with a vexed toss of his shoulder. "It's a hopeless task to look for a pagan's backbone," said he. "Come, I'll confess. I dare not hint at my truant thought to Auchinbreac or before any of these fiery officers of mine, who fear perhaps more than they love me. At the black tale of my weakness they would make no allowance for my courage as the same was shown before."

"Your courage, sir," said I, "has been proved; it is the inheritance of your race. But I dare not strain my conscience, my lord, much as I love and honour your house, to say I could comprehend or concur in the extraordinary retirement you made from these parts when our need for your presence was the sorest."

"I thank you for that, Elrigmore," said his lordship, cordially. "You say no more now than you showed by your face (and perhaps said too) on the night the beacon flamed on Dunchuach. To show that I value your frankness—that my kinsman here seems to fancy a flaw of character—I'll be explicit on the cause of my curious behaviour in this crisis. When I was a boy I was brought up loyally to our savage Highland tradition, that feuds were to carry on, enemies to confound, and that no logic under heaven should keep the claymore in its sheath while an old grudge was to wipe out in blood or a wrong to right."

"A most sensible and laudable doctrine!" cried M'Iver. "With that and no more of a principle in life—except paying your way among friends—a good man of his hands could make a very snug and reputable progress through the world."

"Some men might," said Argile, calmly; "I do not know whether to envy or pity their kind. But they are not my kind. I think I bore myself not ungracefully in the Cabinet, in the field too, so long as I took my father's logic without question. But I have read, I have pondered——"

"Just so," whispered M'Iver, not a bit abashed that a sneer was in his interjection and his master could behold it.

"—And I have my doubts about the righteousness of much of our warfare, either before my day or now. I have brought the matter to my closet. I have prayed——"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed M'Iver, but at once he asked pardon.

"—I am a man come—or well-nigh come—to the conclusion that his life was never designed by the Creator to be spent in the turmoil of faction and field. There is, I allow, a kind of man whom strife sets off, a middling good man in his way, perhaps, with a call to the sword whose justice he has never questioned. I have studied the philoso-

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phies ; I have reflected on life—this unfathomable problem—and 'fore God I begin to doubt my very right to wear a breastplate against the poignard of fate : Dubiety plays on me like a flute."

To all this I listened soberly, at the time comprehending that this was a gentleman suffering from the disease of being unable to make up his mind. I would have let him go on in that key while he pleasured it, for it's a vein there's no remedy for at the time being ; but M'Iver was not of such tolerant stuff as I. He sat with an amazed face till his passion simmered over into a torrent of words.

"MacCailein !" said he, "I'll never call you coward, but I'll call you mad, book mad, closet mad ! Was this strong fabric your house of Argile (John M'Iver the humblest of its members) built up on doubt and whim and shilly-shally hither and yond ? Was't that made notable the name of your ancestor Cailein Mor na Sringe, now in the clods of Kilchrenan, or Cailein Iongataich that cooled his iron hide in Linne-na-luraich ; or your father himself (peace with him !), who did so gallantly at Glenlivet ?"

"And taught me a little of the trade of slaughter at the Western Isles thirty years ago come Candlemas," said the Marquis. "How a man ages ! Then —then I had a heart like the bird of spring."

"He could have taught you worse ! I'm your cousin and cummer, and I'll say it to your beard, sir ! Your glens and howes are ruined, your cattle are houghed and herried, your clan's name is a bye-word this wae day in all Albainn, and you sit there like a chemist weighing the wind on your stomach."

"You see no farther than your nose, John," said the Marquis, petulantly, the candle-light turning his eyes bloodred.

"Thank God for that same !" said M'Iver, "if it gives me the wit to keep an enemy from striking the same. If the nose was Argile's, it might be twisted off his face while he debated upon his right to guard it."

"You're in some ways a lucky man," said the Marquis, still in the most sad and tolerant humour. "Did you never have a second's doubt about the right of your side in battle ?"

"Here's to the doubt, sir," said M'Iver. "I'm like yourself and every other man in a quandary of that kind, that thinking on it rarely brought me a better answer to the guess than I got from my instinct to start with."

Argile put his fingers through his hair, clearing the temples, and shutting wearied eyes on a perplexing world.

"I have a good deal of sympathy with John's philosophy," I said, modestly. "I hold with my father that the sword is as much God's scheme as the cassock. What are we in this expedition about to start but the instruments of Heaven's vengeance on murtherers and unbelievers ?"

"I could scarcely put it more to the point myself," cried M'Iver. "A soldier's singular and essential duty is to do the task set him with such art and accomplishment as he can—in approach, siege, trench, or stronghold."

"Ay, ay ! here we are into our dialectics again," said his lordship, laughing, with no particular surrender in his merriment. "You gentlemen make no allowance for the likelihood that James Grahame, too, may be swearing himself Heaven's chosen weapon. 'Who gave Jacob to the spoil and Israel to the robbers—did not I, the Lord ?' Oh, it's a confusing world !"

"Even so, MacCailein ; I'm a plain man," said M'Iver, "though of a good family, brought up roughly among men, with more regard to my strength and skill of arm than to book-learning ; but I think I can say that here and in this crisis I am a man more fit, express, and appropriate than yourself. In the common passions of life, in hate, in love, it is the simple and confident act that quicker achieves its purpose than the cunning ingenuity. A man in a swither is a man half absent, as poor a fighter as he is indifferent a lover ; the enemy and the girl will escape him ere he has throttled the doubt at his heart. There's one test to my mind for all the enterprises of man—are they well contrived and carried to a good conclusion ? There may be some unco quirks to be performed, and some sore hearts to confer at the doing of them, but Heaven itself, for all its puissance, must shorten the pigeon's wing that the gled of the wood may have food to live on."

"Upon my word, M'Iver," said Argile, "you beat me at my own trade of debate, and—have you ever heard of a fellow Machiavelli ?"

"I kent a man of that name in a corps we foregathered with at Mentz—a 'provient schriever,' as they called him. A rogue, with a hand in the sporran

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of every soldier he helped pay wage to."

"This was a different person; but no matter. Let us back to the beginning of our argument—why did you favour my leaving for Dunbarton when Montrose came down the Glen?"

The blood swept to M'Iver's face, and his eye quailed.

"I favoured no such impolitic act," said he, slowly; "I saw you were bent on going, and I but backed you up, to leave you some rags of illusion to cover your naked sin."

"I thought no less," said Argile, sadly, "and yet, do you know, Iain, you did me a bad turn yonder. You made mention of my family's safety, and it was the last straw that broke the back of my resolution. One word of honest duty from you at that time had kept me in Inneraora though Abijah's array and Jeroboam's horse and foot were coming down the glens."

For a little M'Iver gave no answer, but sat in a chair of torture.

"I am sorry for it," he said at last, in a voice that was scarce his own; "I'm in an agony for it now; and your horse was not round Stron before I could have bit out the tongue that flattered your folly."

MacCailein smiled with a solemn pity that sat oddly on the sinister face that was a mask to a complex and pliable soul.

"I have no doubt," said he, "and that's why I said you were a devil's counsellor. Man, cousin! have we not played together as boys on the shore, and looked at each other on many a night across a candid bowl? I know you like the open book; you and your kind are the weak, strong men of our Highland race. The soft tongue and the dour heart; the good man at most things but at your word!"

CHAPTER XVI.

The essence of all human melancholy is in the sentiment of farewells. There are people roving about the world, to-day here, to-morrow afar, who cheat fate and avoid the most poignant wrench of this common experience by letting no root of their affection strike into a home or a heart. Self-contained, aloof, unloved, and unloving, they make their campaign through life in movable tents that they strike as gaily as they pitch, and, beholding them thus evading the one touch of sorrow that is most inevitable and bitter to every sensitive soul, I have sometimes felt an envy of their fortune. To me the world was almost mirthful if its good-byes came less frequent. Cold and heat, the contumely of the slanderer, the insult of the tyrant, the agues and fevers of the flesh, the upheavals of personal fortune, were events a robust man might face with calm valiancy if he could be spared the cheering influence of the homely scene or the unchanged presence of his familiars and friends. I have sat in companies and put on an affected mirth, and laughed and sung with the most buoyant of all around, and yet ever and anon I chilled at the intruding notion of life's brevity.

Thus my leaving town Inneraora—its frozen hearths, its smokeless vents, its desecrated doorways, and the few of my friends who were back to it—was a stupendous grief. My father and my kinspeople were safe; we had heard of them by the returners from Lennox; but a girl with dark tresses gave me a closer passion for my native burgh than ever I felt for the same before. If love of his lady had been Argile's reason for retreat (thought I), there was no great mystery in his act.

What enhanced my trouble was that Clan MacLachlan, as Catholics, always safe to a degree from the meddling of the invaders, had re-established themselves some weeks before in their own territory down the loch, and that young Lachlan, as his father's proxy, was already manifesting a guardian's interest in his cousin. The fact came to my knowledge in a way rather odd; but characteristic of John Splendid's anxiety to save his friends the faintest breeze of ill-tidings.

We were up early betimes in the morning of our departure for Lorn, though our march was fixed for the afternoon, as we had to await the arrival of some officers from Ceanntyre; and John and I, preparing our accoutrements, began to talk of the business that lay heaviest at my heart—the leaving of the girl we had found in Strongara wood.

"The oddest thing that ever happened to me," he said, after a while, "is that in the matter of this child she mothers so finely she should be under the delusion that I have the closest of all interests in its paternity. Did you catch her meaning when she spoke of its antecedents as we sat, the four of us, behind the fir-roots?"

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"No, I can't say that I did," said I, wonderingly.

"You're not very gleg at some things, Elrigmore," he said, smiling. "Your Latin gave you no clue, did it, to the fact that she thought John M'Iver a vagabond of the deepest dye?"

"If she thought that," I cried, "she baffles me; for a hint I let drop in a mere careless badinage of your gallanting reputation made her perilously near angry."

John stroked his chin with pursed lips, musing on my words. I was afraid for a little he resented my indiscretion; but resentment was apparently not in his mind, for his speech found no fault with me.

"Man, Colin," he said, "you could scarcely have played a more cunning card if you had had myself to advise you. But no matter about that."

"If she thinks so badly of you, then," I said, "why not clear yourself from her suspicions, that I am willing to swear (less because of your general character than because of your conduct since she and you and the child met) are without foundation?"

"I could scarcely meet her womanly innuendo with a coarse and abrupt denial," said he. "There are some shreds of common decency left in me yet."

"And you prefer to let her think the worst?"

He looked at me with a heightened colour, and he laughed shortly.

"You'll be no loser by that, perhaps," he said; and before I could answer he added, "Pardon a foolish speech, Colin; I learned the trick of fanfaron among foreign gentry who claimed a *conquete d'amour* for every woman who dropped an eye to their bold scrutiny. Do not give me any share of your jealousy for Lachlan MacLachlan of that ilk; I'm not deserving the honour. And that reminds me——"

He checked himself abruptly.

"Come, come," said I, "finish your story; what about MacLachlan and the lady?"

"The lady's out of the tale this time," he said, shortly; "I met him stravaiging the vacant street last night; that was all."

"Then I can guess his mission without another word from you," I cried, after a little dumfounderment. "He would be on the track of his cousin."

"Not at all," said John, with a bland front; "he told me he was looking for a boatman to ferry him over the loch."

This story was so plainly fabricated to ease my apprehension that down I went, incontinent, and sought the right tale in the burgh.

Indeed it was not difficult to learn the true particulars, for the place rang all the worse for its comparative emptiness with the scandal of M'Iver's encounter with MacLachlan, whom, it appeared, he had found laying a gallant's siege to the upper window of Askaig's house, whose almost unharmed condition had made it a convenient temporary shelter for such as had returned to the town. In the chamber behind the window that MacLachlan threw his pebbles at, were his cousin and the child, as M'Iver speedily learned, and he trounced him from the neighbourhood with indignities.

"What set you on the man?" I asked John when I came back after learning this.

"What do you think?" said he.

"You could have done no more if you had an eye on the girl yourself," I said, "and that, you assure me, is out of the question."

"The reason was very simple," he answered. "I have a sort of elder man's mischievous pleasure in spoiling a young buck's ploy, and—and—there might be an extra interest in my entertainment in remembering that you had some jealous regard for the lady."

All I had that was precious to bring with me when we left Inneraora to follow the track of Montrose was the friendly wave of Mistress Betty's hand as we marched out below the Arches on our Way to the North.

Argile and Auchinbreac rode at our head—his lordship on a black horse called Lepanto, a spirited beast that had been trained to active exercises and field-practice; Auchinbreac on a smaller animal, but of great spirit and beauty. M'Iver and I walked, as did all the officers. We had for every one of our corps twelve shot apiece, and in the rear a sufficiency of centners of powder, with ball and match. But we depended more on the prick of pike and the slash of sword than on our culverins. Our Lowland levies looked fairly well disciplined and smart, but there was apparent among them no great gusto about our expedition, and we had more hope of our vengeance at the hands of our uncouth, but eager clansmen, who

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panted to be at the necks of their spoilers and old enemies.

M'Iver confided to me more than once his own doubts about the mettle of the companies from Dunbarton.

"I could do well with them on a foreign strand," he said, "fighting for the bawbees against half-hearted soldiery like themselves; but I have my doubts about their valour or their stomach for this broil with a kind of enemy who's like to surprise them terribly when the time comes. This affair's decision must depend, I'm afraid, for the most part on our own lads, and I wish there were more of them."

We went up the Glen at a good pace, an east wind behind us, and the road made a little easier for us since the snow had been trodden by the folks we were after. To-day you will find Aora Glen smiling—happy with crop and herd on either hand and houses at every turn of the road, with children playing below the mountain-ash that stands before each door. You cannot go a step but human life's in sight. Our march was in a desolate valley—the winds with the cold odour (one might almost think) of ruin and death.

Beyond Lecknamban, where the time by the shadow on Tom-an-Uarader was three hours of the afternoon, a crazy old *cailleach*, spared by some miracle from starvation and doom, ran out before us wringing her hands, and crying a sort of coronach for a family of sons of whom not one had been spared to her. A gaunt, dark woman, with a frenzied eye, her cheeks collapsed, her neck and temples like crinkled parchment, her clothes dropping off her in strips, and her bare feet bleeding in the snow.

Argile scoffed at the superstition, as he called it, and the Lowland levies looked on it as a jocular game, when we took a few drops of her blood from her forehead for luck, a piece of chirurgy that was perhaps favourable to her fever, and one that, knowing the ancient custom, and respecting it, she made no fraca about.

She followed us in the snow to the ruins of Carnus, pouring out her curses upon Athole and the men who had made her home desolate and her widowhood worse than the grave, and calling on us a thousand blessings.

Lochow—a white, vast meadow, still bound in frost—we found was able to bear our army and save us the toilsome bend round Stronmealochan. We put out on its surface fearlessly. The horses pranced between the isles; our cannon trundled on over the deeps; our feet made a muffled thunder, and that was the only sound in all the void. For Cruachan had looked down on the devastation of the enemy. And at the falling of the night we camped at the foot of Glen Noe.

It was a night of exceeding clearness, with a moon almost at the full, sailing between us and the south. A certain jollity was shed by it upon our tired brigade, though all but the leaders (who slept in a tent) were resting in the snow on the banks of the river, with not even a saugh-tree to give the illusion of a shelter. There was but one fire in the bivouac, for there was no fuel at hand, and we had to depend upon a small stock of peats that came with us in the stores-sledge.

Deer came to the hill and belled mournfully, while we ate a frugal meal of oat-bannock and wort. The Lowlanders—raw lads—became boisterous; our Gaels, stern with remembrance and eagerness for the coming business, thawed to their geniality, and soon the laugh and song went round our camp. Argile himself for a time joined in our diversion. He came out of his tent and lay in his plaid among his more immediate followers, and gave his quota to the story or the guess. In the deportment of his lordship now there was none of the vexatious hesitancy that helped him to a part so poor as he played in his frowning tower at home among the soothing and softening effects of his family's domestic affairs. He was true Diarmaid the bold, with a calm eye and steadfast, a worthy general for us his children, who sat round in the light of the cheerful fire. So sat his forebears and ours on the close of many a weary march, on the eves of many a perilous enterprise. That cold pride that cocked his head so high on the causeway stones of Inneraora relinquished to a mien generous, even affectionate, and he brought out, as only affection may, the best that was of accomplishment and grace in his officers around.

"Craignure," he would say, "I remember your story of the young King of Easaidh Ruadh: might we have it anew?"

Or, "Donald, is the Glassary song of the Target in your mind? It haunts me like a charm."

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And the stories came free, and in the overcome of the songs the dark of Glen Noe joined most lustily.

Songs will be failing from the memory in the ranging of the years, the passions that rose to them of old burned low in the ash, so that many of the sweetest ditties I heard on that night in Glen Noe have long syne left me for ever—all but one that yet I hum to the children at my knee. It was one of John Splendid's; the words and air were his as well as the performance of them, and though the English is a poor language wherein to render any fine Gaelic sentiment, I cannot forbear to give something of its semblance here. He called it in the Gaelic "The Sergeant of Pikes," and a few of its verses as I mind them might be Scotticed so—

When I sat in the service o' foreign commanders,
Selling a sword for a beggar man's fee,
Learning the trade o' the warrior who wanders,
To mak' ilka stranger a sworn enemie;
There was ae thought that nerved me, and brawly it served me,
With pith to the claymore whereven I won,
'Twas the auld sodger's story, that, gallows or glory,
The Hielan's, the Hielan's were crying me on!

I tossed upon swinging seas, splashed to my kilted knees,
Ocean or ditch, it was ever the same;
In leaguer or sally, tattoo or revally,
The message on every pibroch that came,
Was "Cruachan, Cruachan, O son remember us,
Think o' your fathers and never be slack!"
Blade and buckler together, though far off the heather,
The Hielan's, the Hielan's were all at my back!

The ram to the gateway, the torch to the tower,
We rifled the kist and the cattle we maimed,
Our dirks stabbed at guess through the leaves o' the bower,
And crimes we committed that needna be named:
Moonlight or dawning grey, Lammas or Lady-day,
Donald maun dabble his plaid in the gore,
He maun hough and maun harry, or should he miscarry,
The Hielan's, the Hielan's will own him no more!

And still O strange Providence! mirk is your mystery,
Whatever the country that chartered our steel,
Because o' the valiant repute o' our history,
The love o' our ain land we maistly did feel;
Many a misty glen, many a sheiling pen,
Rose to our vision when slogans rang high;
And this was the solace bright came to our starkest fight,
A' for the Hielan's, the Hielan's we die!

A Sergeant o' Pikes, I have pushed and have parried O
(My heart still at tether in bonny Glenshee),
Weary the marches made, sad the towns harried O,
But in fancy the heather was aye at my knee;
The hill-berry mellowing, stag o' ten bellowing,
The song o' the fold and the tale by the hearth,
Bairns at the crying and auld folks a-dying,
The Hielan's sent wi' me to fight round the earth!

O the Hielan's, the Hielan's, praise God for His favour,
That ane sae unworthy should heir sic estate,
That gi'ed me the zest o' the sword, and the savour
That lies in the loving as well as the hate.
Auld age may subdue me, a grim death be due me,
For even a Sergeant o' Pikes maun depart,
But I'll never complain o't, whatever the pain o't,
The Hielan's, the Hielan's were aye at my heart!

We closed in our night's diversion with the exercise of prayer, wherein two clerics led our devotion, one Master Mungo Law, a Lowlander, and the other his lordship's chaplain—Master Alexander Gordon, who had come on this expedition with some fire of war in his face, and never so much as a stiletto at his waist.

They prayed a trifle long and drearily the pair of them, and both in the English that most of our clansmen but indifferently understood. They prayed as prayed David, that the counsel of Ahithophel might be turned to foolishness; and "Lo," they said, "be strong and courageous; fear not, neither be afraid of the King of Ashur, neither for all the multitude that is with him; for there be more with us than with him," and John Splendid turned to me at this with a dry laugh.

"Colin, my dear," said he, "thus the hawk upon the mountain-side, and the death of the winged eagle to work up a valour for! 'There be more with us than with him.' I never heard it so bluntly put before. But perhaps Heaven will forgive us the sin of our caution, seeing that half our superior number are but Lowland levies."

And all night long deer belled to deer on the braes of Glen Noe.

CHAPTER XVII.

We might well be at our prayers. Appin paid dearly for its merriment in the land of Cailein Mor, and the MacDonalds were mulct most generously for our every hoof and horn. For when

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we crossed Loch Etive foot there came behind us from the ruined glens of Lower Lorn hordes of shepherds, hunters, small men of small families, who left their famished dens and holes, hunger sharping them at the nose, the dead bracken of concealment in their hair, to join in the vengeance on the cause of their distress. Without chieftains or authority, they came in savage bands, affronting the sea with their shouts as they swam or ferried ; they made up to the wildest of our troops, and ho, ro ! for the plaids far and wide on the errands of Hell. In that clear, cold, white weather—the weather of the badger's dream, as our proverb calls it—we brought these glens unfriendly, death in the black draught and the red wine of fire. A madness of hate seized on us ; we glutted our appetites to the very gorge. I must give Argile the credit of giving no licence to our ongoings. He rode after us with his Lowlanders, protesting, threatening, cajoling in vain. Many a remonstrance, too, made Gordon, many an opening fire he stamped out in cot and barn. But the black smoke of the granary belching against the white hills, or the kyloe, houghed and maimed, roaring in its agony, or the fugitive brought bloody on his knees among the rocks—God's mercy !

Do you know why those unco spectacles were sometimes almost sweet to me, though I was more often a looker-on than a sharer in their horror? It was because I never saw a barn blaze in Appin or Glencoe but I minded on our own black barns in Shira Glen ; nor a beast slashed at the sinew with a wanton knife, but I thought of Moira, the dappled one that was the pride of my mother's byre, made into hasty collops for a Stewart meal. Through this remoter Lorn I went, less conscious of cruelty than when I plied fire and sword with legitimate men of war, for ever in my mind was the picture of real Argile, scorched to the vitals with the invading flame, and a burgh town I cherished reft of its people, and a girl with a child at her neck flying and sobbing among the hills.

Montrose and MacColkitto were far before us, marching up the Great Glen. They had with them the pick of the clans, so we lived, as it were, at free quarters, and made up for weeks of short fare by a time of high-feeding.

Over Etive and through the Benderloch, and through Appin and even up to Glencoe, by some strange spasm of physique—for she was frail and famished—the barefooted old *cailleach* of Carnus came after us, a bird of battle, croaking in a horrible merriment over our operations. The Dark Dame we called her. She would dance round the butchery of the fold, chanting her venomous Gaelic exultation in uncouth rhymes that she strung together as easily as most old people of her kind can do such things in times of passion or trance. She must have lived like a vulture, for no share would she have in our pots, though sometimes she added a *goût* to them by fetching dainties from houses by the way, whose larders in our masculine ignorance we had overlooked.

"I would give thee the choicest of the world," she would say. "What is too good for my heroes, O heroes of the myrtle-badge?"

"Sit down and pick," John Splendid bade her once, putting a roysterer's playful arm round her waist, and drawing her to the fire where a dinner stewed.

Up she threw her claws, and her teeth were at his neck with a weasel's instinct. But she drew back at a gleam of reason.

"Oh, darling, darling," she cried, patting him with her foul hands, "did I not fancy for the moment thou wert of the spoilers of my home and honour —thou, the fleet foot, the avenger, the gentleman with an account to pay—on thee this mother's blessing, for thee this widow's prayers !"

M'Iver was more put about at her friendliness than at her ferocity, as he shook his plaiding to order and fell back from her worship.

"I've seldom seen a more wicked cat," said he ; "go home, grandam, and leave us to our business. If they find you in Lochaber they will gralloch you like a Yule hind."

She leered, witch-like, at him, clutched suddenly at his sword-hilt, and kissed it with a frenzy of words, then sped off, singing madly as she flew.

We left the Dark Dame on Levenside as we ferried over to Lochaber, and the last we saw of her, she stood knee-deep in the water, calling, calling, calling, through the gray, dun morning, a curse on Clan Donald and a blessing on Argile.

His lordship sat at the helm of a barge, his face pallid and drawn with cold, and he sighed heavily as the beldame's cries came after us.

"There's little of God's grace in such

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an omen," said he, in English, looking at the dim figure on the shore, and addressing Gordon.

"It could happen nowhere else," said the cleric, "but in such a ferocious land. I confess it, my lord—I confess it with the bitter shame of surrender, that I behold generations of superstition and savagery still to beat down ere your people are so amenable to the Gospel as the folks of the Lowland shires. To them such a shrieking harridan would be an object of pity and stern measure; they would call her mad as an etter-cap, and keep her in bounds—here she is made something of a prophetess——"

"How?" asked Argile, shortly, and he was looking wistfully at the hills we were leaving—the hills that lay between him and his books.

"There's not a Highlander in your corps but has bowed his head to her blessing; there's not one but looks upon her curse of the MacDonalds as so much of a gain in this enterprise."

"Oh," said his lordship, "you are a little extravagant. We have our foolish ways, Gordon, but we are not altogether heathen; and do you think that after all there might not be something in the portents of a witch like yon in her exaltation?"

"No more than's in the howling of the wind in the chimney," said Gordon, quickly.

"Perhaps not," said Argile, after a little, "perhaps not; but even the piping of the vent has something of prophecy in it, though the wind bloweth where it listeth. I have only a scholar's interest in these things, I give you my word, and——"

He laughed with a little restraint before he went on.

"Do you know, John," he called out to M'Iver—"do you know what our *cailleach* friend says of our jaunt? She put a head in at my tent last night, and 'Listen, MacCailein,' said she, 'and keep on high roads,' said she, 'and Inverlochy's a perilous place,' said she, 'and I'd be wae to see the heather above the gall.'"

John Splendid's back was to him as he sat at the prow of a boat coming close on our stern, but I saw the skin of his neck flame. He never turned; he made no answer for a moment, and when he spoke, it was with a laughing allusion in English to the folly of portents.

This was so odd an attitude for a man usually superstitious to take up, that I engaged him on the point whenever we landed.

"You seem to have no great respect for the Dark Dame's wizardy," said I.

He took me aside from some of the clansmen who could overhear.

"Never let these lads think that you either lightly Dame Dubh or make overmuch of her talk about the heather and gall, for they prize her blessing, strangely enough, and they might lay too great stress on its failure. You catch me?"

I nodded to keep him going, and turned the thing over in my mind.

"What do you think of the prophecy yourself?" he asked; "is it not familiar?"

In a flash it came to my mind that I had half-hinted to him at what the Macaulay woman had said in the fold of Elrigmore.

"I think," said I, "the less the brooding on these things the better."

If we had our own misgivings about the end of this jaunt, our companions had none. They plunged with hearts almost jocular into the woods on Lochaber's edge, in a bright sunshine that glinted on the boss of the target and on the hilt of the knife or sword; and we came by the middle of the day to the plain on which lay the castle of Inverlochy—a staunch quadrangular edifice with round towers at the angles, and surrounded by a moat that smelled anything but freshly. And there we lay for a base, and thence we sent out round Keppoch and Locheil some dashing companies that carried on the work we began in Athole.

Auchinbreac's notion, for he was more than my lord the guide of this enterprise, was to rest a day or two in the castle and then follow on the heels of Montrose, who, going up Loch Ness-side, as we knew he was, would find himself checked in front by Seaforth, and so hemmed between two fires.

It was about three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon when Argile sent for M'Iver and myself to suggest a reconnoitring excursion up the Great Glen by the side of the lochs, to see how far the enemy might have reached before us.

"I'm sorry to lose your company, gentlemen," said he, "even for a day; but this is a delicate embassy, and I can fancy no one better able to carry it through successfully than the two gentlemen who have done more delicate

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and dangerous work in the ranks of the honourable Scots Brigade."

"I can say for myself," said John, "that there's not a man in Keppoch could guess my nativity or my politics if I had on another tartan than that of the Diarmaid."

"Ah! you have the tongue, no doubt of it," said Argile, smiling; "and if a change of colour would make your task less hazardous, why not affect it? I'm sure we could accommodate you with some neutral fabric for kilt and plaid."

"For the humour of the thing," said John, "I would like to try it; but I have no notion of getting hanged for a spy. James Grahame of Montrose has enough knowledge of the polite arts of war to know the difference between a spy in his camp in a false uniform and a scout taking all the risks of the road by wearing his own colours. In the one case he would hang us offhand, in the other there's a hair's-breadth of chance that he might keep us as hostages."

"But in any tartan, cousin, you're not going to let yourself be caught," said Argile. "We have too much need for you here. Indeed, if I thought you were not certain to get through all right, I would send cheaper men in your place."

John laughed.

"There's no more cure," said he, "for death in a common herd than for the same murrain in an ensign of foot."

"A scholar's sentiment!" cried Argile. "Are you taking to the philosophies?"

"It's the sentiment, or something like it, of your chaplain, Master Gordon," said John; "he reproved me with it on Dunchuach. But to do myself justice, I was never one who would run another into any danger I was unwilling to face myself."

The Marquis said no more, so we set about preparing for the journey.

"Well, Elrigmore, here we are running the loupegarthe with MacDonalds on the one side of us and Camerons on the other," said my comrade, as we set out at the mouth of the evening, after parting from a number of the clan who went up to the right at Spean to do some harrying in Glen Roy.

No gavilliger or provost-marshal ever gave a more hazardous gauntlet to run, thought I, and I said as much; but my musings brought only a good-humoured banter from my friend.

All night we walked on a deserted rocky roadway under moon and star. By the side of Loch Lochy there was not a light to be seen; even the solitary dwellings we crept bye in the early part of our journey were without smoke at the chimney or glimmer at the chink. And on that loch-side, toward the head of it, there were many groups of mean little hovels, black with smoke and rain, with ragged sloven thatch, the midden at the very door and the cattle routing within, but no light, no sign of human occupation.

It was the dawning of the day, a fine day as it proved and propitious to its close, that we ventured to enter one such hut or bothy at the foot of another loch that lay before us. Auchinbreac's last order to us had been to turn wherever we had indication of the enemy's whereabouts, and to turn in any case by morning. Before we could go back, however, we must have some sleep and food, so we went into this hut to rest us. It stood alone in a hollow by a burn at the foot of a very high hill, and was tenanted by a buxom, well-featured woman with a herd of duddy children. There was no man about the place; we had the delicacy not to ask the reason, and she had the caution not to offer any. As we rapped at her door we put our arms well out of sight below our neutral plaids; but I daresay our trade was plain enough to the woman when she came out and gave us the Gael's welcome somewhat grudgingly, with an eye on our apparel to look for the tartan.

"Housewife," said John M'Iver, blandly, "we're a bit off our way here by no fault of our own, and we have been on the hillside all night, and——"

"Come in," she said shortly, still scrutinising us very closely, till I felt myself flushing wildly, and she gave us the only two stools in her dwelling, and broke the peats that smouldered on the middle of her floor. The chamber—a mean and contracted interior—was lit mainly from the door and the smoke-vent, that gave a narrow glimpse of heaven through the black *cabar* and thatch. Round about the woman gathered her children, clinging at her gown, and their eyes stared large and round in the gloom at the two of us who came so appallingly into their nest.

We sat for a little with our plaids about us, revelling in the solace of the hearty fire that sent wafts of odorous reek round the dwelling, and to our dry

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rations the woman added whey, that we drank from birch cogies.

"I am sorry I have no milk just now," she said. "I had a cow till the day before yesterday; now she's a cow no more, but pith in Colkitto's heroes."

"They lifted her?" asked John.

"I would not say they lifted her," said the woman, readily; "for who would be more welcome to my all than the gentleman of Keppoch and Seumais Grahame of Montrose?" And again she looked narrowly at our close-drawn plaids.

I stood up, pulled out my plaid-pin, and let the folds off my shoulder, and stood revealed to her in a Diarmaid tartan.

"You see we make no pretence at being other than what we are," I said, softly; "are we welcome to your whey and to your fire-end?"

She showed no sign of astonishment or alarm, and she answered with great deliberation, choosing her Gaelic, and uttering it with an air to impress us.

"I dare grudge no one at my door," said she, "the warmth of a peat and what refreshment my poor dwelling can give; but I've seen more welcome guests than the spoilers of Appin and Glencoe. I knew you for Campbells when you knocked."

"Well, mistress," said M'Iver briskly, "you might know us for Campbells, and might think the worse of us for that same fact (which we cannot help), but it is to be hoped you will know us for gentlemen, too. If you rue the letting of us in, we can just go out again. But we are weary and cold and sleepy, for we have been on foot since yesterday, and an hour among bracken or white hay would be welcome."

"And when you were sleeping," said the woman, "what if I went out and fetched in some men of a clan who would be glad to mar your slumber?"

John studied her face for a moment. It was a sonsy and good-humoured face, and her eyes were not unkindly.

"Well," he said, "you might have some excuse for a deed so unhospitable, and a deed so different from the spirit of the Highlands as I know them. Your clan would be little the better for the deaths of two gentlemen whose fighting has been in other lands than this, and a wife with a child at her breast would miss me, and a girl with her wedding-gown at the making would miss my friend here. These are wild times, goodwife, wild and cruel times, and a widow more or less is scarcely worth troubling over. I think we'll just risk you calling in your men, for, God knows, I'm wearied enough to sleep on the verge of the Pit itself."

The woman manifestly surrendered her last scruple at his deliverance. She prepared to lay out a rough bedding of the bleached bog-grass our people gather in the dry days of spring.

"You may rest you a while, then," said she. "I have a husband with Keppoch, and he might be needing a bed among strangers himself."

"We are much in your reverence, housewife," said John, nudging me so that I felt ashamed of his double-dealing. "That's a bonny bairn," he continued, lifting one of the children in his arms; "the rogue has your own good looks in every lineament."

"Aye, aye," said the woman drily, spreading her blankets, "I would need no sight of tartan to guess *your* clan, master; your flattery goes wrong this time, for by ill-luck you have the only bairn that does not belong to me of all the brood."

"Now that I look closer," he laughed, "I see a difference; but I'll take back no jot of my compliment to yourself."

"I was caught yonder," said he to me a little later in a whisper in English, as we lay down in our corner. "A man of my ordinary acuteness should have seen that the brat was the only unspoiled member of all the flock."

We slept, it might be a couple of hours, and wakened together at the sound of a man's voice speaking with the woman outside the door. Up we sat, and John damned the woman for her treachery.

"Wait a bit," I said. "I would charge her with no treachery till I had good proofs for it. I'm mistaken if your lie about your wife and weans has not left her a more honest spirit toward us."

The man outside was talking in a shrill, high voice, and the woman in a softer voice was making excuses for not asking him to go in. One of her little ones was ill of a fever, she said, and sleeping, and her house, too, was in confusion, and could she hand him out something to eat?

"A poor place Badenoch nowadays," said the man, petulantly. "I've seen the day a bard would be free of the best and an honour to have by any one's

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fire. But out with the bannocks and I'll be going. I must be at Kilcumin with as much speed as my legs will lend me."

He got his bannocks and he went, and we lay back a while on our bedding and pretended to have heard none of the incident. It was a pleasant feature of the good woman's character that she said never a word of her tactics in our interest.

"So you did not bring in your gentlemen?" said John, as we were preparing to go. "I was half afraid some one might find his way unbidden, and then it was all bye with two poor soldiers of fortune."

"John MacDonald the bard, John Lom, as we call him, went bye a while ago," she answered simply, "on his way to the clan at Kilcumin."

"I have never seen the bard yet that did not demand his bardic right to kail-pot and spoon at every passing door."

"This one was in a hurry," said the woman, reddening a little in confusion.

"Just so," said M'Iver, fumbling in his hand some coin he had taken from his sporran, "have you heard of the gold touch for fever? A child has been brought from the edge of the grave by the virtue of a dollar rubbed on its brow. I think I heard you say some neighbour's child was ill? I'm no physician, but if my coin could—what?"

The woman flushed deeper than ever, an angered pride this time in her heat.

"There's no child ill that I know of," said she; "if there was, we have gold of our own."

She bustled about the house and put past her blankets, and out with a spinning-wheel and into a whirr of it, with a hummed song of the country at her lips—all in a mild temper, or to keep her confusion from showing itself undignified.

"Come away," I said to my comrade in English, "you'll make her bitterly angry if you persist in your purpose."

He paid no heed to me, but addressed the woman again with a most ingenious story, contrived with his usual wit as he went on with it.

"Your pardon, goodwife," said he, "but I see you are too sharp for my small deceit. I daresay I might have guessed there was no child ill; but for reasons of my own I'm anxious to leave a little money with you till I come back this road again. We trusted you with our lives for a couple of hours there, woman—and surely, thinks I, we can trust you with a couple of yellow pieces."

The woman stopped her wheel and resumed her good humour. "I thought," said she, "I thought you meant payment for——"

"You're a bit hard on my manners, goodwife," said John. "Of course I have been a soldier, and might have done the trick of paying forage with a sergeant's bluntness, but I think I know a Gaelic woman's spirit better."

"But are you likely to be passing here again at any time?" cried the woman, doubt again darkening her face, and by this time she had the money in her hand. "I thought you were going back by the Glen?"

"That was our notion," said my comrade, marvellously ready, "but to tell the truth we are curious to see this Keppoch bard, whose songs we know very well in real Argile, and we take a bit of the road to Kilcumin after him."

The weakness of this tale was not apparent to the woman, who I daresay had no practice of such trickery as my friend was the master of, and she put the money carefully in a napkin and in a recess beneath one of the roof-joists. Our thanks she took carelessly, because we were Campbells, no doubt.

I was starting on the way to Inverlochy when M'Iver protested we must certainly go a bit of the way to Kilcumin.

"I'm far from sure," said he, "that that very particular bit of MacDonald woman is quite confident of the truth of my story. At any rate she's no woman if she's not turning it over in her mind by now, and she'll be out to look the road we take before very long or I'm mistaken."

We turned up the Kilcumin road, which soon led us out of sight of the hut, and, as my friend said, a glance behind us showed us the woman in our rear, looking after us.

"Well, there's no turning so long as she's there," said I. "I wish your generosity had shown itself in a manner more convenient for us. There's another example of the error of your polite and truthless tongue. When you knew the woman was not wanting the money, you should have put it in your sporran again, and——"

"Man, Elrigmore," he cried, "you have surely studied me poorly if you would think me the man to insult the woman and show my own stupidity at

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the same time—by exposing my strategy when a bit fancy tale and a short daunder on a pleasant morning would save the feelings of both the lady and myself."

"You go through life on a zigzag," I protested, "aiming for some goal that another would cut straight across for, making deviations of an hour to save you a second's unpleasantness. I wish I could show you the diplomacy of straightforwardness; the honest word, though hard to say sometimes, is a man's duty as much as the honest deed of hand."

"Am I not as honest of my word as any in a matter of honour? I but gloze sometimes for the sake of the affection I have for all God's creatures."

I was losing patience of his attitude and speaking perhaps with bitterness, for here was his foolish ideas of punctilio bringing us a mile or two off our road and into a part of the country where we were more certain of being observed by enemies than the way behind us.

"You jink from ambuscade to ambuscade of phrase like a fox," I cried.

"Call it like a good soldier, and I'll never quarrel with your compliment," he said good-humouredly. "I had the second excuse for the woman in my mind before the first one missed fire."

"Worse and worse!"

"Not a bit of it; it is but applying a rule of fortification to a peaceful palaver. Have bastion and ravelin as sure as may be, but safer still the sally-port of retreat."

I stood on the road and looked at him, smiling very smug and self-complacent before me, and though I loved the man I felt bound to prick a hole in his conceit.

But at that moment a dead branch snapped in a little plantation that lay by the way, and we turned quickly to see come to us a tall lean man in MacDonald clothing.

CHAPTER XVIII.

He was a lantern-jawed, sallow-faced, high-browed fellow in his prime, with the merest hint of a hirple or halt in his walk, very shabby in his dress, wearing no sporran, but with a dagger bobbing about at his groin. I have never seen a man with surprise more sharply stamped on his visage than was betrayed by this one when he got close upon us and found two of a clan so unlikely to have stray members out for a careless airing on a forenoon in Badenoch.

"You're taking your walk?" he said, with a bantering tone, after a moment's pause.

"You couldn't have guessed better," said John. "We are taking all we're likely to get in so barren a country."

The stranger chuckled sourly as the three of us stood in a group surveying each other. "My name," said he, in his odd north Gaelic, and throwing out his narrow chest, "is John MacDonald. I'm Keppoch's bard, and I've no doubt you have heard many of my songs. I'm namely in the world for the best songs wit ever strung together. Are you for War? I can stir you with a stave to set your sinews straining. Are you for the music of the wood? The thrush itself would be jealous of my note. Are you for the ditty of the lover? Here's the songster to break hearts. Since the start of time there have been 'prentices at my trade: I have challenged North and East, South, and the isle-flecked sea, and they cry me back their master.

M'Iver put a toe on one of mine, and said he, "Amn't I the unlucky man, for I never heard of you?"

"Tut, tut," cried the bard in a fret, "perhaps you think so much in Argile of your hedge-chanters that you give the lark of the air no ear."

"We have so many poets between Knapdale and Cruachan," said John, "that the business is fallen out of repute, and men brag when they can make an honest living at prose."

"Honest living," said the bard, "would be the last thing I would expect Clan Campbell to brag of."

He was still in an annoyance at the set-back to his vanity, shuffling his feet restlessly on the ground, and ill at ease about the mouth, that I've noticed is the first feature to show a wound to the conceit.

"Come, come," he went on, "will you dare tell me that the sheiling singers on Loch Finneside have never heard my 'Harp of the Trees'? If there's a finer song of its kind in all Albainn I've yet to learn it."

"If I heard it," said John, "I've forgotten it."

"Name of God!" cried the bard in amaze, "you couldn't; it goes so," and he hummed the tune that every one in Argile and the west had been singing some years before.

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We pretended to listen with eagerness to recall a single strain of it, and affected to find no familiar note. He tried others of his budget—some rare and beautiful songs, I must frankly own; some we knew by fragments; some we had sung in the wood of Creag Dubh—but to each and all John Splendid raised a vacant face and denied acquaintance.

"No doubt," said he, "they are esteemed in the glens of Keppoch, but Argile is fairly happy without them. Do you do anything else for a living but string rhymes?"

The bard was in a sweat of vexation. "I've wandered far," said he, "and you beat all I met in a multitude of people. Do you think the stringing of rhymes so easy that a man should be digging and toiling in the field and the wood between his *duans?*"

"I think," said Splendid (and it was the only time a note of earnestness was in his utterance)—"I think his songs would be all the better for some such manly interregnum. You sing of battles; have you felt the blood rush behind the eyes and the void of courageous alarm at the pit of the stomach? You hum of grief; have you known the horror of a desolate home? Love—Sir, you are young, young——"

"Thanks be with you," said the bard, "your last word gives me the clue to my answer to your first. I have neither fought nor sorrowed in the actual fact; but I have loved, not a maid (perhaps), nor in errant freaks of the mind, but a something unnameable and remote, with a bounteous overflowing of the spirit. And that way I learned the splendour of war as I sat by the fire; and the widows of my fancy wring my heart with a sorrow as deep as the ruined homes your clan have made in my country could confer."

I'm afraid I but half comprehended his meaning, but the rapture of his eye infected me like a glisk of the sun. He was a plain, gawky, nervous man, very freckled at the hands, and as poor a leg in the kilt as well could be. He was fronting us with the unspoken superiority of the fowl on its own midden, but he had a most heartsome and invigorating glow.

"John Lom, John Lom!" I cried, "I heard a soldier sing your songs in the ship Archangel of Leith that took us to Elsinore."

He turned with a grateful eye from M'Iver to me, and I felt that I had one friend now in Badenoch.

"Do you tell me?" he asked, a very child in his pleasure, that John Splendid told me after he had not the heart to mar. "Which one did they sing, 'The Harp of the Trees' or 'Macrannul Og's Lament?' I am sure it would be the Lament; it is touched with the sorrow of the starless night on a rain-drummed, wailing sea. Or perhaps they knew—the gentle hearts—my 'Farewell to the Fisher.' I made it with yon tremor of joy, and it is telling of the far isles beyond Uist and Barra and the Seven Hunters, and the white sands of Colomkill."

M'Iver sat down on the wayside and whittled a stick with a pretence at patience I knew he could scarcely feel, for we were fools to be dallying thus on the way in broad morning when we should be harking back to our friends as secretly as the fox.

"Were you on the ocean?" he asked the bard, whose rapture was not abated.

"Never," said he, "but I know Linnhe and Loch Eil and the fringe of Morar."

"Mere dubs," said M'Iver, pleasantly—"mere dubs or ditches. Now I, Barbreck, have been upon the deeps, tossed for days at hazard without a headland to the view. I may have made verse on the experience—I'll not say yea or nay to that—but I never gave a lochan credit for washing the bulged sides of the world."

"You hadn't fancy for it, my good fellow," said the bard, angry again. "I forgot to say that I saw Loch Finne too, and the Galley of Lorn taking MacCailein off from his castle. I'm making a song on that now."

"Touched!" thinks I, for it was a rapier-point at my comrade's very marrow. He reddened at once, pulled down his brows, and scanned the bard of Keppoch, who showed his knowledge of his advantage.

"If I were you," said John in a little, "I would not put the finish on that ditty till I learned the end of the transaction. Perhaps MacCailein (and God bless my chief!) is closer on Lochiel and Lochaber to-day than you give him credit for."

"Say nothing about that," said I warningly in English to my friend, never knowing (what I learned on a later occasion) that John Lom had the language as well as myself.

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"When MacCailein comes here," said the bard, "he'll get a Badenoch welcome."

"And that is the thief's welcome, the shirt off his very back," cried M'Iver.

"Off his back very likely," said the bard, "it's the back we see oftenest of the bonny gentleman."

M'Iver grew livid to the very lip, and sprung to his feet, clutching with great menace the black knife he had been whittling with. Not a bit abashed the bard pulled out his dirk, and there was like to be a pretty to-do when I put between them.

The issue of the quarrel that thus I retarded was postponed altogether by a circumstance that changed the whole course of our adventure in this wild country; severed us at a sharp wrench from the Campbell regiments, and gave us the chance—very unwelcome it was—of beholding the manner of war followed by Alasdair MacDonald's savage tribes. It happened in a flash, without warning. No blow had been struck by the two gentlemen at variance, when we were all three thrown to the ground, and the bound prisoners of a squad of Macgregors who had got out of the thicket and round us unobserved in the heat of the argument.

They treated us all alike—the bard as curt as the Campbells, in spite of his tartan—and without exchanging any words with us marched us before them on a journey of several hours to Kilcumin.

Long or ever we reached Kilcumin we were manifestly in the neighbourhood of Montrose's force. His pickets held the road; the hillsides moved with his scouts. On a plain called Leiternan-lub the battalion lay camped, a mere fragment of the force that brought ruin to Argile's Athole men under the Tutor of Struan, Stewarts of Appin, MacIans of Glencoe, a few of the more sedate men of Glengarry, Keppoch, and Maclean, as well as a handful of the Gregaraich who had captured us. It was the nightfall when we were turned into the presence of Sir Alasdair, who was sitting under a few ells of canvas playing cartes with some chieftains by the light of a fir root fire.

"Whom have we here?" said he, never stopping for more than a glimpse of us.

"Two Campbells and a man who says he's bard of Keppoch," he was told.

"A spy in an honest tartan, no doubt," said Sir Alasdair; "but we'll put it to the test with Keppoch himself; tell him to come over and throw an eye on the fellow."

Keppoch was sent for and came across from a fire at another part of the field, a hiccough at his throat and a blear look in his eye, as one that has been overly brisk with the bottle, but still and on the gentleman and in a very good humour.

"Here's my bard sure enough," he cried; "John, John, what do you seek in Kilcumin, and in Campbell company, too?"

"The company is none of my seeking," said John Lom, very short and blunt. "And we're like to have a good deal more of the same clan's company than we want before long, for Argile and his clan to three times your number are at Inverlochy. I have tramped a weary day to tell you the tale, and I get but a spy's reception."

The tale went round the camp in the time a man would whistle an air. Up came Montrose on the instant, and he was the first to give us a civil look. But for him we had no doubt got a short quittance from MacColkitto, who was for the tow gravatte on the spot. Instead we were put on parole when his lordship learned we had been Cavaliers of fortune. The moon rose with every sign of storm, the mountains lay about white to their foundations, and ardent winds belched from the glens, but by mountain and glen MacDonald determined to get round on the flank of Argile.

(*To be continued.*)

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JAMES PAYN.

Many tributes have been paid to the memory of James Payn, and in what follows we shall try to confine ourselves to matter unknown to or neglected by his previous biographers. James Payn was well born and had had good chances in the way of education, having been at Eton, at Woolwich, and at Cambridge. On the whole, however, he detested his school life, and although he enjoyed himself at Cambridge, it was not in the studies of the place. His bent for literature had shown itself early, and he had been accepted by Leigh Hunt and Charles Dickens. At Cambridge he was a friend of Thomas Chenery, afterward editor of the *Times*, and received much kindness from W. G. Clark and George Brimley. His bent to literature was, however, irresistible, and was greatly encouraged by Miss Mitford. As no one else has done it, we may put down some extracts from Miss Mitford's letters recording the progress of their friendship. It will be seen that at first she was not favourably impressed by the young poet. She writes under date, 1852, to Digby Starkey as follows :

"Then I have had a visit from a young Cambridge student, a poet of the newest school, who won't be a barrister, which his mother desires, but will be a poet and only a poet, nothing else. I knew his father well, a most brilliant man. . . . The youth is a handsome coxcomb, without the slightest enthusiasm, without, as it seems to me, the power of admiring anything or anybody ; for those whom he does patronise —the Jerrolds, and Dickens, and Robert Browning—he patronises with a full sense of his condescension, while he very heartily disclaims all acquaintance with Pope or Dryden (observe that his own first essay is a volume called *Stories from Boccaccio!*) and rather boasts that although he has tried to read Scott's novels, he cannot get on with them. I think it would be no bad plan to introduce him to Sir Edwin and Mr. Lewis, and just see what they thought of each other. It might turn out a society for mutual improvement. However, they are painters, and great painters in their way, while what will become of this poor boy there is no telling. He minces his words like Landseer and sticks his glass in his eye. The only thing worth repeating that I ever heard from him is a good-natured *bon mot* of Jerrold's. They were talking of epitaphs at Charles Knight's, and asked the malicious little wit to furnish one for their host. 'It should be very short,' said Jerrold. 'Good-night.' Nothing can be happier than this."

A year after she writes to Mr. Bennoch in a way which shows how Payn was beginning to win her heart :

"Sept. 21, 1853.

"All day I have had company. First, dear ——, with some of his own proofs. There is real talent, if he would but do himself justice by correcting and re-correcting. None of these young poets will do that. Then he has been spoilt. He had Woolwich and would not stay ; so then he was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, for the bar. Well, he fell in love and would not wait for that—he would go into orders ; and now he won't go into orders ; and a brother-in-law is desirous of helping him to live by literature, by purchasing some shares in a safe newspaper (I mean commercially safe) where he might work as a sub-editor or a large contributor. He would do this well, having written with high approbation in *Household Words*, and being a ready and lively prose writer. I trouble you with all this detail, because I am sure if you hear of such a thing offering you will let me know. His brother-in-law has a handsome income, and is willing to make a handsome purchase. He, the brother-in-law, is something like you in liberality. While in the army, before marriage, he set apart half his income to help brother officers on. A man of rare generosity—and this boy is charming—most charming—one reason why he has been spoilt—large in heart and mind, full of kindness and sweetness, making an atmosphere of love about him. The talent is real."

Later in the same letter she says :

"I must make James Payn known to you. He is truth itself."

The following reference in the same year is unmistakable :—

Miss Mitford to Mrs. Jennnings, 1853.

"All that love-story in *Esmond* is detestable, and which is still worse, the book seems to me long and tedious. A clever young man, writing to me about it from Trinity College, Cambridge, said, 'I took it with me into the Theological Hall, and listened to the Professor by preference.' I dare say he did."

Miss Mitford introduces Miss Martineau to James Payn, and Miss Martineau writes her impressions :—

"Jan. 25, 1853.

"I am obliged to you for introducing to me your agreeable young friend. I have seen him once here, and I am to see him next at his airy lodgings at Longbrigg. He made us promise to visit him one evening, and we hope to do so while the fine weather lasts. The 'we' means my youngest sister, Mrs. Higginson, and her children, who are with me at present. Mr. Payne (*sic*) will have us all, and he has the grandest thing in all the neighbourhood to show—in the view from the home-field. He is

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kind enough to send me his volume of poems to-day, and I must make more acquaintance with him in that way before we meet next. He has every appearance of being in good health, and I trust his critical period in that respect has passed."

Another famous personage to whom Miss Mitford introduced her young friend was Thomas De Quincey. Payn always loved to tell how De Quincey loved to help himself to laudanum out of a decanter, which seemed to contain port wine. Mrs. De Quincey wrote her impressions as follows :—

"Sept. 14, 1853.

"Mr. Payne, I am sorry to say, both from your account and papa's, and my youngest sister's for him, neither Florence nor I saw —— I was very sorry, too, on another account, that we were not at home—viz., when Emily told us that papa was in very bad spirits when Mr. Payne called, and when he is so it requires our united efforts to rout him out of them ; as it was, Emily said, 'He called in all my small remarks made to suggest things to him, or to cover the gaps like light sovereigns.' It was the first time she had ever had to do the honours of the house alone, and consequently she has great misgivings as to whether Mr. Payne will ever run the risk of falling upon the tender mercies of two such wreckers as papa and she again."

While Payn was at Cambridge he contributed to various periodicals, including the *Welcome Guest*, with which Robert Brough and George Augustus Sala were closely connected. It was in the *Welcome Guest* that Robert Brough's too little known tribute to Johnson—the finest poetical tribute, we may say, without fear of contradiction, that Johnson has ever received—was published.

Immediately after leaving Cambridge Payn made his happy marriage, and devoted himself to literature. The young couple had a small independence, and were able to wait. During the first year of his married life Payn earned £32 15*s*. He has told us that while in full activity he made an income averaging £1500 a year, an income which he justly thought inadequate to his deserts and his labour. His first regular appointment was as assistant-editor to *Chambers's Journal*. He had already contributed much to the periodical, and his talent was appreciated by Leitch Ritchie, who was then in charge of it. From the Lake country Payn proceeded to Edinburgh, and took up his work with much zest. This was in the early fifties. His connection with *Chambers's Journal* lasted during the most important years of his life, and his best monument will be found in its volumes. When he became the editor the magazine, as Dr. A. K. H. Boyd says, was read in Scotland by everybody who read anything at all. He adds, "Certainly it did not fall off under Mr. Payn." This is true so far as regards its literary quality, and in fact much more might be said, for Payn put his very best work into it, and what that was every intelligent reader knows. But in the end of the day he did not improve the circulation. There was, it is true, a great rise on the appearance of *Lost Sir Massingberd*, but this was followed by a severe falling off. Mr. Payn, who was limited to the columns of *Chambers'*, wrote too much himself. There are weekly numbers which might be mentioned in which he was responsible for the fiction, and also for other two or three contributions. He gathered round him such capable writers as Dutton Cook, Walter Thornbury, G. M. Fenn, T. Speight, J. B. Harwood, John Hollingshead, Arthur Locker, Robert Black, Rev. Harry Jones, W. Moy Thomas, Amelia B. Edwards, and many others, but he was always the chief writer himself. *Chambers's Journal* ceased to be known as the *Edinburgh Journal* after 1854, and the change extended further than the name. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous remark to William Chambers during her Edinburgh visit, "You publish a magazine yourself, don't you?" must have been anything but welcome. Nevertheless, the style of the magazine had essentially changed. It had ceased to be quite so matter of fact. In 1837, out of 457 articles, there were eighty familiar sketches and essays, all of them original, and most of them the work of Robert Chambers ; there were 300 miscellaneous articles of instruction and entertainment, 140 of which were original ; 61 short stories and tales, 40 of which were original ; and a regular feature at that time was biography, of which there were sixteen examples. Under Payn the *Journal* was much lighter, contained far less information, and far more wit. When he ceased to be editor the promoters brought it round again to the original idea, and the circulation rose immediately by leaps and bounds. It fell to James Payn to write notices of many impor-

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tant books as they were published. Of "Gareth and Lynette" he said that it was a pity the Laureate had been bewitched by Merlin, and poured his genius out so lavishly on such a worn-out theme as Arthur and his Knights. He was happier when he got Holmes's *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, a book which delighted him. When Forster's *Life of Dickens* appeared he wrote several highly sympathetic and interesting notices. How miscellaneous his contributions were may be seen from the volume for 1858, where he wrote among other articles, "A Tremendous Ascent," "Elegant Extracts," "My Country House and its Tenants," "Watching the Clock," "Music," a poem (later one on "Shakespeare's Cliff"), "Popular Paradoxes," "Proceedings in Breakneckshire," "Mr. B.'s Alarms," "Voice from Baker Street," "The Old Baby," "Sporting World," "Crag Fast," "Dropping an Acquaintance," "Channel Bridge," "Ingleburgh Within." In the number for January 28th, 1860, he is responsible for an instalment of his new story, *The Bateman Household*, as well as for articles, "Writing on the Wall," "Morocco," and "Farm on the Mountains." In February 4th we trace two additions to the fiction, and in February 25th three articles. By 1861 his *Family Scapegrace* was running, but it was not until *Lost Sir Massingberd* that he became familiar to the public as a novelist, though Mr. Marston told us the other day that Payn did not acknowledge the authorship when dealing with his firm, Sampson Low and Company, for its publication, and that the result was a disappointment to both author and publisher. A contribution, "A Night in a Thames Tunnel" from Richard Rowe, led to Payn's securing him a situation on the *Scotsman*, which, however, he held only for a brief period. *Meliboeus in London* was running in 1861, and was a forecast of the later *Across the Walnuts and the Wine*. These were continued many a day at more length in the second page of the *Illustrated London News*. Among other thoroughly characteristic papers were his articles in 1866, "To Persons About to Become Famous," and "Maxims by a Man of the World," which were afterward reprinted. He supplied the ingenious framework for various extra Christmas numbers (1864-68), but it is interesting to notice that Leslie Stephen, whom he succeeded as editor of the *Cornhill*, helped him in the production of *Up and Down Mont Blanc* as early as 1866.

The long and honourable connection between him and the Chambers was unfortunately severed by his dismissal. For this he blamed William Chambers, but as a matter of fact the magazine was in danger of its life, and when William Chambers took it in hand the old prosperity returned. The two men were constitutionally incapable of understanding each other, and it is to be regretted that in his novel, *For Cash Only*, and elsewhere, Payn did Chambers less than justice. It would be unkind to revive the memory of *For Cash Only*, but one humorous touch is that in which he makes Chambers ultimately come to financial ruin, and compelled to earn his livelihood by exhibiting his own museum. Nobody who knows anything at all of Payn's works can subscribe to the idea that he was merely a bland and genial humorist. He was one of the kindest and most generous of men, but nobody can read *For Cash Only*, not to mention other of his books, without seeing that there was in him a vein of bitterness. He was peculiarly sensitive to adverse criticism, and, as he said himself, made a point of giving as much as he got in cases where he thought he had been treated unjustly. Unfortunately, and to his great grief, he did not always strike the guilty man.

After leaving *Chambers'*, Mr. Payn became reader to Messrs. Smith, Elder and Company, and editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*. In both capacities, as always, he was distinguished by the care he took in reading manuscripts, and the warm and cordial encouragement which he gave to authors whenever he could. There was not a touch of jealousy about his nature. He had his limitations. For one thing he never was interested in religion, nor could he understand how any one else could be, and among the books he declined were *John Inglesant* and *Robert Elsmere*. Within his own sphere, however, and it was a wide one, he was an excellent critic. Perhaps the most notable author he introduced to the press during his editorship of *Chambers's Journal* was Thomas Hardy. But his

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connections with young authors were innumerable, and that somewhat exacting tribe has never had a kinder friend since Charles Dickens. He went on to the last diligently writing novels. They are curious combinations of wit and sensationalism, and they had a large popularity, though their day is perhaps past. His literary power is more favourably seen in his essays, several collections of which have been published. Mr. Payn began as a poet, and the following, which is perhaps one of his latest, is a fair specimen of his style :

MUSIC.

" 'Tis true no verse of mine can tell,
Fair lady, what the gentle breath
Within the flute, that rose and fell
And died in the far distance, saith :
The speechless echoes linger still :
Their meaning is not of the earth.
Thou know'st no less love's accents thrill,
Although the words be nothing worth :
The perfect sense we cannot tell,
And thence the glory grows the more.
The organ-billows, as they swell,
Roll far and farther from the shore,
Until from verge to verge they sweep,
And thought, its wearied wings drooped down,
Slow sinking in the charmèd deep,
'Mid the sweet thunder loves to drown.
The harp-voice best we understand ;
Its grief is shaped by her who flings
Athwart its face the gentle hands
And hides, in ruth, the sobbing strings,
The brazen trumpet's war-note shrill
Would ever team with stir and life,
Although the earth had lost its ill,
And there was end to foeman's strife ;
And though the cymbals ceased to beat
Amid the ranks of bristling steel,
They'd aye recall the thousand feet
In motion at the single will.
But what of war, the while we hear
These Christmas bells o'er hill and plain,
And all our memories drawing near,
Entrance us with a pleasant pain,
And fill our hearts with love and peace,
And lead us like an angel hand
Whereto the wondrous harmonies
Sweep alway through the Better Land."

He was an excellent judge of poetry, and during his editorship of *Chambers's Journal* he maintained a standard of verse of such sustained excellence that it may safely be said no other periodical has ever rivalled it.

A PRESENTIMENT.

It is only a short story and extremely slight, so slight, in fact, and so simple, that I am afraid lest in setting it down on paper I may destroy its delicate grace and evanescent flavour. Why, then, I often ask myself, when it was told to us one evening amid the elegant luxury of a modern dinner-table, by the charming woman who is its heroine, did it make upon us so lasting an impression as to become, in our corner of the Parisian world, one of those classic narratives such as every section of society possesses, and to which any allusion is always intelligible and always welcome? I suppose it must be because it formed a little rift in the mass of scandal and insipid political and literary tattle that we are always listening to. Perhaps, also, just as an attitude or a gesture is sometimes sufficient to reveal the form that is hidden beneath a robe, so these few unaffected words, spoken by a good and beautiful woman, sufficed on this occasion to reveal to us the simplicity and purity of her soul.

We had been talking about those curious impulses which science has now begun to name and classify, and from which so few moderns are entirely exempt—impulses that urge one irresistibly to count the figures in a bit of wall-paper, or the books in a book-case, or anything else in sight that can be counted ; that impel others, when walking along the street, to reach a certain gas-jet before an approaching cab shall have caught up to them, or before some neighbouring clock shall have finished striking ; or that constrain one every night before going to bed to make some new and odd arrangement of the articles in the room, or to visit certain pictures or cabinets—in fact, we were speaking of all the infinitesimal affections of the modern brain that are in reality seeds of madness transmitted from generation to generation, until at last they are dispersed and scattered over the entire human race.

On this occasion, then, we had all been confessing our nervous weaknesses and mental absurdities, being rather comforted by each other's admissions,

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and each of us rejoicing to find the rest of the company as bad as himself or even worse. One young lady present, however, had said nothing, but had listened to us with a look of surprise on her beautiful face that was framed in masses of soft dark hair. At last we said to her :

"Come, Madame, can it be that you are free from all these little touches of mania? Have you not also some slight peculiarity of the kind to confess?"

She appeared with perfect sincerity to question her memory for a moment, and then replied, with a shake of the head :

"No, not the slightest."

We felt that she was speaking the truth ; and all that we saw and knew of her confirmed us in this belief—her placid look, her reputation as a thoroughly happy wife ; everything, in fact, that separated her from the fashionable puppets who had just been confessing their strange neurotic obsessions.

Doubtless her very modesty made her unwilling to claim for herself a more complete indemnity than was enjoyed by the rest of the company with their frank admissions, for suddenly she interrupted us.

"Oh, really—yes, it's perfectly true that I can't tell you about adding up the numbers on cabs or making an inventory of my wardrobe before I go to sleep ; but still, now that I think of it, the other day I *did* have an experience that has a sort of resemblance to those that you have been telling about, if, at least, I have quite understood you—that is, a kind of internal compulsion which compelled me instantly to perform an act of no real importance, as though it were a matter of life and death."

We begged her to tell the story, which she immediately did with a very good grace, but with an apologetic air, as if asking pardon for taking up our time over so trifling an affair.

"Well, then, in a few words, this is what happened. About five or six days ago I had gone out with my little daughter Susette. You know her, I think ; she is just eight years old. I was taking her on her morning walk, for this important young person already has to have her daily promenade. As the weather was fine, we decided to stroll along the Champs Élysées and the boulevards, starting from our house in the Rue Laffitte. We were walking along, chatting together gaily, when on one of the corners a poor young cripple hobbled up to us, holding out his hand without saying a word. I had my parasol in my right hand, and with my left I was holding up my skirt. I must confess that I hadn't the patience to stop and hunt for my pocketbook ; so I passed along without giving the beggar a single sou.

"Susette and I kept on through the Champs Élysées as before. The little thing had all of a sudden ceased to chatter ; and I myself, without exactly knowing why, no longer felt any desire to speak a word. We reached the Place de la Concorde without having exchanged a syllable after our meeting with the unfortunate beggar ; and little by little I began to feel springing up within me and increasing more and more a sort of discomfort, a feeling of intense disquietude, a consciousness of having committed some irreparable act, and of being threatened for that very reason with a vague and indefinable danger. Now ordinarily I can force myself to a sort of mental examination ; and so, as I walked along, I searched my conscience diligently. 'Dear me,' said I to myself, 'I haven't committed a very serious sin against charity in not giving anything to this beggar. I've never pretended to give to everybody I happen to meet. I'll simply be more generous to the next one, and that's all there is to it.' Yet all my reasoning failed to convince me, and my internal disquietude kept increasing until it became a sort of anguish, so much so, that a dozen times I longed to turn about and go back to the place where we had met the man. Would you believe it? It was a reprehensible feeling of pride that made me unwilling to do it in my daughter's presence.

"We were almost at the end of our promenade, and were just about to turn the corner of the Rue Laffitte, when Susette pulled gently at my dress and stopped me.

"'Mamma,' she said.

"'What is it, dearest?' I answered.

She fixed her great blue eyes on me and said gravely :

"'Mamma, why didn't you give something to that poor beggar in the Champs Élysées?'

"Like myself, she had thought of

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nothing else ever since we had met him. Like mine, her heart was profoundly depressed; only, being better than her mother and more sincere, she was willing to confess her unhappiness with perfect frankness. I did not hesitate a moment.

"'You are right, my dear,' said I.

"We had walked faster than usual under the constraint of this one haunting thought. Only twenty minutes remained before her lessons were to begin. I called a cab, we entered it, and the driver set off toward the Champs Élysées, stimulated by the promise of a generous *pourboire*.

"Susette and I held each other by the hand, and you may imagine how anxious we were! Suppose the beggar had gone away! What if we shouldn't be able to find him? Having reached the corner we hurried from the cab and looked up and down the avenue. The beggar was not in sight. I questioned one of the women who let chairs. She remembered seeing him. 'He is not,' she said, 'one of the regular mendicants who beg upon the corner, and I am sure I don't remember in which direction he went.' Time was flying, and we were going to leave with a feeling of great unhappiness, when all of a sudden Susette perceived the man behind a tree, sleeping in its shade with his hat between his knees.

"She ran to him on tiptoe, slipped a bit of gold into his empty hat, and then we hastened back to the Rue Laffitte. I am well aware that it was perfectly absurd, but we gave each other a good hug as soon as we entered the house, exactly as though we had escaped from some great danger."

She finished her story, blushing hotly at having spoken for so long a time about herself; but the rest of us, who had listened with a sort of reverence, felt as though we had been breathing for an instant a whiff of pure air, or drinking a draught of clear, cool water from an untainted spring.

Marcel Prévost,
translated by H. T. Peck.

ON THE MARCH.

Down the cañon of the street,
Hear the muffled marching feet!
Hear the thousand-throated hum,
As the soldiers nearer come!
Eagerly the people crowd:
Faintly now, and now more loud,
While we listen, breathless, dumb,
Comes the droning of the drum:
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika tek tek tek,
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek.

Marching down the western light,
Bursts the column on our sight!
Through the myriad golden motes
Splendidly our banner floats!
Then the sudden-swelling cheer,
Voicing all we hold most dear,

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Wondrous, welling wave of sound,
Till the whirring drum is drowned!
Still our pulses beat in time
To the rhythmic roll sublime:
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika tek tek tek,
Rika tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek.

Now the marching men have passed:
We have watched them to the last,
Till the column disappears
In a mist of sudden tears.
Loves and hates before unguessed
Tremble in the troubled breast:
Loves and hates and hopes and fears,
Waking from the sleep of years,
At our country's calling come,
To the rolling of the drum:
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika tek tek tek,
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek.

So the night comes on apace,
Settles on each solemn face;
While we pray with hearts of fire,
While a wistful, wild desire
Follows where the dangers are,
Where the battles blaze afar,—
Till our heroes homeward come,
And we hear the victor drum:
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek tek tek,
Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek.

Herbert Müller Hopkins.

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A GENUINE BOOK ON CUBA OF TO-DAY.

One morning, I think it was early in the month of March, 1896, I entered the building in which the New York *Journal* has its offices, and found Grover Flint, whom I knew well as a member of the staff of the paper, skulking about in the dark recesses of the hall. He beckoned me into a shadowy corner and said: "The boss (meaning Mr. Hearst) has ordered me to Cuba, and I'm just waiting for the business manager to come in so that I can draw my money, and then I'm going to skip. I'm so afraid that he'll change his mind and call me back that I'm not going to show my face in the office again. This is the best thing that ever happened to me, and it's too good to be true."

Half an hour later he had drawn his money, and I saw him running down the steps and across City Hall Park, looking about him now and then as if he were afraid that one of the *Journal's* managing editors was in swift pursuit.

I relate this anecdote because it shows the spirit in which Grover Flint started out on one of the most dangerous errands that a newspaper correspondent could be assigned. To appreciate this spirit fully, it is necessary to contrast it with the conduct of some of the "fake" war correspondents, who have been making so much noise on the strength of such pitifully small achievement. But I have to do now only with Flint, who is one of a small number of men who have done their duty, modestly and heroically, and with but small regard for their personal safety.

I do not remember that the *Journal* published many of Mr. Flint's letters from Cuba. If my memory serves me right, the impression prevailed that he was a courageous, trustworthy man, born for a soldier, and placed by Fate in a newspaper office. No one believed that he could write. We believe it now, though, for most of us have read his book, *Marching with Gomez* (Lamson, Wolffe and Company), and have realised that it was a true, sincere, and interesting picture of the Cuba that Flint marched through with the insurgent forces, two years ago.

I know of no better way of conveying an idea of the merit of *Marching with Gomez*, and of Mr. Flint's simple and effective way of telling what he saw, than by quoting two or three passages, taken at random from its pages.

"In those first weeks of June it was my privilege to linger of evenings by headquarters, and hear the war discussed in every phase by Gomez and Hernandez. Of the ultimate success of their cause, neither had the shadow of a doubt; but when the trouble would end, neither could prophesy. . . . For Hernandez, there was the glory of conflict and the opportunity to develop his rather unusual abilities. For Gomez, continuance of the struggle meant daily hardships and lack of rest or comfort in illness, a life delightful to a young man, but trying to one of advanced years. For Gomez there was the chance of a stray bullet, that might prevent his seeing the aim of his life—the work of his brain and hands—completed. . . .

"Gomez had long since ceased to count on assistance of any kind from the United States. Concerning recognition I heard him say, 'I have a mind to forbid any man's speaking that word in camp. Recognition is like the rain: it is a good thing if it comes, and a good thing if it doesn't come.' . . .

"Gomez distrusted Americans. He thought them mere sharpers. 'They continually fill their newspapers with sympathy with our cause,' he would say, 'but what do they do? They sell us arms at good round prices—as readily as they sell supplies to the Spaniards who oppress us; but they never gave us a thing—not even a rifle.' . . .

"It was, on the first afternoon of the fight at Saratoga that I rode, stirrup to stirrup, with the youngest patriot of the Cuban army, a soldier just eleven years old, four feet tall, and weighing about eighty-five pounds. Caluriga's men, with hats and legs and machetes waving in the air, were galloping across the savanna, when I found this tiny trooper at my side, full of carnage and flushed with the glory of being a real soldier. When the aroyo checked our charge, he pulled in his horse and sheathed his machete. Then he jerked a Remington carbine that had dangled from a sling at his side, threatening to pull him from the saddle, into the hollow of his left arm, blew in the breech, poked in a cartridge and carefully aimed and fired through the shifting smoke, with the conscious gravity of Jove hurling a thunderbolt. Several times afterward I caught sight of him, always in the front and thoroughly enjoying himself."

In his description of the death of Mr. Govin, an American newspaper correspondent, who delivered himself up to the Spaniards, trusting to General Weyler's proclamation of clemency, the author gives us a vivid idea of the Spanish methods of warfare and of the dan-

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ger to which war correspondents who venture out of Key West are exposed :

"Then the eye-witnesses, who were only fifty yards away, saw him led before Colonel Ochoa, who dismounted and addressed him with vehemence and gesticulation. His papers were torn from his pockets and his clothing hurriedly searched. No weapons were found ; but the red-sealed correspondent's certificate and passport, signed by Mr. Olney, were handed to Ochoa, who glanced them over and scornfully threw them on the ground.

"At the wave of Ochoa's hand, Govin was bound, with his arms back of him and the rope passed about his waist. An aguacate-tree grew near by the highroad, and to this he was led and roughly tied. Colonel Ochoa followed and stood by. Then some non-commissioned officers drew their machetes and stepped up to the tree. In a few moments everything was over."

Marching with Gomez has an introduction by Mr. John Fiske, the father-in-law of the author, and it is embellished with a large number of sketches, made in the field by Mr. Flint, which remind me very much of the illustrations in a book dealing with Cuba, called *West India Pickles*, written by W. P. Tallboys about twenty-five years ago.

James L. Ford.

ABOUT THE WAR.

Silent litteræ inter arma. When the flag is fluttering its blue and white and crimson folds from every housetop, when the city's squares are blocked by crowds that stand all day before the bulletins which tell of hurrying fleets and gathering armies, when even the soft spring air has a pungent smell of gunpowder in its breath, and when the casual stroller is checked at the corner of the street by the regiments that go swinging past with their glittering fringe of bayonets and a blare of martial music—then the most peaceful person cannot keep his heart from leaping to his throat nor can he shut himself up dumbly in his study and give his mind to the printed babble of his books What does he care for the puny polemics of professional penmen, for their squabbles over style, for their theories of "art," for their petty prettinesses, for their sapless rhymes, and for their painfully polished periods ? A time of war is a time that calls for Men ; and when embattled squadrons are being smashed to pieces, when cannon are thundering destruction, and when Life and Death have grappled in the splendid agony of conflict, all this ink-bottle business seems unspeakably paltry and unreal. One wants to get out into the open air, and make a noise, and hit somebody, and go back, if possible, to a good, lusty, primitive and healthful barbarism that will compel him for a time at least to desist from being an every-day conventional Apostle of the Smug.

Literature must, therefore, take a rest when the drums are sounding the long roll, and literary men must go to the rear with the other non-combatants. If they do anything at all, then let them note those phases of the war that have a sort of relation to letters. Such notes will be more interesting than any purely literary jottings ; for, in a way, they may be looked upon as side-lights thrown on history, since they have to do with what affects the national life ; and therefore, though quite insignificant in themselves, they are a part of something that is big and splendid and inspiring.

It is journalism that in war time supplies the reading for a people. It is journalism that records each day, each hour almost, the history that is in the making ; and when the struggle has been ended, its first portrayal in the rough is found among the files of the great newspapers, whose emissaries have traversed land and sea and poured out money like brook-water, and have given perhaps their very lives in order to fling the news all flaming hot into the gigantic presses that crash forth the miles on miles of Extras which flow through every city of the land in limitless rivers of black and white. Let us then look retrospectively over the past few weeks and see whether even now there can be found some things that are significant and worth recording as being permanent impressions of the present conflict.

Going back to the time when the war-clouds were first gathering, one notes an interesting fact in the general attitude of the British journals. It is

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always interesting to find a gleam of real intelligence in the British mind when that mind is directed toward things American ; and of late there have been many gleams—in fact, a general illumination. When war was first seen to be quite inevitable, the *Daily News* of London turned around, as it were, to its contemporaries, and uttered to them certain words of pointed admonition. "Let us not," it said, "repeat the historic mistakes that in the past have cost so dear." This little warning note was rather significant, for it showed that Englishmen have finally attained to an understanding of the true American attitude toward England. It is hard for us now to travel back in thought to the days that antedate our Civil War and to remember that in those days to be an Englishman was to have a ready passport to every American home—not from any Anglomania, for Gallomania was the fad just then—but because we really felt that as a people our aims and interests, our civilisation and our mission, were one with those of England. Then came the Civil War—the time when in one long and bloody agony that cost a million lives—we tore away the plague spot which all Englishmen for half a century had made a subject of reproach to us ; and as we did it, we turned with confidence to Englishmen for sympathy—and were greeted with a storm of hoots and jeers. A little later, when we had fought our fight to a finish quite alone, and had come forth even stronger than before, the English suddenly assumed an air of most respectful caution, but never of cordiality, and there has seldom come a time when if things went wrong with us, the English journals and the English statesmen did not eagerly assume the worst results as probable. But now they have at last become aware that, in Lord Salisbury's phrase, they have always put their money on the wrong horse, and that their "historic mistakes" were in reality mistakes. As a matter of fact they are not now repeating them. With one or two exceptions the English press has been far more than sympathetic, it has been almost cordial in its recognition of the justice of our cause and the inevitableness of our success. The *St. James's Gazette* and the *Saturday Review* stand out as chief of the exceptions. These interesting journals, which, as they say, "prefer Castile to Connecticut," have diverted themselves by sneering at our army and our navy, and at what they please to call our "amateur war-making." When Admiral Sampson shelled Matanzas, it amused them to pretend that the only damage done by the bombardment was to a Spanish mule, and they expressed a vast amount of serio-comic concern over the damage inflicted on this animal ; so that "the Matanzas mule" seemed likely to become historic. And they also thought the Spanish fleets were on the whole perhaps a little more than a sufficient match for ours. Somehow or other, though, since Commodore Dewey steamed over the thick-sown mines that lay about Corregidor and laid his little squadron alongside of the fleet and fortresses of Spain, these English editors have not had quite so much to say about the amateurishness of our war-making, nor are they shedding any tears just now over the fate of the Matanzas mule. They have even forgotten how well equipped and valiant and generally tremendous they used to think the Spaniards were ; for they now observe with a pathetic quaver in their voices that in attacking Spain our country is acting the part of one who beats an octogenarian or tramples on a baby. Such criticism as the other English journals have made have been of a semi-literary character. They didn't like the English of Mr. McKinley's message. They detected in it several Americanisms. One of them said that the Queen's speech from the Throne would not have contained such things as these. And this was probably quite true. It is natural that the Queen's speech from the Throne should not contain a very large assortment of Americanisms. But they ought to have remembered to his credit that neither did Mr. McKinley's message contain a single Briticism ; and that if the Queen has never spoken of "an alarming ratio," neither did the President ever use the expression "different to."

One thing which the English have especially noted, in a general way, has been what they choose to style our "hysterical shrieks of exultation." Now it is not an Anglo-Saxon thing to be hysterical or to shriek, either with exultation or with any other emotion. The Anglo-Saxon goes about his busi-

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ness and accomplishes it quietly and efficiently and keeps his mouth shut and does not shriek. Consequently, if we have been hysterical and if we have been shrieking, then the English would be fully justified in looking upon our proceedings with a certain number of expressive sniffs. But perhaps in this we have been just the least bit misrepresented. There is no doubt that some American newspapers have been conducting themselves in the most absurd and crazy way in their whole treatment of the subject of this war. They have swaggered and bragged and lied, and they have splashed and smeared their rhetoric over every petty incident that has happened since the *Maine* was wrecked. In this way they have, so far as they could, made very serious things appear ridiculous and very petty things appear important. For instance, the disaster to the *Maine* was a very moving and far-reaching event. It did much more than any other single incident to precipitate the war. There was something very dreadful in the thought of all those seamen going down to death without an instant's notice. Presumably, and as a matter of course, they were brave men. But why should some of our newspapers speak of them habitually as "the heroes of the *Maine*"? This is a small matter, but it is rather characteristic; for there was nothing heroic in being blown up by treachery which was wholly unexpected, and which they would naturally have avoided if they had had the slightest intimation of it. Again, why speak of our North Atlantic Squadron as "the greatest war fleet of the century," when it is in reality a rather small war fleet and one that any of the first-class powers of Europe would hardly have considered a war fleet at all? Why announce the capture of a fishing smack by two battleships as being a feat worthy of Blake or Nelson or Farragut, and why chronicle this and a dozen other petty things precisely like it in great black capital letters ten inches long, which, it must be confessed, are the typographical equivalents of a shriek? Why print half a page in bright red ink because two companies of infantry have moved from one barrack to another barrack? All this sort of thing, if it were really characteristic of our people, would naturally make us seem to any civilised and intelligent community like a lot of yawping children playing soldiers, or like the lunatics whom one sometimes encounters in asylums with bits of red flannel pinned upon their coats to indicate that they are George Washington, and Napoleon Bonaparte, and Julius Cæsar, and Alexander the Great.

But, as a matter of fact, these newspapers are in the first place very few in number; in the second place no one takes them at all seriously; and consequently, in the third place, they no more represent our national character than the sutlers and scavengers of a camp represent our national army. It is not true, in spite of what any one may say, that Americans are boastful, that they are given to much talking, and that they are childish or otherwise silly. That very acute and observant Englishman, Dr. Dale, who visited this country some fifteen or twenty years ago and wrote a book of his impressions, set it down as something which had particularly struck him, that the Americans in general were so extremely reticent as to be almost taciturn; that in travelling he had observed a sort of apparent self-repression in large crowds; and he tried to explain this on a theory of his own as being due to the effects of the military discipline to which so many of our citizens had submitted during the progress of the Civil War. However this may be, it would be obviously absurd to take a few irresponsible newspapers as reflecting our national traits and temperament. When you wish to get at the real character of a people, in whom are you to find that character most accurately set forth? Is it in the casual blatherskite, the self-constituted bar-room oracle, the sporadic sensation-monger? These are the same in all countries, for in all countries they equally exist. Should not one rather look to the utterances and the acts of the men whom a nation chooses to represent it, and whom it deliberately selects and sets up as its supreme leaders before the eyes of the civilised world? Judged in this way the American people at the present time can be called neither boastful nor childish nor lacking in self-control. From the moment when the *Maine* was sunk and her captain sent that simple but momentous message to "suspend judgment"—a message that took war

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by the throat and held it back, and calmed the excitement of seventy millions of people—down to the announcement of the naval victory in the harbour of Manila, our fighting men have been as self-restrained, as simple, and as unaffected as it befitted Americans of Anglo-Saxon stock to be. The whole course of our government in the months that preceded the final casting of the die for war was, even as judged by Europeans, singularly moderate, discreet, and self-controlled amid a hundred provocations and in the face of an almost universal demand for dramatic swiftness of action. The very message of the President to Congress, which was the last word to be spoken on our side, contained no touch of rhetoric whatever, but it was from beginning to end quite passionless and moderate—almost too moderate—a simple summing up of facts, as free from heat as though it had to do with some purely economic or domestic question. Therefore, out of self-respect, and as a matter of justice to ourselves, we Americans ought to resent the charge of being prone to national hysteria.

From a purely domestic point of view, however, the vagaries of the more sensational newspapers do no particular harm, for Americans look upon their typographical and rhetorical frenzies as being matters of mere business, things that are purely professional, as it were, and thus devoid of any particular significance. Then why, some foreign critics may inquire, do our people buy these sheets by the hundreds of thousands and continually read them? Simply as they buy and read Mr. Rider Haggard's hair-raising Zulu novels, and as they buy and read any other kind of exciting romance. These newspapers, in fact, are rather better reading than the Zulu novels, because their plot, so to speak, is laid right here at home, and the characters introduced are at least real personages, and, therefore, appeal more strongly to the popular mind. Moreover, the cheapest pirated work of Mr. Rider Haggard would cost at least ten cents, while the newspaper gives us quite as much pure fiction and nearly as much pure creepiness for the small sum of one cent. And so the people buy the papers and read them and spend many interesting and exciting half hours over them in the realms of pure romance.

To tell the truth, the sensational newspapers are not the only sinners that we find in the sphere of American journalism to-day, nor in their sins are they sinful above all others. From the standpoint of journalistic ethics and tradition one or two of the high-class papers have been quite as reprehensible in their own way. For these ethics and these traditions demand that the news shall be honestly and accurately given, without exaggeration on the one hand and without diminution on the other hand, and that the truth shall not be overstated nor yet understated, for neither of these things comports with honourable journalism. But just as the sensational papers have, in recording the incidents of this war, reported many things that were not so, several of the high-class journals have suppressed both incidents and occurrences about whose truth there was no question. In other words, the high and mighty editors, who always speak of journalism with inverted commas and a derisive sneer, have edited their own news columns and have given to their news the particular colouring that suited their own conception of what that news should be—in other words, they have garbled their facts as shamelessly and as inexcusably as have the yellowest of their contemporaries, and in so doing they have been false to their profession and dishonest toward their readers. And this has had some practical results. For instance, the journalist of this type who was bitterly opposed to any war at all has tried to make it appear that the war was not to be, and he has suppressed or doctored the reports that came to him from Washington in accordance with his editorial views. In this way he has conceivably misled those of his readers who were relying upon his professions of honesty to give them accurate information of what was likely to occur; and they may conceivably have been led to plan their large investments or their business ventures in accordance with the garbled statements which they read in the columns of their favourite sheet. It is this type of editor also who has sometimes supplemented the *suppressio veri* with the *suggestio falsi*. Because he did not like the war, he would not hesitate to belittle and degrade the char-

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acter and the achievements of his country's representatives, to suggest that the members of the Court of Inquiry which investigated the sinking of the *Maine* had possibly rendered a dishonest verdict in their purpose of shielding a fellow officer, to sneer at the capacity and the organisation of our naval and military forces, and to receive the tidings of even so splendid a victory as that which was won in Manila Bay with the cold-blooded and grudging comment that Commodore Dewey had done only what had been expected of him! In pure meanness and exaggerated egotism one can find no parallel whatever to this conduct even in the very yellowest of the yellow journals.

The war has not yet inspired a single bit of genuine literature. It is early still, of course, to look for it, and if the war be short we may not see it, after all. The Mexican War was also wholly barren in this sphere, though Whittier's *Angels of Buena Vista* came very near to winning a small corner in the fane of immortality. But as yet we have seen not the slightest bit of picturesque description nor a single scrap of stirring verse —nothing, in fact, but the rawest sort of newspaper rhetoric and machine-made verse. Worse than this, the English in which the events of the war have been thus far recorded, and in which even the official documents relating to it have been couched, has seemed utterly detestable. A perfect carnival of slipshod writing seems to have set in. The shattering of ships by Dewey's squadron was nothing to the splitting of infinitives that one perceives with pain at every turn; while the "retained object" has appeared all over the land, in the resolutions of Congress no less than in the three-line editorial paragraphs.

Whether or not, however, this war shall leave its mark upon our poetry, upon our fiction, and upon our oratory, there is scarcely any doubt that it will furnish the very weightest material for the philosophical historian. So far as one can see at the present time, we are standing as a nation at the parting of the ways—the way of our old tradition of political isolation and international aloofness, and that other way whose goal no one can now discern. It has been profoundly startling, it must have given every serious-minded person a very real shock, to notice how within the space of two or three short days the attitude of the entire American people has been fundamentally changed. For how many years have we not mocked at the nations of Europe for their inappeasable land-lust, for their territorial gluttony, for their partition of Africa, for their bludgeoning of China, for their greedy mouth-waterings over the smallest islands of the Southern Seas? Nothing could have seemed less likely than that we as a people should ever have been stirred by a spirit such as this. Yet in a single week, almost in the space of two short days, a naval victory brought close within our grasp a group of Asiatic islands lying at the far Antipodes—islands whose very name was but a geographical expression to nearly all Americans—and lo! at a single stroke, the same land-lust has come upon us also, and already we are looking out, not merely with serenity but with excited eagerness, to a future that shall see our country also standing forth gigantic among the great land robbers of the world.

Whether this state of mind is to be a permanent condition, or whether the American people are simply giving play to a bit of political imagination, no one as yet can say. There is something about this new conception of our country's future that appeals to the national love of bigness, to the national willingness to undertake responsibility with a blithesome heart, to cut an imposing figure, and to make the other nations of the earth all gasp and stare. Should it really prove to be a fact that we are to become a great world-power, the thought of the change involved in our most fundamental policy almost bewilders one who sets himself to think of it. A powerful standing army, a mighty navy, our flag displayed in every quarter of the globe, the ocean dotted with our naval stations, a permanent diplomatic establishment, a voice in European as well as in American councils, a sword ready to be thrown at any moment into the scale that weighs the balance of political power among the nations of the earth—all these things must the American hereafter bring himself to contemplate. And the jealousies and the hatreds of other nations—these also must we be prepared to meet. And if

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we meet them, we must meet them with alliances, or rather with that one almost inevitable alliance which would bind us fast to the great Power whose language and laws and civilisation and blood are one with ours, and we must welcome the consolidation of the whole English-speaking race, fronting, if necessary, with all the courage of its ancestry, a hostile world in arms, and taming alike the greedy duplicity of the French, the organised brutality of the German, and the mingled violence and cunning of the Tartar-Russian. This might, indeed, be worth to us all that the rest implies, as it would be of infinite value to the future of mankind—the greatest people whom history has ever known, the one people who have been divinely appointed to dominate and civilise and conquer all the lesser breeds, the one people who strike straight from the shoulder and always down the foe—this people united at last in an imperishable federation to teach the world the enduring majesty and magnificence of the Anglo-Saxon.

But it is not only the political historian who must view this war with speculative interest. The philosophical student of national temperament and character will find a no less fascinating study in the effect produced upon the national consciousness and the national life by the influence of war. This question is, of course, an old one, and it has been lately raised once more and argued with great spirit with especial reference to the conditions existing in this country at the present time. On the one hand, it has been urged that in spite of all its immediate horrors, in spite of the suffering that it brings to individuals, war is none the less to any people a national tonic and a source of invigoration, in that it awakens and stimulates the heroic virtues and keeps the people in a fitting state for the accomplishment of those great ends which involve high courage, discipline, and combative force. It has been viewed, also, as a necessary corrective to the spirit of gross materialism which inevitably dominates a nation which has gone on too long in an unbroken peace, giving itself wholly up to the acquisition of wealth and the quest of luxury and ease.

On the other hand, it has been argued very forcibly that while the warlike instinct, the fighting instinct, is in itself an admirable thing, it can find full scope and quite sufficient play in civic life, in nerving the citizen to the discharge of public duty, in attacking political corruption, in destroying abuses, and in battling unremittingly for high ideals of national and municipal honour, and for justice and good faith. According to this view, the man who devotes his life to the cause of a sound financial system or an honest municipal administration is as much a hero as the one who faces a foreign enemy on the field of battle, inasmuch as moral courage is as fine a thing as physical intrepidity.

For our part, it seems as though enough had not been said in behalf of the ennobling influence of war. About the most fundamental instinct in the healthily developed man is the instinct that teaches him to fight. It is the most primitive of all the virtues, and it is the last of all to be destroyed by civilisation. It is, moreover, the virtue that vivifies all the others, as it is the most intensely vital, the one that goes down deepest in our consciousness, that bids us yearn to live and to accomplish something, that makes us willing to face all the inevitable suffering and sorrow of this life and cling tenaciously to existence with the fierce, fond joy of living, rather than to sink to morbid pessimism and abandon hope with the craven submissiveness of a sick animal. Nor is it true that this instinct in its last analysis can ever find its fullest, healthiest exercise in anything that falls short of actual physical conflict. It is well enough to say that courage and contempt of self and all the other martial virtues find full play in civic life. They do, but only to a limited extent; and the civic virtues themselves, unless backed up and strengthened by the thought that physical force lies back of them as a court of last appeal, become in time emasculated and finally extinct. The political reformer may, to be sure, go out and battle single-handed against the forces of dishonesty and corruption; he may endure much obliquy and disappointment; he may fail and go down defeated and disheartened. But even so, he knows at every moment of his fight that, comparatively at least, he is really risking nothing; that if he fails, he can still go back to his own private life of individual comfort and ease and honour;

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that to him it will not personally matter; and that everything will go on in very much the same way as before. It is far different when he takes his life in his hand and marches out as one of a hundred thousand men who give themselves with splendid cheerfulness to be shot down and trampled into bloody pulp if necessary under the batteries of an invading foe. For while it means much to give up one's fortune, to give up one's comfort, and to give up one's time, there is nothing so inspiring, so really splendid and magnificent as the willingness to stand up and be smashed for an idea. Consequently, unless the fighting spirit, in its most primitive and barbaric sense, is kept alive within a people, then it is but a question of a little time when that whole people will become incapable of being roused even to civic heroism, and when it will sink into indolence and spineless corruption such as one to-day can see in China, where a hundred millions of men have shown themselves incapable even of feeling the disgrace of being trampled on and kicked by every predatory band of foreigners that descends upon them.

It is true, as has been said above, that one of our great national dangers lies in our materialism, in our worship of luxury, in our growing fondness for a life of ease; yet there exists for us a still more subtle danger that one can everywhere descry. This is the indifferentism which has begun to fasten on us as a people and to destroy all seriousness, all loftiness of thought, all earnestness of purpose, and which makes it every year much more impossible to be indignant over Wrong or splendidly enthusiastic over Right. Read our newspapers, listen to the talk that goes on about one, look at the attitude which so many of us hold toward the most vital questions of State and nation. It is an attitude of flippancy, of tolerant humour—an attitude that leads our press and public to think corruption nothing but a joke, and to meet all exhibitions of real earnestness with a sort of cynic grin. It is this attitude from which nothing in the end can fully and fundamentally rouse us save that which threatens more than loss of ease, that which stings and smites and makes men suffer, and that forces them out of their unmanly carelessness, and demands in trumpet tones that they once more be really Men. The brute instinct, the savage instinct, which nature itself has planted in us, is the saving salt of all our civilisation; and the time must always come to every people when this is the one and only thing that will make the heart beat faster, and nerve the arm, and bid men feel no shame in being deadly earnest. And we shall all see this again when once our armies have gone forth to battle, and when there is lamentation, and at the same time pride and joy in many a home; for the densest indifferentism cannot thrive when the flaming breath of War blows over it; but it is dispersed and scattered and eternally annihilated at the first faint echo of that thrilling music which sounds in the tremendous diapason of the cannon-thunder.

Harry Thurston Peck.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

This one knows joy, and says: "Ah, Life is sweet!"
And sorrow this one: "Nay, 'tis drowned in tears."
Meanwhile, the picture is made all complete
By God, great chiaroscurist of the years,
Who uses light and shade, and in whose thought
The whole is clearly limned and calmly sought.

Richard Burton.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX.

We are still very much in arrears with our voluminous correspondence; so we proceed at once to answer as many letters as possible before the warm weather sets in and we lose our customary placidity.

I.

Two readers, who are evidently familiar with our little prejudices, send us independently two clippings that have greatly amused us. We reprint them for the benefit of all who have not seen them elsewhere. The first is from the *Cleveland Leader:*

HIS ENTIRE CONSISTENCY.

BOSTON LADY: If you will split that pile of wood I will give you a sandwich.

TRAMP: Madam, I never split things—not even infinitives.

BOSTON LADY: Oh, you lovely man! Come in and have tea with me.

The second is from the *Chicago Tribune:*

HIS AWFUL IMPRECATION.

The sailor from Boston had been tried beyond endurance.

It was evident from the expression of his face that something appalling and utterly reckless in the way of profanity was struggling for utterance.

Suddenly it burst forth.

With a shriek of rage he exclaimed:

"Split my infinitive!"

II.

Some one who signs himself "Interested Reader" objects to our saying (November number, p. 176), "We propose to keep [it] for a separate note." He thinks we should have said "purpose." But why? Our keeping it for a separate note was a thing set before us (*propositum*), as a plan. So we said "propose."

III.

Here is a clever letter from Troy, New York. We print it in full.

"DEAR BOOKMAN: You really have placed us in a position of great uneasiness. In the April number, page 103, we find the following: 'Why should any one pay three dollars a year for the *Critic* when they can get practically the same reading in the *Month* for the subscription price of one dollar?' The diction of this passage so struck us at the time that we wrote to you in reference to it. We do not recall seeing any answer to our communication, although we have sought it diligently in subsequent numbers of your valuable magazine. And now to our discomfiture we learn from your November number that all such communications receive due attention if they possess a grain of sense, unless they fall into 'the maelstrom of your desk.' As we still feel that there was a modicum of sense in our letter of long ago, the hope remains that our query as to your diction fell into the 'maelstrom' aforesaid. May we hope for your notice?

"May we presume still further? On page 236 of the November number you say, 'This is a mean sort of letter,' and in paragraph IV. above you make frequent use of 'sort of,' followed by the principal word of the phrase; why, then, on page 235 do you say, 'the worst sort of *a* scrape'? What is the function of the article in the last-mentioned expression that you so carefully omit it in the former instances?

"Our presumption grows upon us. Will you explain the use of tenses in the following from paragraph I. on page 235, 'No one *had had* the courage up to the present moment, when we *are* favoured with,' etc.? As you carry your action *into the present*, what is the function of the past perfect tense?

"Yours, in expectation of utter annihilation,

"C."

We reply:

1. This question has in principle been answered in our response to a letter from another correspondent with regard to a similar construction used by us. See the January number, page 459.

2. Both phrases cited are a little colloquial, but perfectly idiomatic according to our notion; and neither violates any essential principle of language.

3. We think that we wrote "*has* had," and that the compositor casually altered it; but we can't prove this, as it happened so long ago. So we will admit that the pluperfect tense is not justified by the context. Now we hope that "C" feels easier in his mind.

IV.

A Nova Scotian lady chides us for speaking of Miss Fiona Macleod as Irish instead of Scotch, and then goes on to ask:

"What do you think of the literary merit of the following sentence: 'A good deal of fun is being made of a new London journal called the *Quill Driver*, in which every book review is written by the author of the book himself'?"

We think that the literary merit is of a very high order. And naturally so, as it is we who wrote the sentence. Does the lady think that "himself" is ambiguous as possibly referring to the

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book rather than to the author? And if so, do they speak of a book as "himself" up in Nova Scotia?

By the way, we didn't mention Miss Macleod as Irish, but as "a Celt."

V.

"A Benighted Provincial," apparently a lady, writes us from Cleveland, Ohio, to say that she doesn't like the article entitled "From Our Town," which appeared in our December number. We are grieved to hear it.

VI.

A very frank, not to say personal, gentleman, who mailed his letter in Greenfield, Mississippi, sends us three pages of type-written criticism on the way in which we run THE BOOKMAN. Here is a part of what he has to say. It is right to the point:

"I feel like an old and intimate friend of your publication, and hence am privileged to make myself as disagreeable as I please by pointing out its faults and failings. This is a friend's privilege. In the first place, THE BOOKMAN contains too many of the senior editor's articles. An editor of a magazine should be an editor, and not the sole contributor. I at first pardoned this, because it seemed to please you to have some other persons besides schoolboys before whom to air your views on all subjects. But now that you have been published in book-form by the Harpers, and have broken out into the magazine which, as Mr. Walker says, has the largest refined circulation of any periodical in the world, you might leave a little more room in THE BOOKMAN for other people who have views to air also.

"You may retort that, as the world buys THE BOOKMAN, it likes your articles; but that would be a *non sequitur*. As well say that because a negro buys watermelons, he loves the seeds."

Now if there is anything that particularly pleases us it is frankness, for we like to be frank ourselves, and we shall be perfectly frank in the present instance. The reason why we publish so many of our own articles is because it is so easy to get them accepted. Our critic has no idea what a comfortable feeling it gives a writer when he is writing anything to know that he hasn't got to ship it all over the country and waste postage-stamps and time and patience, but that it is bound to be accepted, because he is himself the editor and can get it set up in type within half an hour after it is finished, and that nothing but a fire can keep it from being actually published. That is why it is such fun to be an editor; and if our friend from Greenfield, Mississippi, were in our place, he would write a great deal more than we do. We know this from his readiness to send us three large type-written pages all for nothing. But, judging by the rest of his remarks, if he were in our place and said everything right out, there is every probability that instead of getting a sporadic remonstrance now and then, he would find the whole populace rising up before very long and swarming up his office stairs and playing on him with a fire-engine.

VII.

"Rachel" asks:

"Please tell me the meaning of the word 'Thenody' as used by Emerson in his ode to his dead son."

Read it "Threnody," and look up the word in the dictionary.

VIII.

We don't know why this question was sent to a literary journal:

"Do Confederate as well as Union veterans receive pensions?"

Not from the United States; but we believe that provision is made by the various legislatures of the States that seceded for pensioning such Confederate veterans as are disabled and in need.

IX.

Here is a still more curious question. It comes from Brooklyn.

"Do you know of any reason why the paying-tellers in savings-banks should be surly and suspicious, while the paying-tellers in national banks are courteous and obliging?"

There are many things both in the intellectual and in the material world whose invariable juxtaposition implies a real relationship, yet as to which no adequate theory of causation has ever been advanced. We have carefully observed and critically weighed some questions that are of this nature, but as yet with no satisfactory results. Here, for instance, are two as to which we are absolutely in the dark:

1. Why is it utterly impossible to buy a good cigar in a shop whose sign spells the word "segar"?

2. Why does every man (if an American) who says "whilst" for "while" invariably have grease-spots on his waistcoat?

We ask these questions seriously, and we shall welcome any serious reply.

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PARIS LETTER.

Lui! Toujours lui! Not Napoleon, but Emile Zola. He is to be tried again. The members of the Esterhazy *conseil de guerre* have so decided, and the whole thing is to come for the second time before the court; not in Paris, though, but in Versailles. The new trial will begin on May 23d, the day after the second ballot for the election of the new Chamber of Deputies. It is said that the new trial will be much shorter than the first one, and that M. Périvier, the Chief Justice of the Paris Court of Appeals, who will preside, will expedite matters much more summarily than Associate Justice Delegorgue, who conducted the first trial. I have stopped prophesying, however, about this complicated case, and shall say, with the wisdom of nations: *Qui vivra verra.*

In the mean time Zola has been tried by another judge; M. Brunetière has, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of April 15th, published a lengthy review of *Paris*. I need hardly tell you that there is more severity than sympathy in the article. It is to be noted, however, that the celebrated critic gives the novelist credit for having given us an accurate delineation of part at least of the *population ouvrière* of the great city. But a large part of M. Brunetière's article is devoted to a repetition and, at the same time, a qualification of what he wrote a few years ago in his now famous article on the bankruptcy of science. I must call attention also to the last words of the article, the full meaning of which is keenly appreciated by those who followed the proceedings relating to Zola's appeal before the Court of Cassation. The *Procureur Général* Manau made himself very unpopular by asking Zola to take pity on France. Brunetière, taking his stand with the great Christian apologist of the seventeenth century, whom he repeatedly quotes, asks Zola simply "to take pity on Blaise Pascal!" Whatever may be thought of the merits of the controversy, one thing must be said—namely, that Brunetière, feeling that he is writing this time not simply for scholars and littérateurs, but for the *gros public*, entirely discarded the cumbrous heap of conjunctions, prepositions, and adverbs which used to give such a forbidding aspect to many of his sentences, and that his utterances have become as direct and simple as they are forceful. Let them remain so, and literature will be substantially indebted to this Zola trial, if not to the other one.

Brunetière has had his trial, too, and has lost. You may remember the unsuccessful dramatist who took exception to Jules Lemaître's criticism of his fallen play in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and who insisted on having his answer printed in the great periodical. The editor denied his request, was sued by him and won. The dramatist, Mr. Dubout, appealed, and his appeal has been sustained. Henceforth, if the doctrine of the Paris Court of Appeals is adopted by the other courts, it will be the privilege of every author, whether of a book or a play, to compel every periodical by which he has been criticised to print his answer to his critics. There will be no lack of "copy" for the literary column of our newspapers.

Another decision, not of a court, but of the Government, has just caused a little stir among our literary people. Julien Viaud, *alias* Pierre Loti, is no longer a lieutenant in the French navy; he has just been retired. His retirement is due to a desire on the part of the Government to have younger officers in the navy; all the lieutenants who had held their rank fourteen years or more without being nominated for the higher rank have had to go, and Pierre Loti was among them. It is a keen disappointment to him, because he wanted to be retired as captain and not as lieutenant; but he frankly admits that as a navy officer he was a little amateurish, and he does not recriminate. His feelings, moreover, have been somewhat soothed by a promotion in the Legion of Honour, of which he is now an officer, and no longer a simple knight. I confess that the ministers seem to have shown a good deal of cleverness in this case. They dismiss the navy officer and reward the writer. Could they have in any other way so well silenced criticism?

And now let us come to the books of

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the month. First of all, I must mention the very courageous and very beautiful book of Alfred Fouillée, *Psychologie du Peuple Français*. No book has been published for a long time from which so much is to be learnt about France, her inner life, her faults and virtues, and especially her chances for the future. The pages in which the author discusses Max Nordau's sensational views are certainly among the most eloquent and convincing things ever written in the French language. This beautiful book will soon be completed by another publication from the same pen, *La France au Point de vue Moral*.

Another writer, who thinks of the future of mankind as much as Mr. Fouillée, also gives us his conclusions, but they are of a very different nature. He is the most thoughtful and the most brilliant among the men who hold that patriotism is a relic of past ages, and who think that society can live without government. I refer to the great geographer, Élisée Reclus. He has been known for more than twenty years as a believer in anarchy, and he now gives us in a systematic form his reasons for his belief, in his book, *L'Évolution, la Révolution et l'Idéal Anarchique*. The book is curious, if not convincing, and I need hardly add that it is a model of clear and beautiful French.

We have almost the same problems, treated in a decidedly more practical manner, in a very brilliant book by Paul Deschanel, *La Question Sociale*. It is, if I am not mistaken, the first real book of the very gifted young political orator, who is certainly not thinking, as yet, of a seat in the French Academy for himself, as is shown by a pretty anecdote that has come recently to me. Deschanel used to be until not very long ago one of the most frequent and welcomed visitors of a well-known salon, which is supposed to have provided Pailleron with a good deal of the material of his celebrated comedy, *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*, and he is seen there no more, because, it is said, of an unintentional slight inflicted upon his father, old Professor Deschanel, now nearly eighty years of age, by the lady of the house. The guests were talking, as is often the case there, of coming elections to the Academy, and lamenting the dearth of good candidates. "There is Deschanel," said one of them, evidently thinking of the old Professor, senator and literary critic; "Deschanel!" madame exclaimed. "You are not thinking of it! *He is too young!* Young Paul does not seem to have forgiven her for so bluntly showing that his father is not in her eyes *un sujet académique*.

From members of the Academy we have not very much this month—only two collections of articles. The lovers of fine phrases will take up Viscount de Vogüé's *Histoire et Poésie;* those who prefer something more solid will turn to Albert Sorel's *Nouveaux Essais d'Histoire et de Critique*.

The most entertaining book of the month is unquestionably the *Légendes et Archives de la Bastille*, of Franz Funck-Brentano, and not the least entertaining part of the book is its preface, which is written over the signature of Victorien Sardou. The book is as true as history, and as amusing as a novel.

We must have, of course, at least one work relating to the Napoleonic period. We have several, one of which is decidedly interesting; it is a two-volume work on Marshal Davout by one of his grandsons, Count Viguier. It contains a good deal that was written by the illustrious soldier himself, and, therefore, somewhat belongs to memorial literature.

In the same branch of literature I note two volumes of letters of La Mennais, one his correspondence with Montalembert, the other his letters to Count Benoit d'Azy.

I cannot mention more than one novel, *Mon Petit Trott*, by André Lichtenberger. The hero of the book is a child, but it is not exactly a children's book. Too much knowledge of life for that!

Among the forthcoming books I shall mention *Verlaine Intime*, by his publisher and life-long friend, Léon Vanier.

The stage has been, as usual, prolific in works of literary merit, none of which is, I fear, a really great play. The most striking is, certainly, Richepin's *La Martyre*, which had been kept waiting a very long time for its performance, and which owes, perhaps, its production this year to the great success of its author's *Chemineau* two years ago. *La Martyre* is, of course, a verse play (Richepin writes nothing else

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for the stage), and contains beautiful lines. Its action belongs to the early times of Christianity, and the occasions for scenic display are not wanting. But Richepin's plot is seldom simple ; it is certainly very far from simple in this new play of his ; the play seems to be written for effect, and is not as convincing as it might be.

We have had a play by Jules Lemaître, *L'Aînée*, not convincing either, but not claiming to be, as Jules Lemaître's irony is visible through it all. Just as we must have beautiful lines in a play by Richepin, we expect plenty of wit in one by Lemaître, and we have plenty of it in *L'Aînée*. It is pleasing on the stage, as reading it is simply delightful.

Lysiane, by a newcomer on the stage, a professor of philosophy, who assumes for the purpose the name of Romain Coolus, may be the beginning of a brilliant dramatic career. It treats of one of the most modern phases of the questions concerning the *Ewig Weibliches*.

And, finally, we have had a translation of an English play, Pinero's *Magistrate*. It was fairly well received.

The interest felt by the French in foreign theatrical matters is shown by another manifestation. The last issue of *Le Théâtre* contains an interesting account of an American adaptation of a German play, *Countess Valeska*, and a beautiful coloured photograph of Miss Julia Marlowe.

You will be glad to know that on April 23d the *Figaro* published on its first page an important article setting forth in full the American side in the present war. The article is signed *Un Américain*, and there are reasons to believe that it is the joint production of Ambassador Horace Porter and of the First Secretary of the American Embassy, Mr. Henry Vignaud.

Alfred Manière.

TO A FRIEND.

FOR A COPY OF KEATS'S POEMS.

You taught my eager heart to understand
The joyousness of love, and, opening this book,
Bade me, as from a casement wide, to look
Through it upon the beauty of the land
That sun and bloom make bright ; and with your hand
In mine the company of sorrow I forsook
To listen to the lyric of the brook
Whose songs are writ in water and in sand.

There with the lilies white we used to dream
The starlit hours of summer evening through,
With Keats' clear singing and the dulcet stream
Flooding our hearts with happiness anew,—
A mingled music that must always seem
All his, remembering this gift from you.

Frederic Fairchild Sherman.

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NEW BOOKS.

FRANCE.*

Mr. John Edward Courtenay Bodley has undertaken to do for France something like what Alexis de Tocqueville and James Bryce have done for the United States. The two volumes just published constitute a first instalment of his work. They deal almost exclusively with the political institutions of the nation, leaving the economic, religious, and other phases of social life for later treatment. In an introductory chapter of sixty-four pages the author exposes his equipment for his task and his general point of view. There can be no doubt that Mr. Bodley has taken his work seriously, or that he has availed himself of the most promising opportunities for obtaining information. For seven years he wandered to and fro upon the face of France, and his itinerary, which he gives with exhaustive and exhausting minuteness, is like a gazetteer of the land. Moreover, as he walked he talked, and the list of men from whom he drew inspiration adds to his gazetteer a miniature dictionary of contemporary French biography. Of all the celebrities consulted, M. Taine seems to have most influenced the author. The method and the philosophic attitude of Taine's *Origines de la France Contemporaine* are both tacitly and expressly approved, and the view of the Revolution embodied therein constitutes the basis of Mr. Bodley's disquisition on the present influence of the great upheaval.

The subject-matter of the two volumes, after the introduction, falls under two heads: First, the influence of the Revolution on modern France; and, second, the existing political system of the nation. As to his facts, the author is well equipped throughout; a variety of exceedingly interesting and useful information is presented. As to conclusions he is equally interesting, though possibly the accuracy and utility of his views will not receive universal recognition. He holds, summarily speaking, that the only real and permanent effect of the revolutionary epoch to be found on modern France is that which springs from the administrative, ecclesiastical, and educational systems instituted by the great Napoleon; that liberty, equality, and fraternity, however loudly proclaimed in theory, neither played a real part in the Revolution, nor play a real part to-day. All the efforts of liberal politicians to impose upon France institutions that would truly embody the trio of revolutionary principles have proved futile, and the centralised imperialistic despotism has alone proved appropriate to the French spirit.

Mr. Bodley will doubtless have to meet some pretty heavy onslaughts in connection with this conclusion. Whatever may be said of the political capacity of French Liberals, their literary ability cannot be gainsaid, and the pessimistic Englishman may be left to their care. From the transatlantic standpoint the fact that Mr. Bodley is an Englishman accounts largely for his attitude. He claims to feel a profound admiration for the French people, and he really shows it in places. But throughout his book the reader cannot escape the conviction, that beneath the admiration is a stratum of pity—pity that there isn't, after all, a little more of the good old English this and the solid Anglo-Saxon that in the make-up of the French character. That the Frenchman does not know what liberty means is readily demonstrated by the difference between French and English judicial procedure. That he has no true conception of equality becomes obvious from his devotion to so un-English an institution as the Legion of Honor. That his fraternity is a sham is patent from the fact that his national holidays are memorials rather of events in which French blood was shed, like the fall of the Bastile, than of events in which life was spared, such as the Gunpowder Plot. This method of argumentation enables Mr. Bodley to make out a plausible case. It is doubtful, however, that he will carry all his readers to the conclusion that "equality in France is a virtue which prevents a right-minded Republican from acknowledging a superior, while not diminishing his right to exact due

* France. By John Edward Courtenay Bodley. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.00 net.

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deference from his inferiors;" or that French fraternity is accurately expressed in the maxim, "*Gallus Gallo lupus.*"

The differences in national conceptions were long ago concisely put by Heine: "The Englishman loves liberty like a lawful wife; the Frenchman like a mistress; the German like a grandmother." Mr. Bodley has illustrated, but has not improved upon the philosophy of the German satirist.

The whole of the second volume, with part of the first, is devoted to a description of existing political institutions. The presidency, the cabinet, the two chambers, the parties, are analysed historically and critically, in both constitution and action. A vast mass of interesting and little known facts is presented. Along with the familiar statistics as to the duration of ministries and multiplicity of crises, we find the more curious, and perhaps more significant, information that physicians and schoolteachers figure largely in local political activity—are indeed to some extent the "bosses" in French politics; that ballot-box stuffing and similar improprieties are not unknown to France; that "offensive partisanship" in office-holders is often required by the government, and "pernicious activity" at the elections is a feature of administrative routine. But Mr. Bodley's analytic and descriptive work in this field is permeated by a profound philosophic despair—a good old English Whig despair. The refrain which expresses his woe is this, that parliamentary government in France is a hopeless failure. The system, he declares, was imported from England by the sanguine enthusiasts of the Revolution; it neither had originally nor has ever obtained intelligent popular appreciation; under Louis Philippe it covered the *régime* of fatuous intellectual oligarchy, and under the Third Republic it has become the stronghold of a corrupt plutocratic oligarchy. Parliamentary government requires the party system (Mr. Bodley means the two-party system), and the inability of the French to produce such a system is conclusive of their incapacity for parliamentary government. The only *régime* for which the people of France ever have evinced or ever will evince genuine and unmistakable esteem—the only *régime* suited to the French national character, is, in Mr. Bodley's opinion, that of the one strong man; and the existing system is merely a sort of stopgap, to tide over the interval till the successor of Louis Napoleon shall appear.

This interpretation of French history and politics is not new. Whether Mr. Bodley's proof of its correctness is more convincing than those that have hitherto been put forth is doubtful. His reasoning exhibits very clearly the vitiating influence of the axiom noticed above, that only that which is English is right. The censure which he freely bestows upon the doctrinaires for bringing over the English system later appears to be based chiefly upon the fact that they brought less than the whole of it. If only the two-party system could take the place of the group system in Parliament, all would work well. Mr. Bodley thus takes his stand with that innumerable company who assume the rational unthinkability of the group system. But precisely why three or five organisations for political ends are irreconcilable with sound reason, while two such organisations represent perfection, is made no clearer by Mr. Bodley than it has been made by his predecessors in criticism. That the group system facilitates the overthrow of cabinets is true enough. But what if the frequent change of cabinets were a desirable thing? What if the carrying out of any large policy of legislation were the greatest peril that the nation had to confront? Mr. Bodley admits that the routine administration and the routine legislation of France proceed satisfactorily, without reference to the rapid succession of ministries. Concede in addition that what France needs yet for a time, more than anything else, is freedom from exciting and aggressive legislation, and the chief ground for criticism of the group system falls away. There remains then only the grievance that the system does not fit neatly into the ancient theory of parliamentary government, or, in other words, that it is not English.

As description Mr. Bodley's work is eminently good. As philosophy it has its weaknesses. As literature it is not destined to shine. The author has caught and reflects a little of the glow of French *esprit;* but the English language does not lend itself, under his manipulation, to the most successful ex-

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hibition of this quality. Makers of text-books on rhetoric will hail his work as a prolific mine of "horrible examples" for the rising generation to criticise. "Co-opted," "despotised," "dispensed him of the need," and the vicious use of "transaction" in the sense of "compromise," illustrate his verbal vagaries. But a fatal facility in respect to pronouns, with a total irresponsibility as to antecedents, constitutes the most striking feature of his style. For example: "In the same way the Royalist rural gentry resemble one another. Here is one of noblest descent whose parchments in his remote château in Poitou record that the king invited his ancestor to mount in the royal carriage one day at Marly ten years before ducal rank was conferred on the family of the Parisian gentleman-in-waiting, who looks of a different race, and who has no attribute, exterior or mental, to distinguish him from his colleague, whose father made a fortune in trade under the Second Empire" (p. 374). And again: "M. de Freycinet resigned his first premiership into the hands of M. Ferry, who was his Minister of Education, because he could not follow his anti-clerical radicalism. Such are the surprises of opportunism." And such are the mysteries of Mr. Bodley's English.

William A. Dunning.

BRUNETIÈRE'S FRENCH LITERATURE.*

The fact that strikes the reader first when he opens Brunetière's already celebrated *Manuel* is its total dissimilarity to all the histories of French literature by which it has been preceded. He sees a page to the appearance of which he is totally unaccustomed. The upper part, in large type, seems to consist of a connected narrative or discourse; the lower part, in type considerably smaller, seems, at first sight, to have no connection with what is above. It does not consist of notes, of references, of *éclaircissements*, as the French say. It might almost be another book, and be bound between different covers; and yet there is unity in the book, as we hope to show.

This disposition of his matter, in a very difficult subject, was evidently suggested to Brunetière by the *Précis d'Histoire Moderne*, which was published by Michelet more than seventy years ago, in 1827, and which the celebrated critic certainly used when a student in a French *lycée*. Michelet had undertaken to present in about four hundred 12mo pages the main facts of modern history. He soon saw that unless he departed from the usual form of text-books, he would have either to be satisfied with a string of general considerations, with here and there a reference to some important specified facts, or with a dry and somewhat confusing presentation of the facts themselves. He therefore relegated his facts, dates, names, etc., to the bottom of the page, using for the purpose as small type as was admissible in a book of that kind, and placed above these statements a broad and comprehensive tableau explaining the connection of the facts with each other, and showing the constant march of humanity from the mediæval toward the modern ideal of human society.

The difficulties which have to be surmounted by the historian of a literature, when he undertakes to compress all he has to say within small compass, are strikingly like those that induced Michelet to act as he did. They have been realised by others before Brunetière. They compelled many a writer to make of his book a series of literary biographies, rather than a history of a literature. Great progress was noted when Lanson, whose remarkable book will retain its usefulness even after the publication of Brunetière's powerful *Manuel*, determined to omit from his narrative almost everything that was purely biographical or bibliographical, and so places in his foot-notes nearly everything that filled the pages of his predecessors. He, however, preserved in the main the old divisions. He has chapters devoted to all of the great writers—Montaigne, Corneille, Pascal, Molière, etc. His book, therefore, does not exactly mark a new departure, but nothing less than that must be said of the work here under review.

What Brunetière has attempted to do is to give a general view of the transformations of French literature from its beginnings to our own days. The idea of evolution, to which he has for a num-

* Ferdinand Brunetière: Manuel de l'Histoire de la Littérature Française. Paris: Ch. Delagrave.

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ber of years given, as everybody knows, a great deal of importance in the study of literature, is visible throughout the whole of his sketch, which is, in some respects, an amplification of an article published by him several years ago on *Le Caractère Essentiel de la Littérature Française*. His chapters, therefore, do not deal with this or that writer, but with the literature of a whole period, and his object is to show to the reader the leading characteristics of the period, its connection with what preceded and what followed, the growth and the decay of the forms in which it excelled, and especially the additions to the literary patrimony of mankind for which we are indebted to it.

One of the most salient features of the book is that it deals exclusively with literature. It concerns itself with the works, with what is *read;* it is not a history of civilisation as expressed in books; it is not a history of national ideals, as Kuno Francke's admirable *German Literature;* it does not belong to the class of works that the Germans class under the head of *Culturgeschichte*. The temptation to treat the history of literature as simply a part of the general history of a nation is one which is resisted by very few writers only; no one has overcome it as completely as Brunetière. He treats of books and of their influence upon books, and effectually demonstrates that the subject is ample enough to satisfy all the desires of activity of any writer.

His *Manuel* is divided in three books of very unequal length. The first one, devoted to the Middle Ages, fills only 40 pages; the third one, *L'Age Moderne*, goes from page 388 to page 524; the rest—that is no less than 348 pages—is given to *L'Age Classique*.

This division alone is a clear indication of what Brunetière considers essential in the history of French literature. He says in his very curious preface, or *avertissement* (and we must not forget, with him, that the most usual meaning of the French word is *warning*) that "*on n'écrit point une Histoire de la Littérature Française pour y exprimer des opinions à soi.*" If he thinks he has succeeded in keeping his opinions out of his book he is strangely mistaken, and no one wishes he had, much as one may differ from him at times. Everybody expected, for instance, that the Middle Ages would receive from him decidedly less space than is usually given now to the same period. In less than one thirteenth of the book he carries French literature down to the year 1498; in a short forty pages he has despatched the *Chansons de Geste* and the Romances of the Round Table, the *Roman de la Rose* and the *Roman de Renart*, the *Fabliaux* and the *Mystères*, Villehardouin and Joinville, Jehan Froissart, and Philippe de Commynes. Why, if not because in his oft-expressed *opinion* the mediæval period receives now a much greater place than it deserves? To be sure, he has his reasons, which does not, perhaps, mean that *il a raison*. He very keenly explains that mediæval literature, even when written in France, is not exactly *French* literature, that it is rather European literature. Granted. Granted, too, at least for argument's sake, that "*rien ne ressemble à une Chanson de Geste comme une autre Chanson de Geste*" (p. 2), and also that "*une cathédrale gothique n'a rien de plus Français à Paris qu' à Cologne*" (p. 5). Would this be a reason for passing slightly over Gothic architecture in a history of French architecture, and for giving more importance to the Versailles palace than to the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame? The truth is, that Brunetière does not like mediæval literature; its lack of æsthetic preoccupations, its disregard of the limits of human possibilities so repel him, that he does not feel the thrill of enthusiasm which fill a Gaston Paris at the reading of some of the *laisses* of the *Chanson de Roland*, and that he is not delighted as others are by the artless sincerity and childlikeness of Joinville's narratives. And so we shall not advise any one to be satisfied with the new *Manuel*, so far as the Middle Ages are concerned. The blemish—for a blemish it is, need not, however, too much sadden us—for we may turn for fuller treatment to a slightly older *Manuel*, Gaston Paris's unequalled *Littérature Française au Moyen Age*.

But as soon as his eyes are turned toward the classical period Brunetière's vision becomes one of surpassing lucidity. Nothing can be better in its kind than his analysis of the various elements and of the objects of the Renaissance movement, than his differentiation of it from the Reformation, and his explanation of the acceptance of the former and the rejection of the latter by France.

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The conflict, simply in books, between individualism and what he would like to call socialism—that is, the substitution of social aims for the satisfaction of one's own individual tendencies—forms the subject of as masterly a description as may be found in any war history; and no one can fail to feel the contagion of the writer's enthusiasm when he at last moves in the same atmosphere as Louis XIV., Racine, and Bossuet.

No less interesting is his study of the disintegration of the classical ideal during the eighteenth century. His view of the period may be questioned; his demonstration that the great influences in the preparation of a new era were those first of the *Encyclopédie* and then of Rousseau, and not that of Voltaire, may be found somewhat inadequate. But then we must remember that he claims to be dealing solely with literature and not with the whole of national life.

There is less that will be new to most readers in the pages that deal with the modern period (1802–1875). The great literary fact of the century in France is Romanticism, and this fact had been thoroughly studied by him in his former work on French poetry in the nineteenth century. We commend, however, strongly to the reader the admirable pages which deal with Chateaubriand's influence. We own to a certain dislike of the pompous and vainglorious author of *Les Martyrs* and the *Mémoires d'Outre tombe*, but we know of no work in which the extraordinary effects that followed the publication of the *Génie du Christianisme* are made so clear and, on the whole, so fully justified.

Shall we now call attention to a few minor blemishes—for instance, to the fact that no place is given to Madame de Sévigné and to Saint-Simon, simply on the ground that the letters of the one and the memoirs of the other were not published until quite a long time after their death? We consider it a more agreeable and more useful task to single out the extraordinary merits of the book. The lines devoted to individual authors at the bottom of the pages, with their indication of sources, their bibliographical information, their wonderful accuracy of statement, the whole interspersed with most suggestive bits of comment, are almost as valuable as the discourse itself, and we do not hesitate to say that no one but Brunetière could have written them. But the chief interest of the book lies in its stimulating force. It is the book of a leader, of a teacher—nay, of a teacher of teachers. It marks a turning-point in the teaching of French literature. No one henceforth will be qualified to engage in that pursuit who has not taken the trouble to consult most of the works, the indications of which teem through Brunetière's pages. He has made shallowness impossible for the future, except for those who are determined to have it. Let us add that his style is almost entirely free from those features which were so long, and perhaps not unjustly, considered as very near to mannerism. He is as clear as he is compact and eloquent. Seldom, if ever, have we come across a literary performance that so admirably blends together the merits of the spoken and the written word.

Brunetière may or may not fulfil his half-expressed purpose of writing an "ampler and more detailed" history of French literature. He cannot render to the study of his chosen subject a greater service than he has done by the publication of his *Manuel*.*

Adolphe Cohn.

A STUDY OF THE MODERN WOMAN.†

The Gospel of Freedom is not a book to be read and forgotten within the hour. It is much too serious and thoughtful a commentary upon life—very modern, very original, curiously suggestive of some of the difficulties which our complicated civilisation involves. It is not the product of superficial or flippant observation; its criticism is sane, and the author's comprehension of many phases of character saves the satire from bitterness. Yet the novel is radical in its attitude toward conventionality. No one can read it understandingly without some mental readjustment. It does not solve problems, it suggests them; and it allows them to work themselves out, following as they change with changing

* Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Company have now in press an authorised translation of M. Brunetière's *Manuel*, with portraits

† The Gospel of Freedom. By Robert Herrick. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

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conditions, as they evolve unexpected difficulties and simplify themselves into unexpected results. The power of the book lies largely in this, and in the action of mind upon mind, the influence of one will upon another. It is a drama of character, in which each plays his part according to the force that is in him. And the force is not all of the author; the persons of the play have a life independent of his. They are not labelled with certain qualifications which they carry perpetually in spite of all temptation. They are humanly inconsistent. They change and shrivel and unfold; they make mistakes and struggle blindly through them. But they do not stand still; in one way or another there is always growth.

As a story the book is absorbing, although its action is largely intellectual. But in that way the most intense of our battles are fought. To-day we do not bombard a city to find our greatest successes or our bitterest failures. The motive, as the title indicates, lies in Adela Wilbur's love of intellectual freedom and her persistent effort to secure it. There is extraordinary penetration in the study of her alert, restless, selfish, complicated character, open to all influences, interested in too many things and too many sides of the same thing, fatally responsive to divergent impressions. She is always self-conscious in her search after freedom, always striving for the development of her own individuality, always—even in her most humiliating subversion of herself—the egoist. The independence she desires continually eludes her; she is dominated by natures stronger than her own. She gains liberty only to find that she has lost it. She emancipates herself again, but in reality it is only to enter a worse bondage. And her recognition of failure is the climax of the book, and for her the beginning of knowledge. It is an unusual study, but in real life there are many counterparts of Adela Wilbur. Some of them, however, have not her courage, and others are subjected fortunately to happier influences. The author's hand occasionally falters in his drawing of her; the picture is sometimes blurred. It is easier, for example, to understand Adela's separation from Wilbur than her marriage to him; and this is not because such a marriage is improbable, but because the author does not make us feel the compelling force of Wilbur's dominant energy. The failure is in the drawing of the man—a clever sketch, but left rather vague. Erard, the man who most strongly influences her life, is, on the contrary, sharply presented. His shrewd, intellectual, anæmic figure pervades the book and dominates Adela; but her real growth is attained in spite of him and made evident in the brilliant little dialogue in which she discovers him to himself.

Erard is her uncle's *protégé*, half painter, half writer, and too critical to be wholesomely either. At their first contact Adela interests him languidly. He

> "noted that the moulding of her face had been begun freely and graciously. Nothing was final. It might be interesting to know where the next few years would place the emphasis. Meantime the impulse of life was throbbing in that face actively, generously. To feel, to understand, and, what is more, to act swiftly—a promise of such powers it held forth."

It is this impulse of life which Adela follows, which fills her with a vague curiosity. Erard divines her subtly with a cold intellectual interest; and it gives him power over her. She quickens to his realisation that she "has the great rebellion," and responds to it. "I feel as if I wanted to take the present in my hands," she says, "and crush it. And you are responsible for unchaining the animal in me, for rousing an appetite. I shall die if I can't feed the animal somehow!"

Nevertheless she breaks away from this critical influence to marry Wilbur, a type of the American business man, whose vigorous energy masters her for the moment. In response to Molly Parker's criticism that she takes life, marriage, her career "like a thorough course in self-development," she says, "There is this life, and I *will* make the most of it." To which Molly replies, "And there are other things which we cannot manage always. We can only dream and hope, for, after all, life may be too great for you and break you." Yet there is nothing of the expected and obvious in the development of the drama thus delicately foreshadowed. The scene shifts to Chicago. And the picture of the city is not the author's, nor even Adela's; it is already her impression of what Erard's opinion would be. To Adela the place is hard and barren

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and ugly, and she drifts away from her husband in this as in all things. Her discovery of his loose ideas of honour precipitates her revolt, though she realises that "one didn't leave one's husband because he was callous in business." She herself is partly unconscious of the importance of Erard as a factor in her decision. When he meets her afterward in front of a Holbein in the Louvre, he arrogantly takes control of her again. "You concluded that we are right," he says without surprise, "we who care solely for sensations and ideas." From this point he becomes more and more her master, using her selfishly for his own ends, dominating her coldly, cruelly, forcing her to continual sacrifices while he gives up nothing. It is a vampire-like influence. Erard's are all interested motives, and gradually Adela awakens to a comprehension of them. Her enthusiasm for the rarefied artistic atmosphere of Florence wanes, "a gradual languor stupefied her will. . . . Beauty that she had worshipped so passionately had escaped her, was fleeing further every dead day." The author follows this change in her with extraordinary penetration, a subtle understanding of feminine values. It is Jennings, the one fine virile masculine character in the book, who finally shows her the truth :

"It hasn't succeeded, has it? There isn't any real difference between these people, Erard's Art Endeavour Circle and protestants in general, and the good people of Chicago. . . . On the whole, they aren't so good, they are nearer dead ; the others have a race to run, and these have only their graves to dig. . . . They are all much alike, these sighers after art and beauty. A poor lot, take them as a whole, who decide to eat honey all their lives ! . . . Chiefly Americans, who, finding America too incomplete, come here and accomplish nothing."

And his conclusion is, perhaps, one motive of the book :

"To accept the world as it comes to our hands, and to shape it painfully without regard for self—that brings the soul to peace."

In this way, with such personal indifference, is Adela prepared to rebuke Erard, when thinking her fortune secure to him through her divorce, he adopts the sentimental attitude. Here she finally comes into her own. For this brilliant woman's failure is not all failure. There is a fine optimism behind her realisation that she "must learn how to live." "I am content," she says at last. "I have found out after all my blundering what kind of a world it is. A big place ! One must not shiver in it."

The lesser characters are well worked out, though Jennings and Wilbur are a bit shadowy—the exponents of certain ideas rather than well-rounded human beings. Molly, who finds freedom without seeking it, is a delightful foil for her too serious and too intense friend. And Adela's mother, with her rambling, haphazard, irrational talk, and the uncle who assists Erard because of his own unsatisfied youth—these are some of the characters who help to round out the book. The background is there, too, and the art talk is cleverly natural. In the Chicago part some of the city's problems are dragged in abruptly, and civic corruption is dealt with in sledge-hammer fashion. The satire is wholesome, but it is not deft enough to be artistic. Yet in the description of the city, harsh as it is, there are touches of its dignity and its fine enthusiasms. The book is important, however, not for these things, but as a study of life. Its great merit is that there are big ideas behind it.

Lucy Monroe.

LITERARY STATESMEN AND OTHERS.*

There is a story of Goethe to the effect that when the tidings of the French Revolution of 1830 reached Weimar, he asked Soret, "What do you think of this great event?" referring not to what was on every mind, but to the contest in the French Academy between Cuvier and Saint-Hilaire over the true way of conceiving organic nature. The same racking interrogation was propounded to me on the evening of May 1st, by the wag who for some weeks had been amused at my researches in the newspapers for inspired "war poetry ;" and he seemed a little surprised that, like a true son of Yale, I did not betake myself in pajamas to Washington Square and turn handsprings in honour of Commodore Dewey. The fact is, that nothing short of an announcement of Congress reverently laying aside six of the six hundred million war appropriation for the encour-

* Literary Statesmen and Others. By Norman Hapgood. Chicago : H. S. Stone & Company. $1.50.

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agement of arts and letters could at that time have entirely accorded with my exalted mood, for I was reading, in Mr. Hapgood's rather remarkable volume of essays, of the exigencies of American criticism. Dreams aside, to herald as of equal importance with the grand victory at Manila the rise of a penetrating and well-equipped critic, who is not an avoider but a courageous solver of difficulties attending the development of our literature and drama, savours, perhaps, of the dogmatism which afflicted Mr. Morley when he claimed that one who could have contributed even in the humblest degree to European peace in 1759 had performed a vastly greater service to mankind than any book which Voltaire might have written. But there are triumphs of peace beyond Mr. Morley's highest conception, as well as of war, and among the former must be reckoned a collection of critical essays like Mr. Hapgood's, possessing a clear, sharp, negative freshness of judgment—as serious and weighty as they are judicial, and themselves not without distinction of style.

This is important, because, whether he analyses the writings (rather than the statesmanship) of Lord Rosebery, Mr. John Morley, and Mr. Balfour, or animadverts upon Stendhal, or appreciates Mr. James, Mr. Brownell, Mr. La Farge, and Mrs. Van Rensselaer, incessant emphasis is laid on the style, rather than the value and contents of their writings. To Mr. Hapgood style is not only the man, but the race. He finds a fulcrum in Lord Rosebery's humour, and in Mr. Balfour's different manner, when it is not the fighter, but the person of taste who speaks; Mr. Morley's little verbal offences, such as his excessive use of superlatives, and of the adverb "rightly" or "excellently" with "said" in quotations, are "obviously parts of a larger limitation;" Beyle's poverty of vocabulary suggests how external was his acquaintance with the elevation and ferocity which he ascribed to the Bible and Michael Angelo, and Mr. Brownell is "one whose powers are shown largely in the selection of words."

One's first impression is that the stylistic standpoint is a little narrow and exclusive, especially where an attempt is made to disentangle philosophical theories without resort to the historical method; and that it is subversive of a true proportion when a different magnifying power is applied, as with Mr. Morley and Mr. Balfour. Probably no public, except the French, comes naturally to perceive that style, far from being a thing apart, justly and precisely mirrors the man. As Mr. Hapgood says, "expert handling of what we all feel capable of handling bores us, and even insults us." At best stylistic analysis seems to many a neglect of the subject-matter of art for its processes, and the analyst merely a skilful teacher of rhetoric, who might as well turn his attention to tasting teas or feeling the texture of silks. Of course, this is all wrong. Literary qualities are a criterion of qualities that are more than literary, nor is criticism sure and exhaustive which has not this note of detachment and penetration.

Mr. Hapgood is least satisfactory in the essay on Stendhal, which noticeably deviates from the psychological trend of the others. It is of the nature of an exposition, and though doubtless designed to bear less urgently on Beyle's limitations than his characteristics within his limitations, may be said to constitute an arraignment. One gets a curious glimpse of a man to whom expression was the whole of art; who thought Kant shallow, although himself professing to care only for movements of the soul; who missed the whole value of music and colour. But there are a multitude of other touches which, to one who has read *La Chartreuse de Parme* or *Le Rouge et le Noir*, do not blend into a veracious portrait of their author. True in every detail, the essay is unconvincing as a whole. Indeed, such is Mr. Hapgood's selection of striking, rather than typical, incidents and quotations, that where he is least judicial—that is, most expository, he evinces his greatest powers in the way of detraction. That he knew perfectly well what he was about appears in the dig with which he dismisses his victim, which contrasts finely with his luminous summaries of the work of Mr. Morley and Mr. Balfour.

There is no doubt that Mr. Hapgood is a good deal of an iconoclast, even for one who believes, with the rest of us, that American criticism has been too lenient and that our infant literary in-

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dustries will be the stronger for a little buffeting. The peculiar sting which attaches to some of his most casual remarks will, I fear, convey to superficial minds the impression that he is at times not only unsympathetic, but caustic. One comes, for example, upon the following :

"Thus Beyle is as far from being an artist as possible."

"Even in Mr. Ruskin he [Mérimée] sees a use."

And while the word "failure" is four times, in as many pages, attached like an icicle to the literary shortcomings of Lord Rosebery, there is "something disheartening" even in Mr. Morley's "words of hope." And what shall be said of the implications of this :

"Honesty is not the only quality which keeps Mr. Cox from pleasing the public"?

And of the final denial to Mr. Cox of "the love of beauty and of poetry"?

Now even if it were true that Mr. Kenyon Cox lacked so much, which at least one of Mr. Hapgood's quotations seems to me to disprove, it can hardly be said that we are emotionally prepared for so stringent a statement. This is in part because the essayist does not get at conclusions by means of syllogisms. His logic is without constructiveness. Like Mr. James, he hovers about a thought, delicately pricking it here and there, only, in his case, the last prick, quite unintentionally and utterly without malice, may be a stab. This is also a matter of tone—of pressing into a phrase a whole point of view. Beyond any doubt Mr. Hapgood has, besides the playfulness just mentioned, "the something," attributed to Mrs. Van Rensselaer, "that gives importance to elementary things said simply." But his simplicities, although to an expert having "the accent that comes of previous respectful meditation," are sometimes too arresting. Mr. Archer couldn't say them, Mr. Walkeley wouldn't, and Mr. Shaw could and would—with an atmosphere radiating a certain joy even to the condemned.

Mr. Hapgood is the first of our younger critics who might safely be advised to cultivate the human note. He has a fine sense of incongruities, but it rarely takes the form of humour or colour. The moment he verges on the picturesque, he waxes psychological. Commenting on Beyle's characteristic bit of description, "The sea breaks gently, Ischia is in sight. The ices are excellent," he says :

"What is more subtle to a man whose whole life is an experiment in taste, what more suggestive, what more typical, than an ice?"

And again,

"The man who cannot take an ice seriously cannot take Stendhal sympathetically."

Finally, there are a number of minor matters, such as his adroit turning of quotations and his exquisite manipulation of prepositions, the importance of which, in the light of his own minute study of style, cannot here be exaggerated. In the absence of a preface, it should, perhaps, be added that several of these papers appeared originally in the *Contemporary Review* and the *Bachelor of Arts*.

George Merriam Hyde.

THE PRIDE OF JENNICO.*

Some one said not long ago, as has been said often before, that a real love story is almost the rarest thing in literature. Its achievement is the aim of ninety-nine out of a hundred novelists, yet the whole field of fiction is crowded with failures, while the successes are curiously few and far between. Some of the greatest story-tellers have failed most signally, and others, realising, apparently, the difficulty of the attempt, have delayed it too long. Stevenson, for instance, had just begun to put his art seriously to the test for the first time when the curtain went down on love and hate and all earthly passions.

It is not easy to understand just why it should be so difficult to realise in fiction one of the most familiar facts of life. For although there may be here and there lucky men and luckier women who are not cursed with a capacity for the grand passion, there can hardly be a man or a woman who has not encountered the beautiful, terrible thing in some form. And having once even seen it, whether nearby or afar off, one never forgets, so that no general lack of understanding as to what love is can be the reason for the strange rarity of the real love story.

* The Pride of Jennico. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. New York : The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

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The explanation must remain, then, mainly speculative. It may be profoundly psychological or purely scientific or simply technical. There might be a poetic thesis that love's subtle essence eludes the too solid grasp of cold type. There might be a cruel yet kind theory that love had been too dimly seen, and realised as the blind realise colour. Or, on the other hand, there might be a logical argument that this is as it is because high art is longer than human love.

But an exception appears now and then to prove the rule, and to be hailed with delight, and the most recent and most notable instance is *The Pride of Jennico*. Here, for once in a way, is a real love story, charming by the sole might of that single fact.

The names of the authors are unfamiliar. The tale is not especially well written, although the work is good. It is not particularly original, although the motive is by no means hackneyed. It is neither uncommonly large nor wide nor deep. It is not informed with any problem except the one solved by Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden.

The story's irresistible charm is the charm of young lovers, who may not be wise, or brilliant, or beautiful, or in any way distinguished, yet who are nevertheless by reason of love's universality attractive and interesting to all the world. Let him who doubts note the kindness and sympathy of the smiles that follow the veriest lout and his lass along the city's most sophisticated thoroughfares.

This, however, is merely to argue the charm of love *per se*, and not to intimate that the characters of the tale are humble or dull. On the contrary, Basil Jennico and Mademoiselle Ottilie are a handsome pair, occupying high and important places in the social scheme. Out of that very fact grows the motive of the story. Basil, a handsome, spirited young Englishman, has lived the life of a country squire up to the time that he unexpectedly falls heir to a great and fabulously ancient estate. Ottilie is the beautiful, mischievous sister of a prince, one of those German princes who reigned absolute monarchs of the little kingdom which once bordered the Rhine, for the story antedates united Germany.

It begins in the most delightfully romantic way. The young squire, with his rank and riches new upon him, goes out alone to find the world. The princess, weary of ceremony—from which she has never been free—goes out, accompanied only by her maid, to get away from the world. The three meet by accident in a wood, and straightway fall in love, knowing no more than each other's names. And these tell nothing to Basil at least, since both girls are called Ottilie, so that chance leads him to mistake the mistress for the maid, when he learns that one of the two is a princess. Out of this come the complications which make the charming story. The princess encourages the mistake, longing to be loved at least once for her own sake. But Basil resists with all his might. The pride of Jennico demands that he shall marry his equal, and if possible his superior; and although he cannot help giving his heart to his supposed inferior, he can and does offer his hand to the pseudo-princess. There are many amusing complications, and humour of the sweetest, most spontaneous kind is one of the characteristics of the work. The perplexity and dismay of the sober-going, homely maid, who is not at all in love with anybody, is delightfully portrayed. But she is as helpless as Basil in the princess's little hands, for when was ever wisdom, any more than ambition, a match for the wit of a woman in love? And poor Basil also is deeply, hopelessly, irrevocably in love. There is never a doubt of it, or that he hates the pseudo-princess when she accepts him, stipulating for a secret marriage on account of reasons of state. Yet he marries her, for a man can sometimes control what he does, though he cannot always control what he feels. He performs his part to perfection, too, helped by the fact that the veiled bride comes to the altar without the little witch of a "maid," whose dark eyes wiled the very soul out of his body. But when the marriage vows are spoken, and he drives away with his wife, and the veil is thrown back, it is the "maid," not the mistress, whom he finds by his side. The mixture of rage and delight which the revelation brings are true to life and good reading. Basil accepts the situation—since there is nothing else to do—and looses all the love he has hitherto held back with an iron hand. And yet—being human—

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he cannot forgive her. No matter how the golden days fly under the witchery of her presence—and the reader feels and is not merely told how bewitching she is—the wound to his pride never ceases to rankle. At last it comes about that his sense of injury breaks out. He reproaches her with deception. There is a bitter quarrel, for she has a fiery spirit—as most charming women have—and beside himself with anger, he tells her that the deceit practised by her at the marriage renders its legality entirely dependent upon his generosity.

"'You married me before God's altar,' she said in a sort of whisper; 'you married me and you took me home.' I was still too angry to stay my tongue. 'I married the Princess,' I said, 'but I took the servant home.' A burning tide of blood rushed to her brow; I saw it unseeing, as a man does in a passion; . . . next she grew livid white, and spread out her hands, as though a precipice had suddenly opened before her; and then she cried—'And this is your English honour!' and turning on her heel left me."

Without another word, without Basil's knowledge, she passes out of his house and out of his life. At first he vows furiously—so curiously close together are hate and love—that he will never lift a finger until she sues for pardon. "She should be taught who was master." Then the love that is stronger than all else begins tugging at his very heart-strings, and the search for her is begun.

The knowledge of her connection with the court, erroneous as his understanding of its nature is, guides his earliest movements. It is nothing now that his wife is only a maid; nothing matters if he may only find her and win her back to him. The resistless concentration of the search communicates itself. Ottilie becomes the centre of the universe, the sole object worth seeing, hearing, or thinking of throughout the whole empty earth.

Regardless of distance, of difficulty, and dangers he fights his way, defying even the ridicule evoked by his first blundering, mistaken approaches to the court. But there is something so fine in his recklessness that even the scoffers applaud, and approve the dignity with which he bears himself when he learns that it is the princess's window, not the maid's, which he finally storms.

But there are no further echoes from Romeo. On the contrary, the work is singularly free from morbidity. It is wholesome and sunny as the first of May, and driven now and then by a gust of March—as true love should be—altogether the best love story in many a month.

Nancy Huston Banks.

THE LATER RENAISSANCE.*

In this the second volume of Professor Saintsbury's series of "Periods of European Literature," Mr. Hannay has coped with not the least arduous of the twelve tasks, all more or less Herculean, imposed by its plan. The palmy days of Spain, the spacious times of Elizabeth, France of the Pléiade, and the Italy of Tasso—all to be expounded in less than 400 pages of large print! And the difficulty lay by no means altogether in the formidable range of learning implied. If the book was to be a book, and not a series of slices from several literary histories strung together, the elements of common aim and inspiration, the fundamental animus of the whole epoch had to be brought, and kept, continually in the reader's view. Mr. Hannay has expressed this common note of the Renascence in a sentence which it would be hard to better:

"A love of beauty, a sense of joy, a vehement longing for strong expressions of individual character and of passion, a delight in the exercise of a bold inquisitive intellect—all these and the reaction from them, which is a deep melancholy, are the notes of the Renaissance."

This, however, occurs on almost the last page; not, where it was more needed, on one of the first; and, in general, the constructive ideas which the book undoubtedly contains are hardly emphasised in proportion to the natural dispersiveness of the material they should bind together.

The *pièce de résistance* of the volume is clearly the account of Spanish literature which occupies the first half. Mr. Hannay is here a past master, and his pronounced and independent criticism gives his work definite value, notwithstanding its hopelessly inadequate scale. The latter defect is most apparent in the two chapters on the drama, one of which, in

* The Later Renaissance. By David Hannay. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

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some thirty pages, relates its course from the dim origins to the "School of Calderon," while the other describes some five typical plays. Where those "heroes of fertility," Calderon and Lope, come off so hardly, others can have little to expect; but one may demur to the summary dismissal, as one of "Calderon's school," of a consummate artist like Moreto, who was not only the author of one or two of the most perfect comedies in the world, but, unlike most of his fellow-dramatists in Spain, had the gift of creating character. On the whole we think that Mr. Hannay does something less than justice to the Spanish stage, though his incisive criticisms are always instructive. He seems to be by constitution excessively alive to the defects of Romanticism, and is apt to handle the glittering arabesques of Spanish fancy with the irritated sarcasm of a Jeffrey reviewing Keats. Yet nothing is harder to appreciate than the full significance of the imagery of an alien people. How many of Shakespeare's daring phrases, which to us seem to capture the very soul of passion while glaringly remote from any language it is ever heard to use, would have seemed foolishness to the Greeks!

The chapter on the novelists deals with a more limited field, and is one of the most striking in the book. Unlike many of his predecessors, Mr. Hannay writes of the romances of chivalry in language not paraphrased from the early chapters of *Don Quixote;* he can intervene to point out the humble merits of a maligned species; while, on the other hand, he applies a needed corrective to the high reputation readily yielded by our age of realism to the "Picaresque" forerunners of Fielding and Le Sage.

Elizabethan Renascence was more trodden ground, and to tread it again craved warier walking. It must be owned that we are sometimes disposed to ask in these chapters: Why once more the familiar story—the familiar points reiterated with the familiar emphasis—how Greene was a bad liver but a sweet lyrist, and Marlowe a glorious poet but a poor dramatist; how the *Jew of Malta* falls off toward the end, and the sublimity of *Faustus* is mixed with horseplay? It is true that many acute remarks, and especially some highly suggestive comparisons with Spain, are interspersed. Take, for instance, this really valuable dramaturgic observation:

> "In England, as in Spain, much was inevitably written to please what may be called the bear-garden element in the audience. In Spain this tended to separate itself into the *pasos*, *mojigangas*, *entremeses*, dances, and so forth, which were given between the three *jornadas* of the *comedia*. With us, all was thrown into the five acts of the play, and this difference in mechanical arrangement was not without influence on literary form."

But we wish that, instead of this *rechauffé* a little flavoured and seasoned, Mr. Hannay had given us a thorough reworking of the whole history in its relation to the Renascence. That has never been done in its entirety, though many beginnings have been made—I may call attention to the very scholarly treatise of Dr. Rudolf Fischer, *Zur Kunstentwicklung der englischen Tragödie*, and it would have been a proper task for this book. As Mr. Hannay well says, England occupied in this respect a middle place between Spain, which resisted classical influence, and France, which absorbed it. Hardly one considerable English writer was untouched by it, none adopted it intact; in Spenser, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Sidney, Sackville, Lyly it suffered a transmutation into something (in varying degrees) "rich and strange." The Eclogue in Spenser, the Greek "Euphues" in Ascham and Lyly, Achilles and Cæsar in Shakespeare, and many another example of the glorious barbarism of the English Renascence, however familiar individually, would have gained immensely by being organised in a continuous narrative. Instead of this, Mr. Hannay thinks it necessary to regale us with Steevens' well-worn summary of "all that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakespeare," and to inveigh against the entire superstructure raised thereon by subsequent scholarship as "guess work," distinguished only in degree from the achievements of Miss Delia Bacon. That is petulant. But the petulance is, it must be owned, rooted in a genuine passion for first-hand contact with literature, and an impatience of whatever tampers with the freshness of immediate impressions. This healthy independence is everywhere apparent in Mr. Hannay's book, and gives it virility and force even where, as we must think, a subtler and more pene-

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trating sympathy would have made it richer and deeper. We will not part with it without emphasising once more the many-sided learning it displays, the high excellence of several chapters, and the felicities of observation scattered through all.

C. H. Herford.

POINTS OF VIEW IN MORALITY.*

This is a very curious book. As poetry it is undeserving of any consideration at all. As a sort of kaleidoscope of social morality it is well worth noticing. As the author defines its purpose, its contents "deal mostly with one particular moral offence considered from the standpoints of those who sin and those who sit in judgment; incidentally also they treat of the influences which go to form these standpoints." The real motive in it all is to show that immorality of any kind lies in conduct which a man or a woman regards as being in violation of his or her own moral standard. "On the other hand," says Mr. Colmore, "conduct which is not beneath the individual's own standard—however reprehensible from the point of view of the community at large—does not totally destroy moral fibre, and if once the individual can be induced to raise his standard, there may be sufficient moral strength in him to live up to it."

This thesis is not particularly novel. It is based upon the old argument that morality, and, in fact, all standards of conduct, are essentially conventional, and this in a way is true. The infanticide who strangles a new-born babe to hide her own shame is, in every sense of the word, criminal and bad; the Hindu mother who throws her child to a crocodile in discharge of a religious duty is neither bad nor criminal. The difference lies wholly, not in the act but in the motive of the act and in the manner in which each woman in her own heart regards it. The modern thief who sneaks into a hallway and purloins an overcoat is a felon; the Spartan youth who stole and then escaped detection was a clever student of strategy, and in all probability a successful soldier of the future. The difference is found in the particular point of view.

Now Mr. Colmore gives us twelve poems, or at any rate, metrical studies, to illustrate the same difference in one single sphere—that of sins of sexuality; and the verses have all the interest which attaches itself inevitably to this theme; for, disguise it as we will, it is the sex-relation which affects most profoundly the character and the happiness, if not the actual careers, of civilised men and women. But the difficulty which confronts the application of the general thesis to the particular moral offence in question, lies just here. In our age and in our social life, except among the most ignorant and degraded, it is absurd to look for any such fundamental difference in the point of view as Mr. Colmore has assumed. Of all the social virtues, chastity is the one regarding which all civilised men and women who deserve the name are taught to hold precisely the same belief; and they do hold it to the extent that they cannot seriously assert that they ignore it. Centuries upon centuries of custom and of religious training have established a law of life that rules the thought, at least, of human beings; and when their conduct does not harmonise with such a law, then they may offer such excuses as they can; but they must not take refuge in the plea that their "moral standards" are different from those of their neighbours. They may urge the strength of temptation; in particular instances and under exceptional circumstances, they may find at times a very strong defence for an infraction of the moral code; but they cannot plead a personal point of view to justify them in their conduct; for the point of view, when it is general rather than one relating to a special case, is a point of view which they have laboriously taught themselves to hold, and which they really hold with a most self-conscious insincerity.

To come down to Mr. Colmore's instances, let us take just one—his rather strong poem and the most strikingly illustrative of all—embodied in the verses entitled "In a Smoking Room." The hero of it, who tells the story as he sits by the fire over a pipe, has loved in a careless way a woman named Nell, who had given up everything for him;

* Points of View, and Other Poems. By G. Colmore. London: Gay & Bird.

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"I gave her a sort of home,
With a sort of love thrown in,
She wasn't so good as her wistful face,
But the devil's touch 'midst the woman's grace
Gave piquancy to sin.

"She suited me well enough,
Prim face and the devil's ways;
And we went together, she and I,
In the usual fashion till by and by
Years grew out of the days."

Then finally the gentleman met a woman of his own world and married her, first turning the lady of the prim face and the devil's ways into the street—gently and courteously, but very firmly. Subsequently he experienced some sort of *débâcle*, not clearly indicated, in his affairs, and dropped out of the sight of his own set, with a tarnished name and the savour of disgrace upon him. Then his wife deserted him.

"Love? She could never have loved,
Or she couldn't have looked unstirred,
By pity at least upon my shame,
Have turned from my love and my tarnished name
Without so much as a word."

Well, it then transpired that Nell had been very successful in her own particular career, which was not a nice one; and now that her former "friend" had fallen so low, she came back to him and offered to share her heart once more with him, as she had loved him all along, and to support the *ménage à deux* with the wages of her successful sin. She did not ask to be his wife—only his comrade, his slave—anything, for she loved him still. Whereupon he accepted, apparently with joy, and later was thinking of giving her his name as well as his society, when she suddenly died. He ends his soliloquy with some rather incoherent rhapsodies upon the strangeness of a woman's nature, and in the last stanza he is drawing the cork from a fresh bottle.

Now this is all very interesting, but we cannot for the life of us see just where the moral lesson comes in; for here the illustration surely does not in any way support the main proposition, because this particular man, though he thought that he was doing a fine thing in going back to Nell, and that he was spiritually purified, was in reality descending into a still lower deep, under the circumstances, than he had occupied before. He surely had not "raised his standard." This hardly needs any elucidation; and if his point of view justified him, then one can only say that self-deception, when it is obviously in one's own material interest, cannot be regarded as having any connection, however remote, with an ethical principle, for its very possession shows just how besotted and irredeemable the self-deceiver has become.

All these poems are of very much the same sort—very curious reading, and very shaky on the ethical as on the logical side. In fact, they are none of them imagined very strongly even from the standpoint of Mr. Colmore's own thesis, and some of them (the one cited, for example) might have been easily modified so as to make them very much more puzzling than they are for a conventional moralist to criticise. If the same sort of thing had been undertaken in verse by Mr. Arthur Symonds, for instance, the result might have been morally worse, perhaps, because it would have been far more plausible; but it would at any rate have given the reader much more intellectual gratification. And Mr. Colmore might very advantageously have studied the technique of Mr. Symonds's *London Nights*, and either have given us verse that had other merits than mere prosodiacal correctness, or might else have taken to prose outright, for that would have been both easier to write and not essentially different in its literary character from the extremely awkward verse which goes to make up *Points of View*.

Harry Thurston Peck.

CALEB WEST.*

We all know "a man's man" when we see him, and a man's book is about as easy to recognise. To this class *Caleb West* belongs; and this is not to say that the book will appeal only to men, any more than one can say that a man's man is not often uncommonly attractive to women. But the man or the woman who reads Mr. Hopkinson Smith's latest story will soon find that its chief interest lies in the things out-of-doors, in the deeds and the point of view of the men who plan and construct light-houses.

* Caleb West—Master Diver. By F. Hopkinson Smith. With illustrations by Malcolm Fraser and Arthur I. Keller. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

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Some of us know about as much of submarine labours as we learn in helping to put down the moorings of a catboat in the spring and to get them up at the end of the summer; and many of us do not even know how this is done. The men who have any real knowledge of light-house construction, and can tell the world about it in a narrative more readable than a government expert, are almost as rare as the lights at the entrance to New York Harbour in wartime. But happily Mr. Smith is one of them, and the added equipment of a painter's vision and a native gift of telling a story has put it in his power to lead the light-house builders, brain and brawn, out of the background in which they have hitherto lurked into a foreground of positive clearness and interest. Their exploits above and beneath the water, their wealth of resource and indomitable courage, inspire the reader with as true an enthusiasm for them as the writer manifestly feels.

What may be called the feminine interest of the story is hardly of less importance than the masculine. The two women who play the leading feminine rôles are Betty, the mere girl, who marries the old master-diver, and Mrs. Leroy, the rich and clever woman of the world, whose friendship is everything to Henry Sanford, the young engineer. Inherently the positions in which these women find themselves are not unrelated, for Betty's marriage with the gray-beard Caleb does not wholly satisfy her, and Mrs. Leroy's has proved so complete a disappointment that she and her husband live apart. But the unschooled Betty nearly wrecks her life and Caleb's by running away with a worthless fellow who inspires her with a brief infatuation; and while this tragedy is going forward, Mrs. Leroy, loving and truly loved by Sanford, has the better knowledge and strength which hold her relations toward him within the bounds of friendship. It cannot be said that the course of either woman makes for happiness. But the contrast between the outward show of lives that have an inward kinship suggests many things which the writer has the wise reserve to leave unexploited; yet the reader can hardly fail to note them.

And how do the engineer and the diver bear themselves toward the two women who have most to do with their lives? Quite as such out-of-doors men of the types which these two represent might be expected to bear themselves. Caleb's heart is unfalteringly in the right place, but for a time he is wrong-headed. Sanford is consistently right-hearted and right-headed, valuing his relations with his dearest friend for what they truly were, and strong enough to stop himself in time when once he came near breaking down their barriers and endangering "the ideal of that loyalty to another in her which he venerated most." Their friendship throughout is of the sort which would suggest thin ice, if that which lies below such a surface were not so cool; and Mr. Smith's treatment of it is touched here and there with a subtlety one is not quite prepared to find in a production on the whole so breezy.

It must be confessed that one character in the tale, Major Tom Slocomb, of Pocomoke, Md., is something of a bore. This "distinguished Pocomokian," as he is perhaps too frequently called, might be defined in a free paraphrase of Healey, as a deal of Colonel Carter, just a streak of Falstaff, and something of the Mulligan of Thackeray. He is credited with the possession of a "delicate sense of honour that saved him from pure vagabondage," yet in spite of the good qualities which he certainly had, such a one in life would be tolerated with difficulty. Even for the man he is shown to be, and under the circumstances of the moment, he surely goes a step too far when he arrays himself in the yachting clothes of the absent Morgan Leroy, and Mrs. Leroy's complacency takes the step too far with him when it allows her to feel "the keenest appreciation of the humour of the situation." In the drawing of another character, Carleton, the villain of the piece, there might, perhaps, have been a clearer showing of the motives of his villainy. The man seems almost gratuitously a thorn in the flesh. In another point, too, one feels a slight disappointment—that the abrupt dismissal of Mrs. Leroy and Sanford leaves one in a needless uncertainty about their relations in the future. If "that is another story," well and good.

It is something more than human to make a book without trivial blemishes. It is also rare to find a story with characters and incidents of a sort which is

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not thrice familiar. Mr. Smith's persons and their performances are fresh and, on the whole, most attractive; and the spirited manner of his narrative renders the making of their acquaintance a genuine pleasure. To hear them speaking in their proper persons, like a Stevenson, of "the towers we founded and the lamps we lit," and to see them toiling with brain and body to guide the daily putting home of "peace and her huge invasion to these shores," widens appreciably one's horizon of sympathy, and makes every light on the seaboard mean something more than an established fact.

M. A. De Wolfe Howe.

FOLKS FROM DIXIE.*

This little book comes with more importance than many larger works, and deserves especial attention for several reasons. It has claims on purely literary grounds. It is well written, it is better than well thought, it is most profoundly felt. The stories are firm, clear-cut, and interesting enough in themselves to lift the volume above the level of the books of the month.

In addition to this, and beyond it, the work is notable as the first expression in national prose fiction of the inner life of the American negro. For, strangely enough, although his figure and his characteristics have formed prominent and picturesque factors of national literature for nearly half a century, never until now has he spoken a word for himself. It should, perhaps, be said that Mr. Dunbar's poems, published about a year ago, were the first utterance from behind the impenetrable curtain separating the black American from the white. But the poems were mostly far-off musical murmurings of the same sad and humorous truths now distinctly and forcibly told in these simple tales.

The marked difference between these new stories from the inside and the old ones from the outside is hardly apparent, however, at a glance. The first story in particular is quite familiar; there seems nothing more to be told concerning the peculiarities of the negro idea of "getting religion"—which is, after all, rather more satisfactory and certainly more definite than our own. The coloured seeker gets religion or he does not; it is almost as simple as passing through a hole in a fence. At all events, he is never left on the fence, as the white brother too often is. Several of the stories prove this more or less interestingly and conclusively, and "The Trial Sermon on Bull-Skin" is among the best of the kind.

But the force and originality of the work are revealed more fully in four slight sketches. These alone would win a place apart for the author as one having authority. In them he makes a complete departure from the lines that other writers have traversed, and enters where they have not attempted to tread. In them he reveals the spiritual, moral, social, and domestic life of his race, as they have never been revealed, for the reason that they have never before been described from within. Surely no one standing without could see and feel "The Ordeal at Mt. Hope" as the author sees and feels it. The beautiful maternity of the grotesque black mother and the grim dignity of the repulsive black father; the appeal to mercy and justice for their degraded son, "who was an epitome of the evil as his parents were of the sorrows of the place;" the squalor, the ignorance, and the vice of the race's environment—all blended in a deep, far cry of *Weltschmertz*. Well might the young preacher, whose ordeal is the struggle to raise his people, feel the uselessness of preaching; "that he would only be dashing his words against the accumulated evil of years of bondage as the ripples of a summer sea beat against a stone wall. . . . It was not the wickedness of this boy he was fighting, nor the wrong-doing of Mt. Hope. It was the aggregation of the evil done by the fathers, the grandfathers, the masters, and the mistresses of these people." The humble nature of the efforts made by the preacher for the advancement of Mt. Hope shows the complete sincerity of Mr. Dunbar's knowledge of his sad subject.

There is the same unflinching frankness in "The Deliberations of Mr. Dunkin," although the story is in quite another vein, and deals humorously with matters *à la mode* in fashionable coloured society. The author might say as one of the modish damsels of the story says: "I knows coloured folks, I kin shet my

* Folks from Dixie. By Paul L. Dunbar. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

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eyes an' put my han's on 'em in de da'k." And yet with all the story's unsparing revelations, the fundamental motives and emotions seem much like those which move most men and women of higher education and lighter complexions.

The sketch striking the deepest note of the universal is the one entitled "Jimsella." It covers only some eight or nine pages, and is almost entirely psychological, yet it rounds the common destiny of humanity. It contains but two characters, Jim and Mandy, unless the atom of a baby in its bundle of rags may be counted a third. The little tale is very short, very simple, and very piteous. The ignorant husband and wife drift from a plantation home of comparative comfort to the rigorous poverty of a New York tenement. Jim finds the change too hard to bear, and deserts Mandy. When he wanders back there is a baby in the bundle of rags, and after the first anger of the meeting has passed he asks the child's name.

"'I calls huh Jimsella, dat's what I calls huh, ca'se she's de ve'y spittin' image of you. . . .

"They were both silent for a while, and then Jim said: 'Huh name ought to be Jamsella—don't you know Jim's sho't fur James?'

"'I don't keer what it sho't fur!' The woman was holding the baby close to her breast and sobbing now. 'It wasn't no James dat come a-cou'in me down home. It was jes plain Jim.'"

And so the simple story passes, with the softening of the black father's heart to a tender, infinitely human close. The last of the work is better than the first, and the book will repay thoughtful re-reading after it has been read solely for entertainment.

George Preston.

A ROMANCE OF REALISM.*

Mr. Le Gallienne has a delicate mastery in his peculiar field of "prose fancy" which cannot be hidden even when he writes what he calls a romance. There is a richness of suggestion and a poetic value in his work which no realism can obscure; but *The Romance of Zion Chapel* is curiously like a realistic novel. It is Mr. Howells's theory, I think, that no grown person really cares much about the story, but only wants to know what the novelist has to say about it. It is a little bewildering to find a disciple of the new idealism telling his story more nearly according to this theory than do the realists themselves. For Mr. Le Gallienne is always taking you apart and talking over the situation and characters with you, and instead of resenting this you are only sorry that the story should occasionally interrupt Mr. Le Gallienne. There is a very subtle appeal in this intimate form of narrative. It has something of the quality which the author attributes to women's letters, when he says:

"Why don't women publish volumes of their letters, as men collect their scattered essays? There is no writing in the world more immediately, conqueringly personal than a really clever woman's letters; and they are not always compromising."

But this "conqueringly personal" style is always more or less compromising to a writer of fiction. We who read will hold him responsible in a way we should not think of doing if he had retired discreetly behind the scenes after setting the puppets moving. Then, again, we are always being tempted to retort in the same personal tone.

Although there is very little action in the story, the sympathetic touches with which some of the homelier situations and characters are given will be a surprise to those who are expecting only that

> "Fantastic beauty, such as lurks
> In some wild Poet, when he works
> Without a conscience or an aim."

It is reassuring to read that the Chairman of the Literary and Philosophical Society sat "smiling benignantly with an expression that I can only compare to buttered rolls," and to hear how jovial Mr. Moggridge with "his huge red-whiskered laughter" devoted his spare energies to making Zion Chapel a "going concern," or how the stone mason, who had been a silent, pathetic old man, dies quietly at the time when it gives people least trouble, and how he would have been distressed by the "publicity and dark grandeur" of his funeral. "Jane, whyever didn't you bury me by the back door?" would surely have been his complaint could he have known.

* The Romance of Zion Chapel. By Richard Le Gallienne. London and New York: John Lane: The Bodley Head. $1.50.

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But the author has an uneasy feeling that we are being bored by these simple people, or else he is personally more interested in the study of a situation he has in mind, for he very soon drops them to occupy himself with the study.

According to Mr. Le Gallienne, the new idealism differs essentially from the old in that it develops beauty out of the real instead of adding it unto the real. It does not, Ruskin-like, rail at modern conditions. It sees beauty, the unquenchable ideal, in the most unlikely surroundings. True to modern life, it will not even ignore trains and railway stations :

"So there went a note without one word of love in it to tell Isabel that love was coming by the morning train ; and so on that morning Isabel stood waiting for love at that little wayside station, and presently, with a mighty rushing sound of iron and brass, love came and stood very quietly by her side, and looked into her eyes."

But there must be truth to modern motive as well as to modern material, and with all the "new spirit" in the telling there is a strange lack of new idealism in the story itself. The essence of the situation—it can scarcely be called plot—out of which the romance of Zion Chapel grows is distilled for us in the chapter treating "of a wonderful quality in women."

"Some women are already made in the image of the man they are to love before they meet him. Very wonderful, very terrible, then, is the meeting, and it is a meeting that usually comes too late. But oftener God gives a man a little measure of porcelain and a handful of stars, and leaves him to make the woman he needs for himself ; and very wonderful, too, is that making, though the man will always have been the father before he was the lover."

The man who makes for himself the woman he needs is in this case a young Nonconformist clergyman, who brings the New Spirit to Zion Chapel. He is engaged to Jenny, but meets Isabel, the woman God has made for him, and bows "before the work of the greater Artist." Having acknowledged the Divine right of the greater love and given it full expression, Theophil and Isabel renounce it for the sake of Jenny. It seems as if two such superior and very modern young people would have considered that the subordination of the greater to the lesser love was a useless sacrifice. They think, however, of "little Jenny." But is there not, perhaps, a higher tribute to be paid to little Jenny even than the gift of a divided heart? Would not the modern ideal be to trust "the deeps" in little Jenny and let her decide for them? The writer seems to fear for Theophil and Isabel the blame of acting according to blind passion, and so will not allow them to think out the situation. A passion of fear and pity for Jenny becomes their ruling motive. "Let the lightning come upon them—not little Jenny." But chance reveals their love to Jenny, and the lightning comes upon her. Theophil succeeds in persuading himself and her that she is, after all, the only woman he wants as his wife ; but the shock kills her. She is married to him just before she dies. There is a wonderfully realistic chapter on Jenny dying. Jenny is the most living of the characters in the story, but she is most alive when she comes to die. The picture of her sitting up in bed toward the last, "a wizened little goblin," is one to haunt the memory and make us almost forgive Theophil his fanatical grief and remorse.

There is always a certain heroism in the strong deliberately choosing to suffer for the weak, even though in their pride of strength and mistaken zeal they tamper with fate and hurt at last where they would protect. There is the old, elemental mystery of sacrifice, the passionate recognition of something greater than self, which we all understand, so that Theophil's sacrifice of himself and Isabel to Jenny alive appeals. There is a touch of the sentimental in this renunciation, but to a distrustful sense of the new idealism it is erring on the right side. But even a most conservative conscience will find Theophil's remorse after Jenny's death a study of a morbid mental condition. He neglects Isabel until he is himself dying of the disease taken from Jenny. He then sends for her, and they decide to die together. Are these the two people of whom it was written : "Great is their love for each other, but even greater and stronger must be their involuntary love for an invisible goodness, an ideal of ineffable pity?" For human kinship they have no feeling. Their responsibility toward the "invisible goodness," their "ideal of ineffable pity," seems to begin and end in the person of little Jenny.

The author attempts to glorify this double suicide with his poetic touch and

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artistic workmanship. But here is the point where the most masterful technical skill must always fail. To what idealism, new or old, is such an ending true?

G. B. S.

WHAT IS GOOD MUSIC?*

In the intellectual renaissance of the present day, the art of music is just now one of the most attractive fields of interest to the seekers after culture. The season which is now on the wane has been one of unprecedented activity in the musical world, and more significant even than its remarkable record of concerts and musicales has been the great prevalence of lectures and explanatory talks on the subject. It is beginning, at last, to be realised that what is most needful for a better appreciation of the art is a knowledge, not so much of its history, as of its actual structure and content, and a very timely little volume, therefore, is the one to which Mr. William J. Henderson has given the terse and suggestive title — *What is Good Music?*

The book aims to present, as simply as possible, the essential qualities which belong to good music, and to furnish the reader with a set of rules to guide him in judging of the excellence of its performance. Mr. Henderson's style is always forcible and direct, and at times very entertaining, as a few quotations from his "Prelude" will show.

"The right to like or dislike a musical composition without giving a reason has long been regarded as coexistent with human freedom. Music has been a sort of Cinderella of the arts—casually observed, incidentally admired, but generally treated as of no serious importance in the presence of her favoured sisters, painting and poetry. No one presumed to pronounce an opinion on the merit of a picture or a statue who had not, at least, learned the difference between a pen-and-ink drawing and a water-colour, and few persons would have ventured to write down Shakespeare an ass before having acquired a sufficient knowledge of poetry to tell a sonnet from a five-act tragedy. But it was deemed altogether fitting and, indeed, intellectually satisfying that Beethoven should be smugly patted on the back, Brahms viewed with lifted brows, and Wagner convicted of lunacy by persons who could not while in the concert-room detect a fantasia masquerading as an overture, nor a suite disguised as a symphony."

* What is Good Music? By William J. Henderson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.

The condition of the average listener to music is thus truthfully and humorously diagnosed:

"Let us suppose, then, forbearing reader, that you are in the state of the average music-lover. You get great enjoyment out of the opera, though you freely admit that you begin to be weary at the point where the inner brotherhood pricks up its ears, and looks very wise. You attend the functions of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Philharmonic Society, and when they play Haydn's works, you are quite content. You like also some of the symphonies of Mozart, some of Mendelssohn's, and parts of Beethoven's. But you are troubled by that dark-blue music of Tschaikowsky, and those impolite compositions of Dvořák; and you deem it an unpardonable rudeness on the part of any orchestra to confuse you with those tonal riddles of Brahms. Privately you are willing to admit that the slow movements of nearly all symphonies are as poppy and mandragora to you; and you surreptitiously go to the Sunday-evening concerts, where the ballet-music of Massenet and Délibes refreshes your intellect by its appeal to your feet. You go to piano recitals when the buzz of public talk about the pianist excites your curiosity, but you do wish the artist would let those dreary Beethoven sonatas, Schumann fantasias, and Bach fugues rest, and stick to his Chopin valses, Rubinstein barcarolles, and Liszt fandangoes."

One is tempted to quote largely from this Prelude, because it is so original, and so very much to the point, but we must pass on to the book itself. The author makes two general divisions of his subject, the first, which occupies about two thirds of the volume, being on "The Qualities of Good Music." Under this heading music is discussed as to its form and its content. Several chapters are devoted to the various forms used in composition. Polyphonic forms—canon, fugue, etc.—are described clearly and simply, with as few technical terms as possible. In treating of Monophonic forms, the sonata and symphony are discussed at length, while vocal forms, being less complicated, are dismissed more briefly. "The Content of Music" includes chapters on the elements of the Sensuous, the Intellectual, and the Emotional.

In the second division of his subject, which treats of the "Performance of Music," Mr. Henderson points out the qualities which must determine the excellence of a musical performance, be it orchestral, instrumental, or vocal. He insists that these are absolute, and says: "Differences of judgment about the technical qualities of a musical perform-

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ance should never exist. Whether a person plays the piano or sings well or ill, is not a question of opinion, but of fact." The chapters which follow are devoted to a consideration of the essentials of good performance, treating of the orchestra, the piano, the violin, and the human voice. In writing of piano playing, the author has wisely chosen Mr. Paderewski as his exponent of the possibilities of the instrument, and as the embodiment of those principles which may be applied as tests to the work of all pianists.

Mr. Henderson has given us, in this unpretentious little volume, a really valuable addition to our musical literature, and it is very probable that it will win the success it deserves, since it is so admirably adapted to reach and interest those "average music lovers" who are most in need of the information it conveys.

Helena J. Albro.

NOVEL NOTES.

WHERE THE TRADE WIND BLOWS. By Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

In these studies of West Indian life the author has accomplished two difficult things. She has located new types amid fresh scenes and she has made a sympathetic presentation of an alien point of view.

The West Indians and their islands have not been important factors in national fiction up to the appearance of this book. Of course they have always drawn the eyes of the story writer, enveloped as they are in an atmosphere of romance; but by reason of remoteness, perhaps, the writing about them has been almost wholly objective heretofore. At all events, there has been no notably successful attempt before Mrs. Crowninshield's to fetch these far-off, dusky shapes near enough to reveal their humanity, to show that home life exists under the palm as under the pine, and to touch with deep, broad sympathy the native measures of morality, which are farther from the Anglo-Saxon standard than the palms are from the pines.

There is no preaching, however, nor even any argument. On the contrary, the work overflows with humour of that sweetest, rarest kind, which oftenest bubbles just beyond the border of tears. The truth that imposes justice and charity appeals directly and simply from the stories themselves. There are twelve in the volume. Each story is strong enough to make a separate impression, and each character stands apart and alone, yet all are distinctively products of the environment, and the work as a whole is singularly harmonious.

The great central idea holding these unlike stories so firmly together is the moral laxity of these gentle savages, and the wrong, the suffering, and the injustice it inflicts on the helpless women of the race. This is the heart of the first tale, in which Candace wonders as innocently as the most spotless of wives, why the white lady shrinks from her and calls her "an abandoned woman." This is the soul of the last tale, in which the orange grove, planted for the brown woman's child, blossoms to crown the father's white bride. This is the tragic note that sounds throughout the work, even in the midst of its sweetest laughter, and the sadness of living seems greater under the palms than under the pines—if there may be any real difference anywhere that the human heart aches. Perhaps the difference here lies mainly in the gentleness of the sinners. It seems scarcely possible to find such exquisitely soft and tender lawlessness as Flandeau's and Totty's outside these far-off islands. And where among sophisticated people could be found such peculiar honesty as saves "Paul Demarise's Mortgage;" honesty springing out of gratitude, and having nothing to do with principle—the sort of honesty that makes one laugh while wanting to weep over "The Value of a Banana Leaf"?

These children of the southern sea are swayed as resistlessly by impulse and passion as the tropical leaves about them are stirred by the trade wind. A writer may hardly venture nearer to nature than these stories come. Yet the approach has been made so delicately, so reverently, in such a large and beautiful spirit, that those who read, as well as those who are written about, must be indebted to the author. A work like this, with all its lightness and kind laughter, does more than many sermons for universal brotherhood.

FROM THE OTHER SIDE. By Henry B. Fuller. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

It seems to be one of the penalties of success that after an author has accomplished something remarkable his minor performances, however fine, scarcely command the attention they deserve. Coming after *The Cliff-Dwellers* and *With the Procession*, these studies of European civilisation must, perhaps, necessarily appear slighter than if they had come before. The casual reader most likely will merely see that in those books the author shapes giant masses with a gigantic chisel, while in this book he touches finished bits with a sharpening file. The more critical will appreciate the skill and variety revealed by the different methods and results, finding in these new stories much of the finest work, in point of literary quality, that Mr. Fuller has done. There can be no question of the brilliancy of the first, or the charm of the second, and the humour of the third—and the collection contains only four. And yet, for some reason other than their slightness, and al-

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most impossible to define, the work makes little if any appeal Perhaps this may be because some of the things written about are too far off, and others are too near by. It is doubtful whether any Siberian story, however pathetic, ever came completely home to an alien. The incomprehensible must always remain more or less remote from the most sympathetic, and this may be why the first story does not touch. There is also—from the American point of view—much strangeness in certain social conditions of Provincial Italy, and this may be why the second story cannot be more popularly enjoyed. On the other hand, the third story comes rather too directly home. "The Pilgrim Sons"—to say nothing of the Pilgrim Fathers—are completely our own, and everything that the author says about them has been said many times, if less wittily, before.

Nor is the work notably successful, viewed with regard to its foreign atmosphere. This is not so perfectly realised as in either *The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani* or *The Chatelaine of La Trinité*. All in all, the new volume scarcely shows in the shadow of Mr. Fuller's larger work.

THE STANDARD BEARER. By S. R. Crockett. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

Mr. Crockett is back among the sons of the Covenant, among the hill-men of Galloway, and in that air his mind and manner are always most stalwart and his imaginings most attractive. *The Standard Bearer* is a less elaborate and less ambitious book than *The Men of the Moss-Hags*, but it contains some of his best work. The opening chapter, which describes how the hero, Quintin MacClellan, when a herd boy on the hill, received his call to join "the folk of God," captures the whole of our attention. It was the Killing time, and lying with his dogs on the heather, he was witness of the cold-blooded murder of a wanderer by a redcoat. Just how the boy and the dogs, all three masters of craft, because all born in the Days of the Fear, crept along the side of the fell, is described with excellent brevity. And how one that went whistling up the hill a boy came down a man is made very real and very clear.

The history of Quintin's adventures in the Kirk and among the hill-folk, whom he joined at last, is more interesting than his love stories. That in the end Lady Mary would thaw we always felt sure; and as for the incident of Jenny, frankly, that is a disappointment. Apart from her consumptive malady—a fatal flaw in a heroine of to-day—she is not a very attractive young woman. But her spirited sister with the fearful name, Alexander-Jonita, far out-rivals the haughty Lady Mary in our affections. Alexander-Jonita deserves a book to herself. Save for her, the men-folk, Quintin, Hob, and the Bull of Earlstoun, have it their own way in this book. Into them has Mr. Crockett's energy been poured; and the roaring Earl is a great reality. Hear this fighting Christian cursing his enemies. "Give William Boyd his bellyful of curses. Turn him as often on thy roasting-spit as he has turned his coat on the earth. Frighten wee Telfair wi' the uncanniest o' a' thy deil imps. And as for the rest of them, may they burn back and front, ingate and outgate, hide, hair, and harrigals, till there is nocht left o' them but a wee pluff o' ash, that I shall hold like snuff between my fingers and thumb, and blaw away like the white head o' a dandelion." The Malignants were no match for a saint of that temper.

TALES OF THE HOME FOLKS. By Joel Chandler Harris. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

Mr. Harris's place in literature has long been so distinctly defined that it ceased years ago to be necessary to do more than announce a new book by him. Yet there is always more or less eagerness to know whether the work comes from Uncle Remus or the White Folks, and there is usually a shade of disappointment in the latter case. For, while the White Folks' tales are fine, they are not classic, as Uncle Remus's fables are. So that it is with satisfaction rather than with enthusiasm that the new volume is received. Most of the stories are of the sort that the author is fond of telling—simple happenings in Southern country life, mingling sadness and mirth. As usual, some of the characters are white and some are black as regards the colour of their skin. In other respects they are all pure white, for the author's skill has never been bent toward the delineation of the evil in mankind, whatever the race. The nearest approach to it in the present collection of tales is the description of the unfortunate hunchback father of "A Baby in the Siege," and he seems afflicted rather than wicked. The only notable departure from the author's well-known manner and familiar line will be found in the fifth story, "A Belle of St. Valerien," which is a complete surprise. There is no reason, certainly, why anything admirable should be a surprise from Mr. Harris's pen; but this little study of New France is so entirely unlike the rest of his work, so absolutely Gallic in the exquisite frivolity of its beginning and in the invocation of the Church's influence at its close, that it appears absolutely foreign to the author's ideals, models, and methods. It would fit more readily into the writings of the old French masters. But surely the last thing to complain of is that an author's work is not all of a piece, and this perfect bit in the new book may be enjoyed without other comment than an exclamation of delight.

A MAN-AT-ARMS. By Clinton Scollard. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co. $1.50.

So many tales of gallantry are coming in the wake of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, that a new story of the type must be notably good to command any considerable attention. It is a tribute, then, to say that *A Man-at-Arms* is one of the best that has appeared. The style is admirable, simple, direct, fluent, and sometimes eloquent; and the story moves with rapidity from start to finish. The author has chosen as his theme a picturesque period of Italian history—the days of Romeo and Juliet—and has set his story in the very environment of their life and death. It is all plotting and fighting and love-making from Verona to Bologna, from Pavia to Milan, with the dashing young Man-at-Arms always in front. The evil genius of the story and of that period of Italy's struggle is Gian Galeazzo Visconti, the great viper. The Man-at-Arms is a young noble in the Visconti's service, and it is when the great schemer's scheme endan-

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gers the maiden whom the young soldier loves that the tug of war comes. The type of story is common enough, but its spirit and brilliancy lift it above the mass. Several of the scenes are powerful, as, for instance, the one in which the great viper meets and vanquishes the tyrant of Milan. The work shows wide knowledge of Italian history, yet it is against every instinct of humanity to accept as true the almost incredible illustrations of the monstrous cruelty given in the story. It is a relief to turn to the sentiment of the tale, which is full of charm, and it does not matter at all that the author keeps Romeo and Juliet constantly in mind. Part of the viper's plot is to give the heroine a sleeping potion and to bury her for dead—like Juliet—but the Man-at-Arms is more fortunate than Romeo was, and comes to the rescue in time. From this point on the story fairly whirls to an exciting close—leaving most of its rivals far behind.

SUNSET. By Beatrice Whitby. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

If amid all these latter-day investigations into literary methods and effects some one should discover the source of the domestic satisfaction which many mediocre English novels convey, it would be an interesting find. So far, however, the reason remains an impenetrable mystery, and the fact can only be acknowledged without comprehension of the cause. There are many American novelists of the class to which the author of *Sunset* belongs who seem to invoke every element that she employs. They have apparently made quite as close and quiet studies of home life, and they have grouped the same familiar figures around the household fire. In their tales will be found the same inconsolable widower—whose consolation is the motive of this story—the maiden who consoles, the married man who encourages the consolation, the married woman who discourages it, the little folks, the clergyman, the doctor, the servants, even the dogs—everything that one finds in the English novel of this type, everything except the atmosphere which envelops the English story. To define this lack is about as easy as to grasp the air itself, but it may, perhaps, be best described as a sense of cuddling down safe and warm, which comes so often with the first pages from even mediocre English writers, and rarely if ever from the work of far abler American pens. Trying, again, to define this difference in the feeling of English and American domestic tales, it may almost be likened to the difference between one's home and an hotel. But why this should be so is, as the immortal Dundreary used to remark, "One of those things no fellow can find out." Be the reason what it may the puzzling fact remains, and *Sunset* is one of its most notable recent instances. It is not brilliant, it is not original, it is not even well written, yet nevertheless it is enjoyable reading. One likes it as one likes to sit by the fire at home and hear what the day's uneventful happenings have been.

SOME WOMEN'S WAYS. By Mary Angela Dickens. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.

It is difficult to read this handful of stories without being struck by one feature of them, which, at the peril of incurring the odium which attaches to those who make comparisons, we shall mention here: this is the dissimilarity between them and the works of the author's illustrious father where sentiment is concerned. In all of Charles Dickens's books we cannot remember a single instance where the lovers do not marry and live happily ever after. The motto of his daughter, on the other hand, seems to be renunciation. Poor Cupid finds little countenance from her; in the eight stories here assembled there are only two in which love is not crushed beneath the juggernaut car of conscience. Oddly enough, too, it is precisely upon these two occasions that the hero and the heroine appeal least to our sympathies. In one case, in the story entitled "Kitty's Victim," Miss Dickens has given us a heavy-witted, pompous lover, and in trying to create "a sweet young thing," has made only a vapid flirt, very much on the order of the libels on the feminine sex first invented by the person known as "The Duchess," and in the second she has had the somewhat misplaced originality to make her heroine ill-bred and slatternly.

The stories are very uneven, but there is enough in them as a whole to show that if death had not recently put an end to Miss Dickens's career, excellent things might have been expected of her, much better than appears in any of her longer stories. She wrote with spirit and facility, and her plots, though simple and sometimes amateurish, are for the most part strong. An exception to this rule is the story "Out of the Fashion," whose heroine is a young society woman, who says and does things of the most audacious sort without realising what they mean to the world. Unfortunately this innocence, upon which the plot turns, does not convince the reader, who finishes the story with the conviction that Miss Dickens's heroine, if she was drawn from the life, imposed upon her.

SONS AND FATHERS. By Harry Stillwell Edwards. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Co.

If it was the purpose of the proprietor of the *Chicago Record* in offering a prize for the best novel sent to him (which this one was adjudged to be), as it was in a similar case avowedly that the editors of the New York *Herald*, to acquire the best literary material, and, incidentally, to bring down that coy bird, the Great American novelist, it was not only a foregone conclusion that he would fail, but it is remarkable that he should ever have fancied that he could accomplish his object. For, to continue our figure, any winged being needs space in which to soar, and Pegasus himself could not have broken through the network of restrictions imposed upon the contestants. A tale of 140,000 to 160,000 words, to contain a central mystery and any number of lesser mysteries, which shall crop out neatly just in time to make a startling close for every chapter is a good deal to demand of even a Wilkie Collins; fancy then its effect upon the hordes of untried geniuses. Mr. Edwards, no doubt, did his best, and we congratulate him upon his success in winning with this book the $10,000 prize, nor can we blame him for not having followed the letter of the conditions. We do, however, find fault with him for not coming more near supplying us with $10,000

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worth of good, or even fair, grammar. Among pages which inform us that "the bell rung" and "the lady sung," such a phrase as "between you and me" may seem a venial offence; in view of the fact, however, that at the rate of payment mentioned these simple words cost about 7 cents each, we are bold enough to opine that they were overpaid. Neither, we think, would it have been too much to expect that the winner's plot should be in some degree intelligible. Mr. Edwards has simply made it transparent almost from the outset (at least so far as it is not meaningless jumble) without giving it anywhere the clearness which would have been welcome, especially at the end.

The best part of the book is a glimpse of the old South in its first conflict with the new. There the author is at home. But this merit does not suffice to upset the conclusion forced by this story and the circumstances that brought it forth, that the coming American novelist is still unborn, or that he scorns to earn a paltry $10,000.

A VOYAGE OF CONSOLATION. By Sara Jeannette Duncan (Mrs. Everard Cotes). Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

It was the most cheerful of voyages, with never a sigh or a tear from the heroine whose duty was to be disconsolate. When differences of opinion upon the pleasurableness and patriotism of the American accent severed for a time the young affections of Mr. Arthur Page and Miss Wick, the lady communicated the disaster to her father in New York by telephone. "Go abroad. Always done. Paris, Venice, Florence, Rome, and the other places. I'll stand in," came the prompt reply through the instrument. It is the travels of this indulgent and practical parent, Senator Wick, his wife and daughter, that Mrs. Cotes records. There are old jokes and new jokes, good jokes and bad jokes, in the story; but it is all very gay and good-natured and inspiriting. The Senator is the most entertaining member of the party, and his schemes for the improvement of Europe, in the interests of picturesque tourists, inspire us with the sincerest admiration. In these days of impoverishment in Italy, his plan of a direct line of steamships between New York and Venice, to be "based on an agreement with the Venetian municipality as to garments of legitimate gaiety for the gondoliers, the renomination of an annual Doge, who should be compelled to wear his robes whenever he went out-of-doors, and the yearly resurrection of the ancient ceremony of marrying Venice to the Adriatic," merits the most serious consideration. But he has something of a rival in the reader's affection in his wife, a lady of the most ardent sentiment, an enthusiast for local colour, greedy of impressions, who yet, when there was a "question of how they were to put in the time," generally preferred to "lie down" Mrs. Cotes may dish up old tourist jokes as often as she likes. They have an air of delightful freshness from her clever pen.

THE INCIDENTAL BISHOP. By Grant Allen. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

Mr. Grant Allen is here in happy vein, telling a frankly improbable, very amusing, and amiable story. It might have been less amiable and more amusing, however. We cannot help feeling he should have made it a farce. The sailor lad, who, mistaken for a missionary, drifts into being an Anglican bishop, without ever taking orders, is an unmistakable hero of comedy. But Mr. Allen, the bold, bad pioneer on occasion, is six days of the week the willingest, the most genial caterer for domestic fiction. He wrote this story in a gentle mood when it was impossible to make a bishop anything but a model of all the virtues. Thus the potential fun of the situation is not made the most of. By way of making up for this lack, Mr. Allen gives us a little tragedy, in the shape of the good bishop's violent remorse. The thought of all the couples he, a sham priest, has loosely joined in holy matrimony gnaws at his soul. But the domestic novelist is afraid of following this up to the interesting end. A model bishop, who should take to the seafaring trade of his youth, to be beyond the reach of the howls of the respectable who have found out his long deception, would be an original and attractive hero. Mr. Allen refuses to contemplate a shovel hat and gaiters in the rigging, and strikes him dead before the exposure. He has rejected all the most piquant possibilities of his plot, but there is a spirit and freshness about his version which forbids every loud complaint.

A MAN FROM THE NORTH. By E. A. Bennett. New York: John Lane. $1.25.

Mr. Bennett has not written in vain, since he must compel many of us to consider the stuff of life available for fiction. There is a popular idea that any man's or woman's life provides such, however gray, however ineffective. It is probably quite a delusion. There is a good deal of truth in this story of the *Man from the North*. It is full of what is called "actuality." The incidents and the personages are well known to us, and drawn, or rather photographed, with surprising accuracy. A bright young man in the provinces feels stirrings within him of great things, and comes to London to hatch them. He lives like a great many other young men—his fits of industry and ambition alternating with bouts of very ordinary pleasuring and mental lethargy. In the end he sinks into the suburban husband, as you knew all the time he would. Mr. Bennett has placed him before us with much cleverness and some pathos. But he has not rescued the common story of his career from commonplaceness by the great treatment which alone would reconcile us to its material, the drab stuff of mediocre life to-day. Acquiescence in his failure, not deep pity, is our feeling at the end; and acquiescence in this kind of thing is terribly low-spiriting.

PLAIN LIVING. A Bush Idyll. By Rolf Boldrewood. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

Mr. Stanford, when a hard-up colonist, suddenly found himself possessed of a considerable fortune, on which he and his family might have been agreeably idle for the rest of their lives. But he had an awful warning before his eyes—the unhappy household of his old friend Grandison, a rich citizen of Sidney. Satan was finding endless mischief for their idle hands to do; and the thought of his own virtuous wife and children, the son who was rewarded for months

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of toiling on the ranch by the prospect of possessing Motley's *Dutch Republic*, and the girls with their equally modest demands on life, being spoilt by luxury, was intolerable to the conscientious Mr. Stanford. So he kept the fortune dark till their own unaided efforts had brought them ease. No doubt it was a wise thing to do. It worked well in this particular case, we hear, for they were such a model family. But they were a very dull one to write a novel about. As in all Mr. Boldrewood's books, since the early ones that made his name, the style and matter here rival each other in poverty and lack of charm.

THE SUNDERING FLOOD. By William Morris. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.25.

A publisher's note tells us that this is indeed William Morris's last romance. Perhaps it would have been a happier chance if *The Water of the Wondrous Isles* had ended his tales in prose. There was a plan in that book for the story-reader; there was vitality in it to help us to share the writer's clear conviction that the language and the habits and the ideals of an older day, so far as they can be realised, are good stuff to make romances of for the men of ours. There is little plan in *The Sundering Flood*, only a long-spun-out tale of adventures in the life of a gallant young dalesman, who was ever fair and manly, something of a scald, too, after the fashion of the saga heroes, a model lover, of course, and duly rewarded in the end. But you can bear to be torn away from looking on at the bloodiest of his contests; you feel no anxiety on his account at any moment; and you wonder dimly at his mighty doings as you might over the story in a blurred, a ruined fresco. An air of fatigue broods over the pleasant, placid pages, placid for all their tales of war, but made pleasant, too, by their momentary surprises of good things. There is a pretty picture of the lad and the maiden, children both, making friends. "Are they kind to thee?" she asks, concerning his grandparents. "I am kind to them," he replies with charming dignity. But no succeeding passage quite fulfils the promise of that early one which describes the great ships faring up the tidal river, and how

"oft they lay amid pleasant up-country places with their yards all but touching the windows of the husbandman's stead, and the bowsprits thrusting forth amongst the middens, and routing swine, and querulous hens; and the uneasy lads and lasses sitting at high mass of the Sunday, in the gray village church, would see the tall masts dimly amidst the painted saints of the aisle windows, and their minds would wander from the mass-hackled priest and the words and the gestures of him, and see visions of far countries and outlandish folk, and some would be heart-smitten with that desire of wandering and looking on new things which so oft the sea-beat boat and the wind-strained pine bear with them to the dwellings of the stay-at-homes."

TALES OF TRAIL AND TOWN. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

It is long since Bret Harte has had such a fine subject to treat as in the first of the half-dozen or so stories in this collection, "The Ancestors of Peter Atherly." And surely never before has he bungled more awkwardly. It is a difficult, unfamiliar situation, but his touch is not wont to be uncertain, whatever the difficulty. Read it for the subject, however, which fascinates and haunts. Peter Atherly longs, out of pure romance, unsullied by a single interested motive, to prove his descent from an old English family with a historic past, and finds an ancestry terribly different, showing itself in his sister by fits of diabolical cruelty, in himself by an imperturbable demeanour and the unfathomable smile of the Indian brave. His tragic death is finely told, but the rest is bungled. "Two Americans" is pleasant reading, yet quite unworthy of its writer. But the "Tale of Three Truants" would redeem any book.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

ITALIAN LITERATURE. By Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

If there is a book which the English student should thankfully welcome, it certainly is this volume on *Italian Literature*, by Dr. Richard Garnett. It is compiled with the greatest care and exactness. The author has condensed in 400 pages a considerable amount of learning and carefully formed judgment, and has certainly done all possible justice to so vast a subject in so limited a compass. It is, however, greatly to be regretted that he should have been forced to condense to the extent he has done. He speaks of course at length of Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarch, and the other standard authors, but a host of minor but brilliant writers in every century flits before us simply with the mention of the works they have produced. In fact, the author seems to have applied to these minor stars the advice given by Vergil to Dante, when seeing the sinners "che per se foro":

"Non ragioniam di loro, ma guarda e passa."—CANTO III.

It is true, however, that there are many other sources from which the English student may quench his thirst in reference to the Italian authors who receive here so scanty a notice.

The chapters on Dante are exceedingly good, and reveal a full acquaintance with his works, their aims, the troublous times in which he lived, and the difficulties he had to contend with. The author, however, makes, in reference to Dante, an assertion quite unsupported. He states (page 46) that the great poet *was unacquainted* with Homer. How then does he explain the great reverence paid by Dante to Homer, when he says:

"Mira colui con quella spada in mano,
Che vien dinanzi a' tre si come sire,
Quegli è Omero, poeta *sovrano*."—CANTO IV.

Is it likely he would have proclaimed him as king among poets if he had had no knowledge of him?

Comparing him afterward to Milton (page 50), Dr. Garnett bluntly asserts that Dante is on the

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whole *inferior* to Milton in poetry pure and simple.

To such an assertion we answer in the words of Macaulay: "We will not take upon ourselves the invidious office of settling precedency between two such writers. Each of them in his own department is *incomparable*, and each, we may remark, has wisely or fortunately taken a subject adapted to exhibit his peculiar talent to the greatest advantage."

We would also ask, Is it possible to establish an adequate comparison between these two giants? Where is the standard by which one can measure geniuses, or the balance on which to weigh them? Does not genius impress on great minds a special mark, which escapes every discrimination, and diversifies them most when they seem to be most alike? To the observing mind each of them stands quite distinct from the other.

The author has given numerous translations of gems from Italian writers, but in many instances they are but pale reflections of the original. Would it not have been better to put the Italian texts as well as the translations, to enable the student better to appreciate the originals?

ALASKA: Its History, Climate, and Natural Resources. By Hon. A. P. Swineford, Ex-Governor of Alaska. With maps and illustrations. New York and Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. $1.00.

ALASKA: Its Neglected Past, Its Brilliant Future. By Bushrod Washington James. Philadelphia: Sunshine Publishing Co.

THROUGH THE GOLD FIELDS OF ALASKA TO BERING STRAITS. By Harry De Windt, F.R.G.S. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. $2.50.

The sheen of its golden halo is beginning to attract all eyes toward the hitherto faintly known, far-off, and sub-arctic region of Alaska, and we are likely to see the process repeated there by which Australia was rescued from obscurity and given to civilisation.

The magazines and newspapers are telling us much about the newly discovered gold fields and the perilous routes thereto; tourists bring back reports of the wonderful scenery along the coast, with its mountainous islands, picturesque channels, and imposing glaciers, but for information about the real Alaska and its possibilities as a dwelling-place for civilised men we must look farther. For this purpose such a book as that of the ex-Governor of Alaska has an importance beyond its moderate literary quality. In a plain, straightforward narrative he gives us in the first place a sketch of the rather dreary history of the country under Russian rule; then he conducts his readers on a ten-thousand-mile voyage of investigation and description along the coast and among the islands of this the most northerly and western-most possession of the United States, pointing out the character of land and climate, the resources and capabilities of the country by the way.

Governor Swineford speaks from knowledge gained by long residence, and by the experience of official position. He is a firm believer in the future of Alaska; he tells some plain and rather surprising facts about the faults of our present system, or rather lack of system of government of this province, which as yet is neither State nor Territory, and his book ought to be read by all seekers after knowledge of this new land.

The value of Mr. James's book is chiefly that of a confirmatory witness of the ex-Governor's more judicial and weighty statement. Its high-flown style does not commend it.

Different from either of the above is Mr. Harry De Windt's well-told and stirring narrative. He is one of those irrepressible British globe-trotters to whom we owe so much of our knowledge of unfamiliar lands. The plan of his tour was the unique one of an overland journey from New York to Paris by way of Bering Straits, which he hoped to cross on the winter ice. This decidedly original itinerary, which came to grief amid the savages of the Siberian coast, took him through Alaska by the route now used by the Klondikers, crossing the Chilkoot Pass, and descending the lakes and rapids to the Yukon, down which great river he journeyed to its mouth. He gives, perhaps, the most vivid and picturesque account yet published of the gold region and the routes thereto. It thus supplements Governor Swineford's book, and brings our knowledge of Alaska down to date.

A WORLD PILGRIMAGE. By John Henry Barrows. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2.00.

Dr. Barrows will be remembered as the originator and successful organiser of the World's Congress of Religions, which convened at Chicago during the Columbian Exposition. A subsequent appointment by the University of Chicago to a lectureship on Christianity in Calcutta gave occasion for a tour around the world, and the present volume is the result.

The Congress of Religions was at the time regarded as an experiment of doubtful utility and questionable propriety by many persons, both orthodox and otherwise, and Dr. Barrows became the mark of much criticism on account thereof. One suspects that this record of his journey is, in part at least, meant as an answer to these criticisms; at any rate, it serves that purpose in a quietly effective way. In India especially the warm reception accorded not only to himself, but to his Christian message, as he firmly but modestly allows us to see, was mainly the result of impressions made by that unique assemblage. This, however, is not the only value of his book. The world seen through the eyes of Dr. Barrows is more than merely interesting. His position and reputation bring him constantly in contact with people worth knowing, while his broad culture and generous sympathies bring out all that is best in the people he meets and strengthens our faith in humanity. His style, moreover, makes him highly readable.

THE BATTLE OF HARLEM HEIGHTS. By Henry P. Johnston, Professor of History, College of the City of New York. Published for the Columbia University Press. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Few New Yorkers stop to think of it even if they know that the peaceful and now splendidly academic region between Morningside Park and the Hudson River was the scene of one of the most spirited of the minor battles of the Revolutionary War; an American success, moreover, and the first occasion upon which the unseasoned Continentals, contending on equal terms and in the open field, put British regulars to

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flight. It is a significant fact that General Grant's Tomb looks down upon this little battlefield. Professor Johnston, the author of this historical monograph, says: "If any lover of American history, if any schoolboy, if Mr. Felix Oldboy wishes to follow our Harlem battle from point to point, let him go to Morningside Heights and walk along the Boulevard and the Riverside Drive and Claremont Avenue, or stand on the grounds of Columbia University and Barnard College, or look down the eastern slope of the hill on which the mausoleum of the great Union soldier stands, and then he will find himself in some sort of touch with the men to whose good performance on September 16th, 1776, the pages of this little work are devoted."

The "little work" is a handsome volume published for the Columbia University Press, and Professor Johnston has told his story with the loving care of the antiquarian and the fervour of an American patriot.

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE. REMINISCENCES. By M. E. W. Sherwood. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co. $2.50.

Mrs. Sherwood's work is so well known that it seems unnecessary to make any other than descriptive comment upon this new volume, which the publishers have so elegantly presented. It may, however, be said that, even in these days, when the average American knows Europe as well, if not better, than his own country, and when authorship seems the rule rather than the exception, there are few who can tell what they have seen so charmingly as Mrs. Sherwood. The hypercritical may, perhaps, complain that personal details are too much obtruded; that the interest is more in what such and such great personages did and said when the author met them, rather than what she said or was engaged in at the time. But, after all, the personal element has now become almost the sole source of freshness in sketches of foreign travel, and as Mrs. Sherwood's account of her own sayings and doings is never dull and rarely commonplace, there seems no reasonable grounds for objection upon this point.

Moreover, there is a great deal about famous people. With the enchanting description of Venice, which is fine enough to stand alone, there is a minute and most entertaining account of the author's meeting with the Empress Eugenie, who was then at the very zenith of her beauty and power. There is also much about the beautiful Queen of Italy, then a very young and very lovely girl. The author appears, indeed, to have met most of the prominent people of Europe, and to have jotted down their most interesting characteristics. The title has been rather too well chosen. The work has not been so carefully arranged with regard to sequence as it might have been; the reader feels rather "here, there, and everywhere" at once. Still the work is eminently readable, and that is high praise for a book of travel, now that one is published almost every change of the moon.

MY LIFE IN TWO HEMISPHERES. By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. $8.00.

That a second edition of this bulky autobiography should have been called for already will surprise no one. It is intensely national, but it is written with so much moderation and temper, and in so breezy a style, and contains so much information on the recent history of Ireland, and so many interesting notices of the men with whom the writer was brought into contact, that it cannot fail to command attention. It is hard to say whether Sir Charles Duffy's life was more intense and active in the one hemisphere or in the other. In 1855, after starting the *Nation* and serving in Parliament, he saw his hopes regarding Ireland so thwarted that he determined to emigrate. "I left Ireland with the main purpose of my life unattained, but as I was persuaded, not lost, but postponed, for a belief in God's justice is incompatible with the doubt of Ireland's final deliverance from cruel and wicked misgovernment." A characteristic scene was witnessed at his leave-taking. A crowd of Irishmen pressed to bid him good-bye, and one of them brought an old prayer-book to get his autograph. One of his companions, who was provided with a more presentable volume, turned upon him with, "It's a shame, Tom, to offer such a book to Mr. Duffy for his signature." "Arrah," said Tom, "why shouldn't I offer it to him; isn't it like himself, tattered and torn in the service of God and the people?" The esteem and affection in which he was held not only by his fellow-patriots, but by English statesmen and literary men, will surprise no one who reads these volumes or studies the singularly handsome and attractive face, whose kindly and penetrating eyes look out from under the Chief Justice's wig in the frontispiece of the second volume. The autobiography virtually forms a history of the last seventy years in Ireland and the last half century in Australia, and conveys in the pleasantest manner a clear impression of the difficulties of administration in both countries.

HORACE MANN, and the Common School Revival in the United States. By B. A. Hinsdale, Ph.D., LL.D. Great Educators Series. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00 net.

Beside the great names of the other heroes of this series—Loyola, Abelard, Froebel, to name a few—Horace Mann's sounds humble and uninspiring. He was no thinker, no founder of a system of universal influence, but a clever and a devoted organiser of primary education. He was only concerned that all American children should be taught to read and to observe intelligently that they might become useful, practical citizens. But his administrative capacities, his persistence, his single-mindedness, the large scale on which he worked, and the successful results, give him the right to an honourable place among the faithful servants of the world, a claim abundantly recognised in his own country and in Europe. The organisation of the common school education in the United States is of more than historic interest. Some of Mann's problems are still ours, and the story of his moving of the sluggish waters will be inspiriting to the educational reformers of to-day. Mann, with his political sense, his perseverance, and his attention to details, did miracles against long odds. Mr. Hinsdale in his interesting book points, however, to one advantage he had in the American Puritan tradition, much sunk and discouraged, but not altogether dead, of a respect for learning and a belief that it should be common as the air.

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THE BOOK HUNTER.

Walton's *Compleat Angler; or, the Contemplative Man's Recreation*, which Mr. Le Gallienne says is, "after Robinson Crusoe, perhaps the most popular of English classics," was first published in 1663. Five editions were published during the author's lifetime, each more or less revised and corrected. Any angling collector or collector of first editions of early English literature would be glad to own a set of these five editions. The Ashburnham set, with the five volumes, all in the original binding, is to be sold as a set, at Sotheby's on May 14th, and is sure to bring a high price The Hayes set was sold separately, at Bangs', on April 29th. The copies were not fine ones, and the prices, consequently, were low. The first edition, with title mounted and an inferior copy generally, sold for $245. Published at 18*d.*, it has sold as high as £415, at which price a fine copy, in the original sheep binding, was bought by a bookseller at Sotheby's auction rooms in London, in 1896. The Alexander copy, previous to the Hayes sale the only one sold at auction in recent years in America, brought $1325 at Bangs', in 1895.

It was first published early in May—the angler's month—of 1653, and the earliest record is found in a newspaper advertisement in *The Perfect Diurnal*, for May 9th to May 16th, 1653, where it is advertised. "Price 18*d.* To be sold by Richard Marriot at his shop in St. Dunstan's Churchyard, Fleet Street." And in the *Mercurius Politicus* for May 19th to May 26th is another advertisement, beginning "There is newly extant a book of 18*d.* price, called *The Compleat Angler*," etc.

The second edition, published in 1655, was, as the title-page says, "much enlarged," more than one third having been added to the original bulk. The third edition, issued in 1661, was but slightly changed from the second. Some copies of the third edition have a reprinted title-page, dated 1664, and reprinted preliminary leaves, but with no important alterations. The fourth edition, published in 1668, is an almost exact reprint of the third edition. Walton's name for the first time appears on the title-page of the fifth edition, published in 1676, which was considerably altered from the fourth, and with about twenty pages added. It is this fifth edition, the last revised by the author, which has been reprinted in most of the hundred or more later editions of the work.

With this fifth edition there is usually found bound up two other books on angling, one by Charles Cotton, the other by Robert Venables, each with a special title, and the whole book with a general title, *The Universal Angler*.

The Society of Iconophiles, or "Picture Lovers," of New York, published about two years ago a series of twelve etchings, by E. D. French, being views of buildings, etc., in New York City. Only one hundred and one impressions of each plate were taken, and the few copies offered for sale were very quickly taken up, and now command a good price.

The Society now has under way two other series of engravings, the first being a series of six engraved portraits of early American printers and engravers. Of each of these one hundred and thirty-two impressions are taken, and the plate then destroyed. These portraits are in folio size, suitable for framing, and are engraved by Mr. F. S. King. The first (already issued) is a portrait of Hugh Gaine, the New York printer and bookseller of the last century; the second (just ready) is a portrait of Isaiah Thomas, the Worcester printer and founder of the American Antiquarian Society, of Worcester; and the third (now in the engraver's hands) is to be Paul Revere. They have also under way another series of views of New York, probably to comprise twelve plates. These will be reproduced in lithography from drawings by Mr. Charles F. W. Mielatz. Of this new series one hundred and three impressions only are taken, of which fifty-one impressions are retained for the members, two impressions are used for copyright, and the other fifty impressions are offered for sale. Two of the series are now ready. The first is "The Battery and Castle Garden," and the second "Morningside Park and St. Luke's Hospital."

The American members of the English Bibliographical Society have recently received Nos. V. and VI. of their *Illustrated Monographs*, being the publications of the Society for 1897. The first is a reproduction of the series of wood-cut illustrations by an unknown engraver to *Le Chevalier Délibéré*, by Olivier de la Marche, the first edition of which was printed by Gottfried van Os in Gouda, Holland, about 1486. As the illustrations in the only known copy of the first edition have been coloured, these reproductions have been made from two imperfect copies of the edition of Schiedam, about 1500, which together contain a complete set of the admirable engravings. There is a reprint of the text and a preface by the eminent authority on wood-engraving, Dr. F. Lippmann, of Berlin. The other volume is an account of the first Paris press, and of the books printed upon it, 1470 to 1472, by A. Claudin, and is illustrated with several facsimiles.

The earlier monographs of the Society, all of which are printed in limited numbers, mostly for members only, comprise in addition to their Transactions, Check Lists, etc.: I. *Erhard Ratdolt and his Work at Venice*, by Mr. Gilbert R. Redgrave; II. *Jan van Doesborgh, Printer at Antwerp*, by Robert Proctor; III. *An Iconography of Don Quixote*, 1605–1895, by H. S. Ashbee; V. *The Early Printers of Spain and Portugal*, by Konrad Haebler. Each of these monographs is illustrated with facsimiles and is handsomely printed at the Chiswick Press.

We are glad to announce that the *Bibliography of the Writings of Captain John Smith*, by Mr. Wilberforce Eames, which we mentioned in the last number of THE BOOKMAN as being about completed, is to be published separately in advance of its appearance in Sabin's *Bibliotheca Americana*, by Messrs.

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Dodd, Mead and Company. It will be issued in a limited edition, with numerous fac-similes of title-pages, etc., and will be ready in the autumn.

Two eighteenth century editions of the *New England Primer*, not described by Mr. Paul Leicester Ford in his *New England Primer*, have recently come to our notice.

The | New-England | Primer, | Or, an easy and pleasant | Guide to the Art of Reading. | Adorn'd with Cutts. | To which are added, | The Assembly of Divines' | Catechism. | Boston :—Printed and sold by | J. White and C. Cambridge, | near Charles River Bridge. | [1790–1800]. 32 leaves.

The | New-England | Primer | Improved. | For the more easy attaining the true | reading of English. | To which is added, | The Assembly of Divines, | and Mr. Cotton's Ca-techism. | Boston : Printed and Sold by Kneeland and Adams, | in Milk-Street. [1771.] 40 leaves.

L. S. Livingston.

AMONG THE LIBRARIES.

The New York Public Library finds its building enterprise brought to a standstill by the financial policy of the present city government. The Mayor and his Comptroller having figured out that the city has passed its debt limit, the public library building, together with scores of other public improvements (some much more pressing even than the library), has been suspended for an indefinite period. As, however, the resources of the city are in no sense lessened, it is hoped and believed that this foolish and unwarranted policy will not long prevail. Some of the newspapers, and particularly the *World*, have taken up the interests of the Public Library, and allow no day to pass without items and articles showing its necessity and importance.

The last annual report of the Forbes Library (Northampton) announces that its collection of books now numbers 53,000 volumes, besides pamphlets and other material. Its additions for the past year were 8799 volumes—nearly all by purchase. It may be interesting to know that the average cost per volume of these purchases was $1.38½, over against an average of $1.16 for the two previous years. The Forbes Library is to be congratulated on the extent and high character of its growth for the limited period of its existence. It appears to have an income for the purchase of books of about $12,000 annually.

The Third Annual Report of the John Crerar Library in Chicago shows that that institution has fairly entered upon its work. It has now about 30,000 volumes, of which 18,257 were added during the year 1897. It receives currently about 1200 periodicals. Its catalogue entries are printed from electrotype plates, and entries of all cards made are placed in the Armour Institute of Technology, the Chicago Public Library, the Field Columbian Museum, the Newberry Library, the Northwestern University Library, the Library of the University of Chicago, and also the Library of the University of Illinois. This duplication of the catalogue is an innovation which should be carefully watched and its practical value studied.

The Library of the Berlin University has received by bequest the collection in commercial law of the late Professor L. Goldschmidt, numbering about 10,000 volumes, and presumably one of the best collections in its field in existence. Professor Goldschmidt has been for many years the editor of the well known *Zeitschrift für Handelsrecht*.

Mr. Arthur W. Tyler, who has been librarian of the Blackstone Memorial Library at Branford, Conn., since the starting of that library, has resigned, and will spend the spring and summer in travel in Europe. It seems to be Mr. Tyler's mission to organise and put in running order libraries, and he probably holds the championship for the number of such institutions which he has helped to start.

The Free Library of Philadelphia, the last annual report of which is at hand, makes a record of activity which is noteworthy. Its various collections and branches number in all about 160,000 volumes, and it reports a circulation for the past year of 1,587,157 volumes. The librarian in the most courteous manner compares with this circulation the circulation of the Chicago Public Library of 1,215,997, and that of the Boston Public Library with a total of 1,005 019. This comparison with these two most famous and widely used libraries is certainly much to the credit of Philadelphia. In this connection may properly be mentioned the circulation of the New York Free Circulating Library, which for the past year is reported as 973,199 volumes—an increase of 220,873 over the preceding year.

Mr. Hiller C. Wellman has been appointed librarian of the Brookline Public Library, succeeding Mr. Bolton. Mr. Wellman goes to Brookline from the Boston Public Library, and with a previous experience in the Boston Athenæum. The last report of the Brookline Public Library states the number of volumes in the library as 47,580, with additions for the year of 2766, and a circulation of 96,913. The library introduces in this report an anomaly which we trust will not find imitators. It has secured, and publishes, a certificate of its good character and high standing from two well known librarians—an endorsement which it does not seem that the Brookline Library needed.

Mr. Rutherford P. Hayes, of Columbus, O., recently Secretary of the American Library Association, and active as a trustee in the Library at Columbus, has associated himself with

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a book-selling firm under the style Hayes, Cooke & Co., at Chicago. The firm will make a specialty of library books.

The Massachusetts Library Club has just issued a handbook showing that its membership consists of 366 persons, representing 165 libraries in 120 different cities and towns The president is Miss Alice G. Chandler, of Lancaster. Its latest meeting was held at Newton, Mass., on May 12th.

Some readers of THE BOOKMAN may be served by having their attention called to a list of books relating to Cuba, recently issued by the Library of Congress. This was compiled chiefly by Mr. A. P. C. Griffin, and will be found especially timely and useful.

The last report of the Public Library of Toronto, Canada, announces a circulation for the past year of 557,984 volumes, over against 275,000 circulated in the year 1887. The library contains 103,208 volumes over against 48,403 in 1887, showing that it has doubled in the decade, both in size and use.

The last meeting of the New York Library Club for the season was held at Columbia University Library, on Thursday, May 12th. The inspection of the new Library Building and the election of the officers were the most important proceedings. The New York State Library Association held its spring meeting on May 25th and 26th, at Utica.

The Long Island Historical Society has just issued a handsomely printed pamphlet describing the manuscripts and early printed books bequeathed to that institution by Samuel Bowne Duryea. This description was written by Mr. Charles Alexander Nelson of Columbia University Library, and gives an interesting account of the thirty-two manuscripts and the early printed books given by that bequest. The books are few in number, but are from famous presses, and are apparently noteworthy specimens.

It may not be generally known that the Union Theological Seminary in New York City possesses one of the largest collections in point of numbers of Incunabula in this country. It is more extensive than the collection of the New York Public Library, but will not rival it in value and importance. A catalogue of the Incunabula contained in the libraries of New York City is being made by Columbia University Library, and is well advanced.

The last annual report of the Worcester, Mass., Free Public Library records the uninterrupted progress of that institution. Its circulation during the past year was 315,557 volumes, an increase of 30,000 over that of last year. The library contained at the end of the business year 114,325 volumes, and its additions during the past year numbered 5836 volumes. It is no disparagement to the other public libraries to call attention to the high grade of the additions to the Worcester Public Library, as shown by an inspection of its published lists of accessions.

An Annotated Bibliography of American History is being edited for the American Library Association by one of its ex-presidents, Mr. J. N. Larned, formerly superintendent of the Buffalo Library, and editor of History for Ready Reference. A selection of ten to twelve hundred works will be annotated by the best available staff of teachers and critics of American history. The titles with their notes are to be printed as usual in book-form, and also on catalogue cards for direct use in public libraries. Mr. Larned gives his services as editor gratuitously; his contributors are to be suitably compensated.

The Public Library of Butte, Mont., which opened in February, 1894, reports for the past year a circulation of 120,761 volumes. The library contained on April 1st, 1898, 22,958 volumes—an increase of nearly two thousand during the past year.

The Iowa Masonic Library, at Cedar Rapids, has commenced the publication of a Quarterly Bulletin. This Masonic Library has a fireproof library building, and a collection, chiefly devoted to Masonry, of about 15,000 volumes. The building also contains a museum, with about 40,000 specimens. The neatly printed bulletin is naturally devoted to literature of Masonry, but is of interest to librarians at large, who must be gratified at the possession of such special collections.

For the approaching meeting of the American Library Association, July 5th to 9th, on Chautauqua Lake, New York, extensive preparations are being carried on. Among other undertakings the Regents office at Albany is making investigation into the statistics of library instruction in American universities and colleges: the results of which are to be presented at this meeting.

George H. Baker.

THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, May 1, 1898.

The feature of the month's business has been the demand for literature pertaining to the war with Spain. Illustrated pamphlets of the warships have appeared in great numbers and have sold readily, while maps of Cuba and surrounding waters are seen everywhere. Messrs. Rand, McNally and Company's *War Atlas*, just issued, with special maps of the Philippine Islands and Cuba, is particularly complete. Such books as *Cuba in War Time*, by Richard Harding Davis, of which a paper edition has just been published, *Marching with Gomez*, by Grover Flint, and *The Story of Evangelina Cisneros*, written by herself, are all selling largely. Likewise Latimer's *Spain in the Nineteenth Century* continues in increasing demand.

The publications of the month have been

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fairly numerous, and include a number of titles by prominent authors, notably *Caleb West*, by F. Hopkinson Smith; *The Girl at Cobhurst*, by Frank R. Stockton; *Penelope's Progress*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, and *Folks from Dixie*, by Paul Laurence Dunbar. These are already in popular favour, and a large sale is anticipated. *The Romance of Zion Chapel*, by Richard Le Gallienne, *The Standard Bearer*, by S. R. Crockett, and *The Londoners*, by Robert Hichens, are among the latest contributions to fiction.

Of the older books, *The Honourable Peter Stirling*, *Hugh Wynne*, *Quo Vadis*, *The Choir Invisible*, *Simon Dale*, and *The Gadfly* are still selling largely, but at present no particular volume is having a pronounced lead.

A rather unusual feature of the spring publications has been the issue of several very attractive juveniles, of which may be mentioned *Rosin the Beau*, by Laura E. Richards; *Reuben's Hindrances*, by Pansy, and *A Son of the Revolution*, by Elbridge S. Brooks.

Religious works continue in fair demand, particularly *In His Steps*, *The Twentieth Century City*, and *Darkness and Dawn*, the latter book having increased its sale during the past few months.

Out-door and guide books which started with their customary spring sales fell off materially this past month, affected, no doubt, by the backward weather and war scare. *Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada*, by J. W. Tyrrell, is a late addition to works of travel, which, with *Through the Gold Fields of Alaska to Bering Straits*, by Harry De Windt, and the new popular edition of *Farthest North*, are selling to some extent. *Northward over the "Great Ice,"* by Robert E. Peary, is announced for early publication, and will no doubt be well received.

History, biography, and other miscellaneous literature are in light demand except for library orders, which still continue to keep well up to their usual number.

Paper-bound fiction sales are not remarkable as a whole, *Quo Vadis*, *Lost Man's Lane*, and *Billy Hamilton* being the leaders.

A frequent question is, How are sales being affected by the war? This may be answered by the statement that while there is a fair amount of activity orders are generally lighter than usual, with a noticeable reluctance to stock up even with the popular books.

The following list contains the best selling titles of the month:

Quo Vadis. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.

In His Steps. By Charles M. Sheldon. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, $1 00.

Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50.

Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. 2 vols. $2.00.

The Honourable Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. $1.50.

The Prisoner of Zenda By Anthony Hope. 75 cents.

The Gadfly. By E L. Voynich. $1.25.

The Story of an Untold Love. By P. L. Ford. $1.25.

Shrewsbury. By Stanley J. Weyman. $1.50.

The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.

The Girl at Cobhurst. By Frank R. Stockton. $1.50.

The Pride of Jennico. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. $1.50.

Billy Hamilton. By A. C. Gunter. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.25.

Lost Man's Lane. By Anna Katherine Green. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.

Cuba in War Time. By Richard Harding Davis. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.25.

Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, May 1, 1898.

Generally speaking, business was rather quiet last month, more so, perhaps, than is usual at this time of the year. It is to be expected, of course, that sales will be light, and that receipts will fall off as the summer approaches, but it is to be feared, also, that the war excitement will tend to intensify the dulness of the off season. The trade flourishes best in times of prosperous peace, and it is to be hoped that the war will not last long.

The Bookman's Literary Year-Book is being exceedingly well received, and the volume is so useful that buyers are wondering why the idea of such a publication did not occur to some one before.

Local sales of Ian Maclaren's works in general and *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* in particular were helped considerably by the presence here last month of the drama of that name.

F. Hopkinson Smith's new book, *Caleb West*, was the most successful book published last month. Others which met with good sales were *Penelope's Progress*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin; *The Girl at Cobhurst*, by F. R. Stockton, and *The Waters of Caney Fork*, by Opie Read.

The Eugene Field I Knew, by Francis Wilson, also published last month, deserves especial mention, and the work is demonstrating by its sale the kindly remembrance in which the poet and humourist is held.

The success of the coming season in books published as a series in uniform binding is likely to be the "Ajax" Series of twelvemos, which Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company will issue some time next month. Nearly all of the titles are popular favourites and copyright books at that.

With Fire and Sword and *Quo Vadis* led the sales of last month, and considering the season, the popular books of the day made a very satisfactory showing. The demand for war books was again the most prominent feature of the month, and it was well-nigh impossible to keep those dealing with Military Tactics Instruction in stock. Works both historical and descriptive of Spain and Cuba, such as *Spain in the Nineteenth Century*, by Mrs. Latimer, Hale's *Story of Spain*, and Rowan and Ramsey's *Isle of Cuba*, were also called for very largely, especially the first-named book.

The Biographical Edition of Thackeray's works is very welcome. It will take its place beside the Centenary Carlyle and the Gadshill Dickens, now being issued, for library use.

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Captain Mahan's books on Sea Power are always in demand, but they are, as it may well be inferred, called for very frequently now.

Reports from the extreme West are of a favourable nature, and recent sales of books for fall trade are said to have been very good for that section.

A new and cheaper edition of Nansen's *Farthest North* was received last month. It should prove a good book for fall trade.

Robert Burns's Correspondence with Mrs. Dunlop was another important publication of last month, and it may be of interest to notice here that Burns is one of the few poets whose works show increased sales each year.

In the way of minor calls, out door books, such as works on Natural History, Ornithology, the Farm, Garden, and Sports, are beginning to go very well. Each year sees a larger demand for this class of books. Works on Navigation are also attracting buyers.

The best selling books last month were :

With Fire and Sword. By H. Sienkiewicz. $1.00.

Quo Vadis. By H. Sienkiewicz. $1.00.

Spain in the Nineteenth Century. By Mrs. E. W. Latimer. $2.50.

Caleb West. By Hopkinson Smith. $1.50.

The Choir Invisible. By J. L. Allen. $1.50.

Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. $1.50

The Hon. Peter Stirling. By P. L. Ford. $1.50.

The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson J. Hudson. $1.50.

Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. $2.00.

The Girl at Cobhurst. By F. R. Stockton. $1.50.

The Gadfly. By L. Voynich. $1.25.

An Imperial Lover. By M. Imlay Taylor. $1.25.

Shrewsbury. By Stanley J. Weyman. $1.50.

Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25.

The Story of an Untold Love. By P. L. Ford. $1.25.

The Eugene Field I Knew. By Francis Wilson. $1.25.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, March 21 to April 23, 1898.

Business during the time above specified, taken as a whole, has been very quiet. With the spells of fine spring weather, a falling off is generally felt, owing to the counter-attraction of outdoor pursuits. It is a great pity that the little business now left to the bookseller cannot be made more profitable; in default of this, many country establishments are ceasing to keep books in stock, and in some instances even to obtain them to order. Trade in the foreign and colonial departments continues steady and generally satisfactory. There has been considerable inquiry for works dealing with Cuba and the Cubans, but there does not appear to be any English publication to supply the demand. The other topic of the day, the Indian frontier, has already quite a literature to itself which is very popular.

Anthony Hope's *Simon Dale* is the novel of the moment, but this department of the trade suffers, in proportion, from the depression, although, relatively, still a good line.

There is still a considerable sale in the aggregate of the Waverley Novels, several new editions being well received, and the same may be said of the new six-shilling edition of Thackeray. Dickens is not quite so much in demand.

The school-book season is now over, and has not, for some reason or other, been quite so good as usual.

The decline in the sale of theological books, previously referred to, is still noticeable, the only religious works wanted being Gore's *Epistle to the Ephesians* and the class of books issued under the auspices of the members of the Keswick Convention.

Works on physical development and athletics generally are in great demand, and the same may be said of cycling maps and road books.

Slatin's *Fire and Sword in the Sudan* has again come to the fore, owing, no doubt, to the attention directed to affairs in that part of the world.

The three-and-sixpenny issue of Rosa Nouchette Carey's novels has been very well received.

The list of books appended is remarkable for the predominance of novels, which form so important an item in modern bookselling, such as it is.

Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Methuen.)

The King with Two Faces. By M. E. Coleridge. 6s. (Arnold.)

Rough Justice. By M. E. Braddon. 6s. (Simpkin.)

The Scourge-Stick. By Mrs. C. Praed. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Dreamers of the Ghetto. By I. Zangwill. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The Minister of State. By J. A. Steuart. 6s. (Heinemann.)

American Wives and English Husbands. By G. Atherton. 6s. (Service.)

The Peacemakers. By J. S. Winter. 6s. (White.)

The Londoners. By R. Hichens. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Miss Betty's Mistake. By Adeline Sergeant. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

The Beetle. By R. Marsh. 6s. (Skeffington.)

Thackeray's Vanity Fair. New 6s. edition. (Smith, Elder.)

The Frontier Campaign. By Fincastle and Lockhart. 6s. (Methuen.)

The Indian Frontier War. By L. James. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

Paris. By E. Zola. 3s. 6d. (Chatto.)

The Lust of Hate. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (Ward, Lock.)

Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. 4s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 3s. 6d. (Simpkin.)

The Epistle to the Ephesians. By Canon Gore. 3s. 6d. (Murray.)

Strength. By E. Sandow. 2s. 6d. net. (Gale and Polden.)

Professions for Boys. By M. E. Pechell. 2s. 6d. (Beeton.)

Fire and Sword in the Sudan. By R. C. Slatin. 6s. (Arnold.)

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Rosa Nouchette Carey's Works. 3s. 9d. (Bentley.)
Private Life of Queen Victoria. By one of H. M. Servants. 2s. 6d (Pearson.)
Miss Betty. By Bram Stoker. 2s. 6d. (Pearson.)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between April 1, 1898, and May 1, 1898.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
2. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
5. Paris. By Zola. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Paris. By Zola. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
6. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Lost Man's Lane. By Green. 50 cts. (Putnam.)
3. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. The Eugene Field I Knew. By Wilson. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. Children of the Sea. By Kingsley. $1.25. (McKay.)
6. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
2. Mlle. de Berney. By Mackie. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
3. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. In His Steps. By Sheldon. 25 and 75 cts. (Advance Pub. Co.)
6. The Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Marching with Gomez. By Flint. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
2. Bird Neighbours. By Blanchan. $2.00. (Doubleday & McClure.)
3. At the Sign of the Silver Crescent. By Prince. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Coming People. By Dole. $1 00. (Crowell.)
6. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Marching with Gomez. By Flint. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
2. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
3. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
5. Paris. By Zola. $2.00. 2 vols. (Macmillan.)
6. At the Sign of the Silver Crescent. By Prince. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
3. Marching with Gomez. By Flint. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
4. The Workers. By Wyckoff. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. Lost Man's Lane. By Green. Paper, 50 cts. (Putnam.)
6. Folks from Dixie. By Dunbar. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Spain in the 19th Century. By Latimer. $2.50. (McClurg & Co.)
2. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Bird Neighbours. By Blanchan. $2.00. (Doubleday & McClure.)
3. With Fire and Sword. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00 and $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. 25 cts. and $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
5. Auld Lang Syne. By Müller. $2.00. (Scribner.)
6. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. The Eugene Field I Knew. By Wilson. $1.25. (Scribner.)
3. Romance of Zion Chapel. By Le Gallienne. $1.50. (Copeland & Day.)
4. So Runs the World. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Neely.)

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Twentieth Century City. By Strong. 50 cts. (Baker & Taylor Co.)
War of the Worlds. By Wells. $1.50. (Harper.)

DETROIT, MICH.

Marching with Gomez. By Flint. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
Paris. By Zola. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
For Love of Country. By Brady. $1.25. (Scribner.)
Story of an Untold Love. By Ford. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
Auld Lang Syne. By Müller. $2.00. (Scribner.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
Zion Chapel. By Le Gallienne. $1.50. (Lane.)
With Fire and Sword. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
The Christian. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
In His Steps. By Sheldon. 75 cts. (Advance Pub. Co.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
A Desert Drama. By Doyle. $1.50. (Lippincott.)
Free to Serve. By Rayner. $1.50. (Copeland & Day.)
The Disaster. By Margueritte. $1.50. (Appleton.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
Lion of Janina. By Jokai. $1.25. (Harper.)
With Fire and Sword. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
For Love of Country. By Brady. $1.25. (Scribner.)
Paris. By Zola. $2.00. (Macmillan.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
Beth Book. By Grand. $1.50. (Appleton.)
Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
With Fire and Sword. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
The Kentuckians. By Fox. $1.25. (Harper.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

The Standard Bearer. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
Deeds that Won the Empire. By Fitchett. $1.00. (Bell.)
Paris. By Zola. $1.50. (Morang.)
The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.00. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
6. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Celebrity. By Churchill. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
3. For Love of Country. By Brady. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Paris. By Zola. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. School for Saints. By Hobbes. $1.50. (Stokes.)
6. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
2. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
3. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
4. Paris. By Zola. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. The Celebrity. By Churchill. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Following the Equator. By Twain. $3.50. (American Pub. Co.)
2. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
3. A Desert Drama. By Doyle. $1.50. (Lippincott.)
4. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
5. For Love of Country. By Brady. $1.25. (Scribner.)
6. The Federal Judge. Lush. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
3. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
4. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
5. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt & Co.)
6. Free to Serve. By Rayner. $1.50. (Copeland & Day.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
3. The Eugene Field I Knew. By Wilson. $1.25. (Scribner.)
4. Fighting with Gomez. By Flint. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
5. A Desert Drama. By Doyle. $1.50. (Lippincott.)
6. Cheerful Yesterdays. By Higginson. $2.00. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)

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3. With Fire and Sword. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
4. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
5. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
6. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
2. With Fire and Sword. By Sienkiewicz. $1.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Paris. By Zola. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
6. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Celebrity. By Churchill. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Marching with Gomez. By Flint. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
3. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. The Standard Bearer. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Paris. By Zola. $2.00. (Macmillan.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Infantry Tactics. 50 cts. (Appleton.)
2. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
4. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. $1.25. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
5. The Eugene Field I Knew. By Wilson. $1.25. (Scribner.)
6. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. Caleb West. By Smith. $1 50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Red Bridge Neighbourhood. By Pool. $1.50. (Harper & Bros.)
4. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Co.)
6. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. *In His Steps. By Sheldon. 25 cts. (Methodist Book Room.)
2. *The Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Copp-Clark Co.)
3. *With Fire and Sword. By Sienkiewicz. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Morang.)
4. *The Standard Bearer. By Crockett. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Methodist Book Room.)
5. †Shrewsbury. By Weyman. 75 cts. and $1.25. (Longmans, Green & Co.)
6. * Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz. 75 cts. and $1.50. (Morang.)

* Canadian edition.
† Colonial Library.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. Pape 75 cts ; cloth, $1.25. (Copp-Clark Co.)
2. Shrewsbury. By Weyman. Paper, 75 cts cloth, $1.25. (Longmans' Colonial Ed.)
3. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. Paper, 75 cts cloth, $1 25. (Copp-Clark Co.)
4. David Lyall's Love Story. By the author "The Land o' the Leal." Paper, 75 cts cloth, $1.25. (Copp-Clark Co.)
5. The Story of Ab. By Waterloo. Paper, cts.; cloth, $1.25. (Copp-Clark Co.)
6. Deeds that Won the Empire. By Fitchet Paper, 75 cts.; cloth, $1.25. (Bell's Colonia Ed.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Caleb West. By Smith, $1.50. (Houghton Mifflin & Co.)
2. Marching with Gomez. By Flint. $1.5 (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.)
3. At the Sign of the Silver Crescent. By Princ $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Cheerful Yesterdays. By Higginson. $2.0 (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Romance of Zion Chapel. By Le Gallienne $1.50. (John Lane.)
6. Folks from Dixie. By Dunbar. $1.2 (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six book which have sold best in order of demand durin the month are—

1. Simon Dale. By Hope.
2. Caleb West. By Hopkinson Smith.
3. Shrewsbury. By Weyman.
4. Quo Vadis. By Sienkiewicz.
5. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell.
6. Paris. By Zola.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY, Philadelphia.

Half Hours with the Christ, by Thomas Mose
Ideas from Nature, by Professor Willia Elder.
Current Questions for Thinking Men, b Robert Stuart MacArthur.
Gladstone and Other Addresses, by Ke Boyce Tupper, D.D., LL.D.

AMERICAN BOOK CO., New York.

Benjamin Franklin, by Edward Robins.

D. APPLETON & CO., New York.

The Incidental Bishop, by Grant Allen.
A French Volunteer of the War of Indepe dence, translated and edited by Robert B. Doug las.
The Lake of Wine, by Bernard Capes.
The Standard Bearer, by S. R. Crockett.
Studies of Good and Evil, by Josiah Royce.
A History of Italian Literature, by Richar Garnett.

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BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York.

The Romance of a Playwright, by Vte. Henri De Bornier, from the French by Mary McMahon.
The World Well Lost, by Esther Robertson.
The Prodigal's Daughter, by Lelia Hardin Bugg.
Fabiola's Sisters, Adapted by A. C. Clarke.

THE BURROWS BROS. CO., Cleveland.

Reality; or, Law and Order *vs.* Anarchy and Socialism, by George A Sanders, M.A.

COPELAND & DAY, Boston.

La Santa Yerba, written by William L. Shoemaker.
Shakespeare's Sonnets.
Ireland, by Lionel Johnson.

T. Y. CROWELL & Co., New York.

The Founding of the German Empire, Vol. VII., by Heinrich von Sybel.
Workingmen's Insurance, by William Franklin Willoughby.
New Forms of Christian Education, an address to the University Hall Guild, by Mrs. Humphry Ward.
Behind the Pardah, by Irene H. Barnes.

J. M. DENT & Co , London.

The Story of Perugia, by Margaret Symonds and Lina Duff Gordon, Illustrated by M. Helen James.

G. W. DILLINGHAM Co., New York.

A Pedigree in Pawn, by Arthur Henry Veysey.

DODD, MEAD & Co., New York.

Companions of the Sorrowful Way, by Ian Maclaren.
Folks from Dixie, by Paul Laurence Dunbar.
The Bookman Literary Year-Book, 1898.
Robert Burns and Mrs. Dunlop, with elucidations by William Wallace, 2 vols.
American Wives and English Husbands, by Gertrude Atherton.

DOUBLEDAY & MCCLURE Co., New York.

The Open Boat, by Stephen Crane.
How to Study Shakespeare, by William H. Fleming.
Little Masterpieces, edited by Bliss Perry, Abraham Lincoln.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York.

Addresses to Women Engaged in Church Work, by Henry C. Potter.

FUNK & WAGNALLS, New York.

Paul and His Friends, by Louis Albert Banks.

GAY & BIRD, London.

Points of View, and Other Poems, by G. Colmore.

GINN & Co., Boston.

The New Century Speaker for School and College, by Henry Allyn Frink.
The Ethics of Hobbes, as contained in Selections from his Works, with an Introduction by E. Hershey Sneath, Ph.D.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The Golficide and Other Tales of the Fair Green, by W. G. Van T. Sutphen.
Señorita Montenar, by Archer P. Crouch.
Vanity Fair, by W. M. Thackeray, with illustrations by the author and a portrait.
Social Pictorial Satire, by George Du Maurier.
Four for a Fortune, by Albert Lee.
Through the Gold Fields of Alaska to Bering Straits, by Harry De Windt.
Farthest North, by Fridtjof Nansen. Illustrated.
The Gods of our Fathers, by Herman I. Stern.
A Boy I Knew and Four Dogs, by Laurence Hutton.

D. C. HEATH & Co., Boston.

English Etymology, by Friedrich Kluge and Frederick Lutz.

HENRY HOLT & Co., New York.

The Fire of Life, by Charles Kennett Burrow.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co , Boston.

Unforeseen Tendencies of Democracy, by E. L. Godkin.
Tales of the Home Folks in Peace and War, by Joel Chandler Harris
Caleb West—Master Diver, by F. Hopkinson Smith.
The Imported Bridegroom, and Other Stories, by Abraham Cahan.
French Literature of To-day, by Yetta Blaze De Bury.
The Downfall, by Emile Zola.
Colonial Mobile, by Peter J. Hamilton.
Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

LAIRD & LEE, Chicago.

Salva-Webster Diccionario, Salva-Webster English Spanish Dictionary with a Geographical and Biographical Encylopedia, by Don J. Gomez, Ph.D.
Machinists' and Engineers' Pocket Manual, edited by D. B. Dixon.
Whiz, a Story of the Mines, by Amelia Weed Holbrook.

LAMSON, WOLFFE & Co., Boston.

The History of the Lowell Institute, by Harriette Knight Smith.
A Man-at-Arms, by Clinton Scollard.

JOHN LANE, New York.

The Making of a Prig, by Evelyn Sharp.

LEACH, SHEWELL & Co., New York.

The Prisoner of Chillon, and Other Selections from Lord Byron, edited by Charles Maurice Stebbins.
Selections from the Essays of Elia, by Charles Lamb, edited by Charles Ladd Crew, B.A.

LEE & SHEPARD, Boston.

Shattuck's Advanced Rules of Parliamentary Law.

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J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

The Vicar, by Joseph Hatton.
The Peacemakers, by John Strange Winter.

Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

The Royal Navy, a History, Vol. II., by William Laird Clowes.
The King's Henchman, a Chronicle of the Sixteenth Century, by William Henry Johnson.
Hassan: A Fellah, a Romance of Palestine, by Henry Gillman.

The Macmillan Co., New York.

The Statesman's Year-Book, 1898.
The Gospel of Freedom, by Robert Herrick.
The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, by Edward Gibbon. Vols. IV. and V.
The Development of the Child, by Nathan Oppenheim.
Social Evolution, by Benjamin Kidd, new edition, revised, with additions.

George A. Mosher, Syracuse, N. Y.

An Aid for Teachers of Public Schools and Colleges, in the Study of Historic Art, by Ruth Janette Warner.

Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Me.

In Praise of Omar, an Address, by the Hon. John Hay.

New York Publishing Co., New York.

The Awakening of Noahville, by Franklin H. North.

J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., New York.

The Third Woman, by Henryk Sienkiewicz.

L. C. Page & Co., Chicago.

The Continental Dragoon, by R. N. Stephens.

The Pilgrim Press, Boston.

Recollections of a Nonagenarian, by Rev. John C. Holbrook, D.D., LL.D.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Geographical and Statistical Notes on Mexico, by Matias Romero.
Matthew Arnold and the Spirit of the Age, Papers of the English Club of Sewanee, edited, with an introduction, by its president, The Rev. Greenough White, A.M., B.D.

Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

The Marbeau Cousins, by Harry Stillwell Edwards.
A Valuable Life, by Adeline Sergeant.
Under the Ban, by Terésa Hammond Strickland.
A Daughter of Earth, by E. M. Davy.
Life's Blindfold Game, by Maggie Swan.
In the Swim, by Richard Henry Savage.

Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.

The Autobiography of Charles Haddon Spurgeon, compiled from his diary, letters, and records by his wife and his private secretary. Vol. I., 1834-54.

George H. Richmond & Son, New York.

Red and Black, a Chronicle of the Nineteenth Century, by Marie-Henri Beyle, translated from the French by E. P. Robins. 2 vols.

Roberts Brothers, Boston.

Tennyson's Debt to Environment, by William G. Ward.
The Cruel Side of War, with the Army of the Potomac, by Katharine Prescott Wormeley.
The Apostles, by Ernest Renan.

R. H. Russell, New York.

Shapes and Shadows, by Madison Cawein.
Two Prisoners, by Thomas Nelson Page.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The Works of James Whitcomb Riley: The Flying Islands of the Night.
Thomas Carlyle, History of Friederich II., of Prussia, Called Frederick the Great. Vol. V.
The Dull Miss Archinard, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick.
The Eugene Field I Knew, by Francis Wilson.
In Old Narragansett, by Alice Morse Earle.
The Bride of Lammermoor, by Sir Walter Scott.
Bleak House, by Charles Dickens, with introduction and notes by Andrew Lang, the Gadshill edition. 2 vols.
The Girl at Cobhurst, by Frank R. Stockton.
Rousseau and Education According to Nature, by Thomas Davidson.
The Outline of Christian Theology, by William Newton Clarke, D.D.
The Unquiet Sex, by Helen Watterson Moody.
Stories by Foreign Authors, French. 2 vols.
The Crook of the Bough, by Menie Muriel Dowie.
Ars Et Vita, and Other Stories, by T. R. Sullivan.
The Ordeal of Richard Feverel, by George Meredith.
Diana of the Crossways, by George Meredith.
A Legend of Montrose, by Sir Walter Scott.
Byron's Works, Poetry. Vol. I.

Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

Under the Dragon Flag, by James Allen.

Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago.

A Realized Ideal, by Julia Magruder.
Here, There, and Everywhere, Reminiscences by M. E. W. Sherwood.
The Londoners, by Robert Hichens.

Thomas Whittaker, New York.

The Construction of the Bible, by Walter F. Adeney, M.A.

Williams & Wilkins Co., Baltimore.

Would Any Man? by Charles Peale Didier.

John C. Winston & Co., Philadelphia.

Gleanings from Poetic Fields, by Robert Tilney.

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